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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

No More Widows

a comedy by

FRANK CONDON

Kathleen Norris
Thomas McMorrow
Grantland Rice
Charley Paddock
Octavus Roy Cohen

AUG. 17, 1929

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George walked boldly up to her, carrying a circlet of flowers. "Julia," he said, "I have brought you a lei. Will you wear it?"

No More Widows!

By Frank Condon

Here's one George will never tell his wife. It's an idyl of dear old Honolulu—with George doing most of the idling

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GEORGE was having a miserable time. He said so repeatedly and blamed me for having dragged him into it. The mosquitoes were giving him thunder. He had picked a lovely red hibiscus flower, which immediately produced a swell rash on all his fingers and both thumbs. He couldn't sleep nights, and besides all that, Julia was driving him slowly insane.

On the third day, or rather, the third night, he strolled over to where I was lounging comfortably in a wicker chair, listening to a man from Australia while he described potatoes.

"Henry," said George, mentally brushing the Australian potato expert aside, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" I asked.

"Why didn't you tell me a person can't sleep here in Honolulu?"

That is where we were at the moment.

"I didn't know it," I replied. "This is the first I've heard about it. And anyhow, what difference does it make to an owl? You don't sleep nights whether you are in Honolulu or Chicago."

George deposited himself in an adjoining wicker chair and gave himself over to dismal growlings and lamentations. He had hollows under his eyes and a generally worn appearance. Once a youngish, plump fellow with rosy cheeks, he now suddenly seemed old, and his hands trembled, especially when he lifted a drink of okolehao, which is the native beverage poison and will blow the gold out of your back teeth. Staring at George, I felt sorry for him. We had only recently arrived in Honolulu, the Gem of the Ocean, the Pearl of the Pacific, the Pathway of the Gods. Instead of brightening, George seemed to be sinking lower and lower.

"You better brace up, George," I said. "This won't do at all. You're commencing to look bad."

"Why wouldn't I look bad?" he demanded. "I'll bet I never leave these islands alive."

"Well, I'm with you," I said comfortingly. "If somebody has to go back with the remains, I'm around, and I'll do my duty."

The real reason why George gazed at life with a frustrated scowl was none other than this same Julia, whom he had encountered on the steamer from America. She was a vivacious widow and he fell in love with her the first day out. It was one of those swift shipboard affairs, with a full moon silvering the sea, deck chairs side by side, ukuleles playing sentimental ballads and George asking Julia how she would like to marry him and forever more ride down the moon-kissed ocean of life.

She said: "Yes, George darling."

I BELIEVE now that young, vivacious widows always reply in the affirmative, which gives them opportunity to think things over. George was in ecstasies. He walked about the ship in a warm glow, giving away money to the stewards and looking happy. He remained full of sentimental prune juice until the ship docked at Honolulu, and from that moment, his joy diminished. Julia, so it appeared, was a mere trifler with male affections. She was a blonde. Her hair was the color of ashes. George also was the color of ashes, after the first day in Honolulu, for Julia was cool with him, and danced perpetually with a bicycle manufacturer from Cleveland, Ohio.

"George," I advised, "the best thing will be for you to forget Julia. She is just a young widow, and you cannot trust a young widow any farther than you can throw a musk-ox."

"I shall never forget Julia," he said mournfully.

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Presently, he began worrying me about his sleepless state and I investigated. It seems that people cannot sleep in Honolulu when the wind blows from the north, for a north wind, according to Hawaiian folklore, is kahuna. Kahuna means ill luck. When the wind is kahuna, the spirit of slumber departs and strangers spend the dark hours chasing mosquitoes with a pump gun. It dawned upon me suddenly. The couples we beheld sitting on the beach late at night, holding hands, were merely victims of the universal sleeplessness. *George and I had been stepping over* them in our wanderings and there, also, we saw our first Beach Boys.

"GEORGE," I said, hoping to take his mind off Julia, "what do you think of these Beach Boys?"

"I don't know what to think," he answered. I had inquired of other gentlemen at our hotel and they, like George, didn't know what to think. They were nonplussed. None of the males knew what to think about Beach Boys, but it was different with the females.

We had been studying the Beach Boys in an effort to discover why wealthy American ladies preferred their company. Down on the coral strand, we beheld handsome women in elegant bathing costumes, and many of them sat by the hour in the sun, conversing with beach boys and utterly neglecting graduates of Eastern universities and tired young business men from the States, who had come out to acquire a coat of tan. Why was this so? I asked George. George said he did not know.

The Honolulu beach boy is a large, muscular fellow, about two shades darker than a football. He plays the ukulele with skill and gusto, sings sentimental ballads, rides a surf-board with no effort, is a veritable fish in the water, but is not beautiful, at least what I call beautiful. Generally the beach boy has no front teeth, which seems to increase his popularity with ladies. George and I stared at the American business men, who were strolling the beach in their brand-new bathing uniforms. They had no ladies to talk to them and wore an air of neglect.

"The way to find out," I said to George, "is to walk up to one of these rich ladies and ask her in a polite voice."

"True enough," said George, who will ask anybody anything.

He selected a striking brunette, who happened by merest chance to be the daughter of a belted earl, home-bound to London from Australia. She was extremely British and scornful with everyone, except beach boys. It was her custom to stare directly through any males she encountered, until her eye presently fell upon a beach boy, whereat she sprang into life. I would be arrested if I ventured to stroll up to a strange lady and ask questions, but George can do it.

"PARDON me, miss," he said, halting the daughter of the belted earl, "but as an investigator of curious facts, I am eager to know why you prefer beach boys to us other boys? Why is it so?"

The lady was not insulted or indignant. She summoned no beach policeman. She even smiled slightly, as an adult will when a feeble-minded child comes along with a query. She stared intently at George, and in so doing she absorbed the details of his costume, which was conventional without being distinctive. George was adorned with a wrinkled shirt and a pair of swimming pants which would have fitted hundreds of people, but did not fit George. He is a sterling character, but is not much to look at unless he is in a telephone booth wearing a fur overcoat. The English lady scanned him briefly.

"I like beach boys," she replied in an even voice, "because of their gorgeous manhood."

That was all the lady said. She turned away with a cold gesture. George bowed and walked on down the beach of Waikiki, and we knew then why ladies preferred beach boys to male American tourists or British taxpayers.

The faithless Julia continued to dance and flirt with strangers and George went on moping and admitting his life was ruined. He bought a ukulele, and *accompanied himself while he sang sad* songs, or at least he said he was accompanying himself. Every day, George's melodies grew more melancholy and I am here to say that the Hawaiians own and produce the saddest, weepiest songs on earth. The way George sang them did not make them less sad, for George is no thrush.

"They do seem really fond of music," he said, meaning the Honolulu people. "Nowhere will you find harmony taking such an important part in civic life."

THIS was quite true. We happened to be in a gasoline filling station at the moment, where a brown-skinned person was shooting gasoline into our tank, or rather Oscar's tank. A phonograph was in full eruption. It was playing I'm Counting the Drops As They Fall, which is a sad song, but had no reference to the gasoline.

"Universal music," I stated, "is a good thing in a modern republic. If we had more music at home, we would have less bootlegging."

The music played universally in Hawaii is either The Song of the Islands, or Aloha, and after you have heard these two pieces twelve thousand seven hundred and ten times each, you get to know them. You feel as if you had always known them. George went pale over The Song of the Islands, which is a truly haunting melody and will make emotional persons weep. Aloha is likewise sad. George told me that without doubt, Aloha is the saddest song ever written by man. It got so he would begin to wipe his eyes while the band was merely tuning up to play Aloha.

AND aloha is, of course, the leading word in Hawaii. It is a protean word, the like of which exists in no other language and means, as you probably are aware, "Farewell" or "Good-by." It likewise means "Hello," "Good morning," "Good evening," "How are you today?" "What car do you drive?" "Is that stuff pure?" "Have you seen my wife?" "I love you," and "What time is it?" The education of youth is no great problem in a land where they have words like aloha. A native starts to school at nine, graduates at ten, turns on his phonograph at eleven and is selling Chinese pearls to American tourists before lunch.

"We will have to rent a motor car," George observed.

Upon asking a motor cop where one might rent an automobile, we were directed to Oscar. Oscar had no other name—just plain, simple Oscar. He was a cosmopolitan character, one-third Arab, one-third Jap, one-third Chinese and one-third Hawaiian; and one side of his head had either caved in of its own accord, or somebody had caved it in for him. He was the sole proprietor of the most careless filling station and rental agency in the United States, and supplied broken-down motor cars to tourists for fifty dollars per week per car per tourist. By renting a car from Oscar, we would be able to save thousands of dollars in taxicab fares. We would do our own driving.

"We will certainly save a lot of money

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

this way," George said cheerfully, handing Oscar fifty dollars, American money, which is good in Honolulu, because that is the only kind of money they have in Honolulu. Some tourists believe Hawaii is a foreign country, but we made no such silly mistake. The moment we landed on Pier One, an officer in a blue suit rubbed his hand over George and removed a small flask of snake remedy, which George had brought along in case of attack by Honolulu snakes. We were fined five dollars and knew at once that we were still in America.

OSCAR took the fifty dollars and disappeared, and when I say disappeared, I do not mean that he simply went around the corner. He went away and was gone for days, and others informed us that he always disappeared when anybody handed him fifty dollars. We drove blithely down the street for exactly one block, to the corner of Nuuana Road and School Street, where our front wheel fell off. Stepping out of the hired automobile to see why a front wheel should fall off so soon, we encountered a Honolulu motorcycle policeman, who, after a brief conversation, handed me a ticket, which requested my presence in court for not having a license to drive about the streets in a gasoline vehicle. We then hired our first taxicab, left Oscar's wreck upon the highway and proceeded at full speed.

"I don't see where we will save such a heap of money dealing with Oscar," I said to George, who scowled at me.

Later on we returned to the rental agency and discovered Oscar's absence. They said he had gone fishing. Three young Chinese boys had charge of the business and were loath to go any farther with the renting of automobiles. It was their feeling that we should stick to the maimed car and not demand any fresh automobiles, and it was our morning custom to drive up in a taxicab, dismount, argue with the Chinese in their own tongue, and, while I talked, George went from car to car trying to start an engine, any engine at all.

THE instant I heard an engine start, I gave over arguing in Chinese, joined George in whatever car he happened to find and we drove rapidly out of the filling station before the boys could have us arrested. Each morning found us with a new car, not really a new car, but a fresh car, and each day we broke down in some remote nook of Honolulu, abandoned our machine and hired taxicabs.

"Wasn't a bad idea of yours," I said bitterly to George, after we had used up five of Oscar's cripples. "Hiring a motor car by the week."

"It was not my idea at all," he replied. "In fact, I warned you against it at the start."

Bad as they were, however, it was

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"Pardon me, miss," he said, halting the daughter of the belted earl, "but I am eager to know why you prefer beach boys"

one of Oscar's touring cars that brought about our acquaintance with the little native lady, the rosy-cheeked Hawaiian lassie who sold ginger ale and frosted cakes at a roadside stand. We had cracked up as usual miles from home, and were hunting a telephone, and the girl aided us. She spoke excellent English and was friendly to George and he immediately asked if she knew any lively folk tales, or stories of the natives. She happened to know several, but it was the story of the kahuna lei that fascinated George.

IT WAS a simple tale of Hawaii, and to me it had an unfinished sound, yet George liked it. A young lad and his sweetheart had come to the parting of the ways amid the usual tears. His love had died and he began to treat his sweetheart coldly. He told her he no longer loved her and was about to keep company with another young lady in a different part of town. She wept copiously, of course, and pleaded for a final meeting beneath the tropic moon and the lad consented. They met for the last time, and the girl brought with her a lei—a kahuna lei. She placed it about the boy's neck, and almost instantly he changed. He became affectionate. He told her that he loved her and would always love her. They were married within the week and lived happily for more than nine years.

"And then what?" I inquired when the girl ceased, but she said she knew nothing further.

During the recital of this bit of island lore, I could see George brightening up. His eyes commenced to sparkle.

"This is frightfully interesting," he stated. "Where could a person get one of these kahuna leis?"

Now kahuna means good luck and it likewise means bad luck, and it is always a problem to determine whether, when you fool with kahuna, you have picked up good fortune or the opposite. The girl said she believed George would have no trouble in finding a first-class kahuna lei, warranted to bring results, at a cost of about five dollars. He handed her a bill.

"You want to kill somebody?" she inquired.

"Nobody but Oscar," he stated, "and I can do that myself. What I desire is a magic lei, like this young girl used—one that will cause a certain party to look upon me with approval."

We returned to town in a native taxicab, and paused to examine one of those Japanese Hanging Gardens, which are plentiful in Honolulu and environs, although none of them are really hanging. I have never been in a city which boasted so many Japanese Hanging Gardens, and they are usually hidden away in obscure nooks, so that a stranger could hunt for days and days and never find them.

IN ORDER to reach a Japanese Garden, you invariably drive down a one-way alley, paved with cobbles and bordered with little fish-ponds. When you meet an oncoming automobile, you simply get out of your car, give it to the other man with a courteous gesture and walk the remaining distance to the Jap Garden, where you will be served a sukiaka dinner.

Americans visiting Hawaii are always intensely interested in eating a sukiaka dinner, and even when George was at his lowest ebb, he was still able to consume Jap edibles, which consist largely of raw fish and clams that seem to be trying to live down the record of an ill-spent life. The principal novelty about a regular sukiaka dinner is that you sit upon the floor, with your shoes off, and being thus solidly on the floor, the lizards can run over you with greater freedom. They are quite harmless and of a battleship gray, and after three or four small lizards have crawled across your shrinking person, you reach the point where you can bear it without shrieking.

The spiders are different, in Japanese Hanging Gardens. You must be careful about the spiders, because the trouble with sukiaka spiders is that you cannot tell immediately whether they are spiders or tarantulas. The Jap girl will warn you to move away from them. The larger ones are about as large as a hot-cake, and George was successful in killing one, starting with a lady's shoe and winding up with a chair.

Leaving aside the lizards and spiders, a very nice time (*Continued on page 49*)

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He sees a bar one hundred feet long; in front of it fifty or sixty men, all drinking gin

Meet and Drink

By Owen P. White

On bended elbow thousands of parched pilgrims from all over this arid land annually unite with the natives of the Crescent City in making gurgling obeisance to the great idol, Good Liquor. Sheboyganites and others of the faithful will enjoy this visit to the ancient shrines recently explored by Crusoe White and his man Thirsty

NEW ORLEANS is a nice city which, behind a moss-hung and weather-beaten exterior, many beautiful wrought-iron balconies and row after row of provocative wooden shutters, conceals a sense of humor that is simply marvelous.

It has always been that way. Long before Mr. Andy Volstead came along and legislated the large and merry ha-ha into the booze business, New Orleans had a keen, chuckling appreciation of what is funny about the drinking habits of the American people.

Its own drinking habits, though, are not funny. They are simply the natural, unrestricted drinking habits of the Latin races: the French, the Spaniards and the Italians. And therefore they are not embittered by any flavor of alcoholic inhibitions, moral considerations or hypocritical clap-trap.

On the contrary New Orleans has always openly enjoyed its liquor, still enjoys it and does so after the manner introduced into the city by the first governor. He, so it is said, became the first American millionaire through his introduction of a *prohibition* amendment into the drinking customs of his subjects.

Early-American Comedy

That prohibition amendment was simply this: Being a wise gentleman, the governor prohibited his people from drinking in any taverns, inns, grogshops or bar-rooms *except* those wherein GOOD liquor could be had, and as the governor and his wife had previously acquired a controlling interest in all the places where GOOD liquor was sold, it is just as easy to account for his rapid rise to fortune as for the fat bank accounts of many modern prohibition officers.

This governor's end was also like unto that of many of the moderns. He died in prison, and thereafter his wife, running true to form as a rich American lady, took a shipload of money with her to Europe and bought herself another husband.

Thus, thanks to the constructive efforts of its first governor, did New Orleans (unlike Ireland which stoutly maintains that nothing alcoholic can be bad) come to look upon GOOD liquor as a real blessing for which it should be truly thankful. It was thankful, and as an evidence thereof, as the years rolled on, the good citizens erected within the walls of their town many shrines to which they could repair, at any hour of the day or night, and partake of the blessings there to be received.

These shrines, enduring as they did on through the generations, became famous throughout the land. To them came many dry-throated pilgrims and, as no man ever departed with his thirst unslaked, or his desire for something bizarre, extraordinary and expensive in the way of liquid entertainment unsatisfied, New Orleans eventually found itself a veritable Mecca toward which all men turned when they felt that it was time to go somewhere and have one hell of a time.

And it was at this stage in the history of its drinking industry that the Crescent City began to see the funny side of the drinking habits of the rest of the American people—and to profit by it.

To illustrate with a pre-prohibition example: A stranger, a teetotaler he is, or maybe just a moderate drinker, from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, arrives and registers at the old St. Charles Hotel. He is conducted to his room, tips the bell-hop a nickel, reappears downstairs a few minutes later, looks around, locates the bar-room and dives straight for it. Timidly he orders a first drink of whisky, with more assurance he calls for a second shot, and then, after a third injection, it's all off.

What does he care now for what they think in Sheboygan? What he wants to know next, in a loud, raucous voice, is: "How do I get to the Absinthe House?" He gets there all right, takes a couple of "dripped ones"—dripped for him on a marble slab that has done duty since before the Revolutionary War—and right away the thirst that is still his begins to clamor for the alleviating moisture of a few Sazerac cocktails.

He goes to the Sazerac place, hoists several of the most potent and delicious intoxicators ever devised and, dimly remembering that there is one other notorious filling-station he has to visit if he is to qualify as a real rounder, he mounts a cab and instructs the driver to unload him at that "saloon where they make them famous gin fizzes."

A Grand Sight

The cab driver knows his stuff. He stops in front of the celebrated shrine of Mr. Ramos, and when the gent from Sheboygan steps within he sees a sight that he won't quit talking about for twenty years.

Before him he sees a bar one hundred feet long; in front of that bar he sees fifty or sixty men all drinking gin fizzes from tall glasses; behind the bar twenty bartenders are industriously mixing more fizzes; and behind the bartenders twenty boys are deftly stirring the decoctions.

He steps into line, orders one for himself, curiously watches its manufacture, almost loses his patience because it is so long in the making, and then, ah, then, as he slowly absorbs it a happy, a beatific, smile spreads itself over his countenance. Why, it isn't even a strong drink! On the contrary, it's so soothing that under its benign influence he can already feel himself getting sober again.

To complete the cure he orders another. It is served to him, mixed with a warning from the bartender that "these things carry a delayed wallop," but what difference does that make to a man from Sheboygan? He takes another, and an hour or so after that, after he has managed, and he doesn't know how, to get himself delivered at the St. Charles again and has been duly deposited in his own room by the bell-boy, he again tips the kid. This time he gives him a dollar.

Now, in order to get a fair picture of a year's pilgrimage to the shrines of New Orleans, prior to prohibition, multiply this gentleman from Sheboygan by about 250,000; imagine that each one remains in the city for four days—because even yet it is extremely difficult to get out of the town in less time than that. Vary his daily route, as he will vary it, so as to include all the shrines on Royal Street and a good many celebrated ones elsewhere.

There also you have the explanation of why New Orleans wears a perpetual smile. It wore one before Andrew Volstead was born and, in spite of his having been, it still wears it. It can't be helped. With its genial old sense of humor it can't help but be amused at the antics of the pilgrims, nor, being both very hospitable and very thrifty, can it refuse to aid and abet them in their search for a good time.

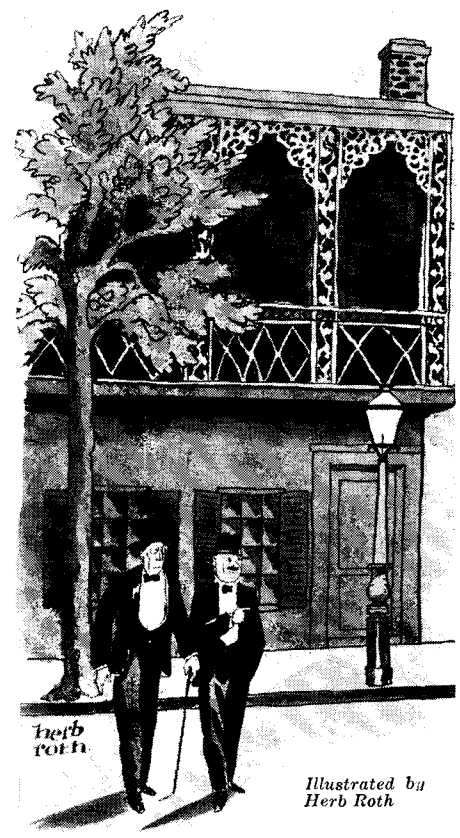
Of course New Orleans knows that the stranger who enters its gates, hurriedly laps up a composite jag within twelve hours of his arrival, and then nurses it along at great expense and with much trouble for the next four days, is not in the habit of acting that way at home.

There are two reasons why New Orleans knows that this is true. Reason number one is that no human constitution could long stand up under the strain endured by the pilgrims when they rest and recreate for a few days in the Crescent City. Reason number two is that the constitution of the home town wouldn't stand for it, either.

The Laugh Grows Louder

New Orleans, however, wastes none of its really valuable time in worrying about anybody's constitution: not even Uncle Sam's. To be sure, when the old man tacked the patch onto the seat of his constitution in the shape of the Eighteenth Amendment and got so "techy" about it, New Orleans had to do something. But nothing disastrous. Merely as a gesture intended to placate Andy, the town went through the motions of closing up its shrines, and ever since then it has had to laugh harder than ever before at the pilgrims.

Because they still come; they are still



Illustrated by Herb Roth

New Orleans, behind its wooden

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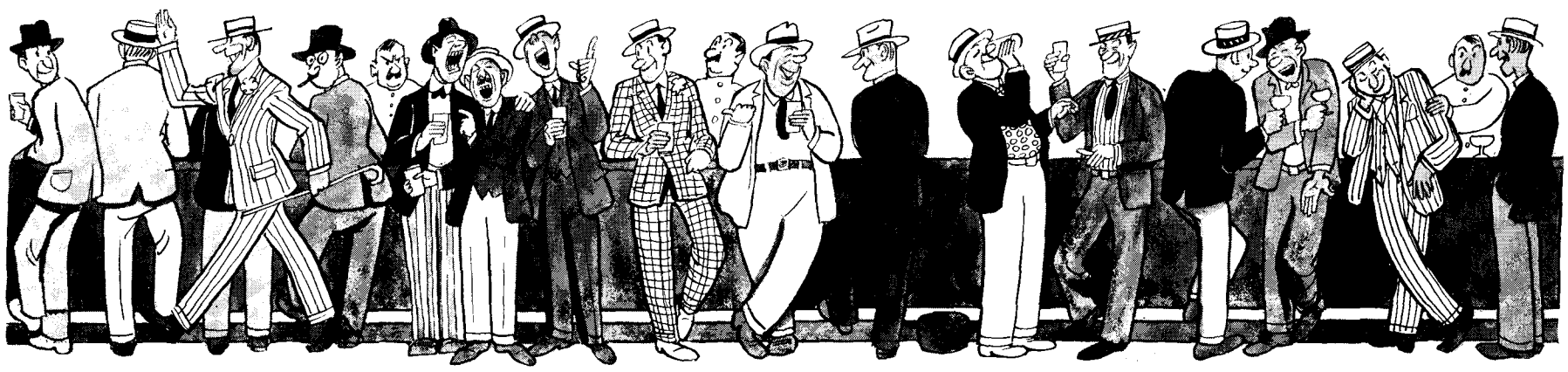

fizzes from tall glasses; behind it twenty bartenders, industriously mixing more fizzes

all equipped with parched throats and the lust to do things they wouldn't dare do at home, and, finding that the shrines are all now enshrouded in a veil of mystery, they are ready to go about four times as far in their devilment as they used to go. And again we find that New Orleans is ready to assist.

I know that such is the case because, having been fairly familiar with the town's drinking habits in the old days, I recently went there to see what reforms, if any, had been brought about by the enforcement of the dry laws.

So far as I could see, none have. There have been plenty of changes, of course, but I should hesitate to say that they are in the nature of reforms. The Sazerac Bar, the Absinthe House, the Ramos establishment, as going institutions, are no longer in open operation, but the drinks they served, the drinks that made New Orleans famous, are still doing their civic duty. They are still to be had and, because they are just a little harder to get than in the old days, they taste even better than they used to.

They also cost more than they did in 1918, but, as a prominent New Orleans bootlegger pointed out to me, so do beefsteaks, baby carriages and haircuts. "All the necessities of life," he said, "have gone up since the war, and so why shouldn't liquor?"

But, as I started to say, I recently went to New Orleans to see what reforms for the salvation of the pilgrims, if any, had been inaugurated in the last ten years.

A Complete Assortment

I arrived in the morning, called at once on a prominent educator whose duty it is to teach the spirit and the ethics of the law to young men, and for two hours he and I discussed the merits of the New Orleans liquor problem. Before we had completed the discussion we had come to the conclusion that strong drink in the Crescent City presents no problem to anybody, *except* the problem of choice.

A man must, of course—no matter whether he is a resident rum-hound or a pilgrim prohibitionist—make his own selections, and in doing that, as I found out within the next two days, New Orleans offers him as complete an assortment to pick from as it ever did. It also offers him all the "amusements" that from time immemorial have gone hand in hand with a free and almost unrestricted indulgence in hard liquor.

I went back to my hotel, loafed around the lobby, and in casual conversation with several groups of men who were discussing the favorites in the day's races it was suggested to me that if I cared to do so I could "sit in" at five or six poker sessions which were conveniently handy.

This sounded as if there hadn't been much change, but in order to be sure I investigated further. I declined the poker invitations and inquired as to how to get to a real gambling house.

The man to whom I was talking pointed to one of the hotel officials and said, "Ask him." I did, and at once that gentleman wanted to call a taxi and have me transported to any one of several emporiums of chance wherein, so he said, the sky was the limit at roulette, faro-bank, stud or nearly any other game I wanted to tackle.

However, I didn't yield to temptation. Instead, after spurning the lure to buck the tiger, I stuck to the job and went on with my work as an investigator.

In order to do this I secured the services of an assistant—a man to whom I wished to delegate the disagreeable duty of doing most of my drinking—and together we went forth into the night. I don't know how many places we visited before daybreak the next morning, but there wasn't one in which we couldn't get plenty of liquor; there wasn't one that we had any trouble entering, and there wasn't one that didn't seem to be doing a pretty fair business.

According to the expert opinion of my assistant they were also, except in two or three places, putting out good liquor. I will note one of the exceptions.

shutters and wrought-iron balconies, still retains its fine sense of humor

Asking to be Stung

After we had bought a round of drinks and departed, my proxy informed me that the whisky was atrocious.

"So was the price," I retorted. "They nicked me for a dollar a slug and I noticed that nobody got more than a thimbleful."

"Nobody could stand more than that," answered my friend, and there you have another illustration of the fact that New Orleans has changed but has not reformed. In the old days *all* the liquor was good liquor, but now it isn't. In fact a great deal of bad booze, so I was told, is now consumed by a town which previously didn't consume any.

New Orleans, however, refuses to assume any of the blame for this sad state of affairs because, as a well-informed liquor dealer who has lived all his life in the city said: "If it were not for the way prohibition has affected the drinking habits of the rest of the United States we'd still have nothing but GOOD booze here in New Orleans. We can get plenty of good stuff, and we do get it, but what's the use? In the old days our visitors from all over the country used to demand high-grade liquor. They wouldn't drink it if it wasn't up to their standard.

"But their standards have changed. Illegality has taken the place of quality. *Anything that it's unlawful for man to drink is today a satisfying beverage to the average American.* It's what he's used to at home, right in the bosom of his own family, and so when he comes here, where he can get 'atmosphere' served with his high-balls, he is not very particular as to what other intoxicants go into the mixture."

"That's a very picturesque way of putting it," I said, "but tell me: is there really a great difference between the drinking habits of the Native Sons of New Orleans and those of their visitors?"

"I should say there is!" was the answer. "Here in this place good drinking, like good cooking and æsthetic eating, is traditional and, as good drinking means temperate drinking of good liquor, you'll find, if you care to look into it, that it's the outsiders who produce most of our 'night-life' and consume most of our rotten booze."

"But," I insisted, "these people who live here do drink a lot, don't they?"

"Of course they do. They drink a lot because there's a lot of them, but as I just got through telling you, when they do drink, the majority of them, all the old-timers you might say, drink good stuff."

"All right then. Now tell me, where does it all come from? Where does the town get both its good and its bad liquor?"

"That's easy. The bad liquor, most of it, is made right here and. just as everywhere else, it is made out of anything that has the virtue of being alcoholic. But the good stuff, of course, is imported. It comes in by truck from the west coast of Florida."

This last statement surprised me. "Why," I said, "I thought New Orleans got its liquor by boat, up through the bayous."

"It used to. It nearly all came that way, and quite a good bit still does, but the bulk of it comes over the road from Florida."

I asked what kinds of liquors they brought in.

"Every kind," he said. "We get in practically everything we ever got in before prohibition. Wine, whisky, gin, cordials, absinthe. Anything we want we can get, and all of it, except American whisky, maybe, is just as good as it ever was."

"But how (*Continued on page 26*)

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The Trial of Lawyer Jones

By Grantland Rice

Young Lawyer Jones, who occasionally plays hookey from his office just long enough to capture another golf crown, proves that long rests improve rather than spoil one's game

The most famous hands in all the annals of golf—Bobby Jones' overlapping grip

Drawing by Herb Roth

THERE is an old saying attached to the National Rash, sometimes known as golf, that if golf interferes with business one must give up business.

So when Bobby Jones, after seven years of college, academic and law, announced last September that he intended to give most of his time thereafter to the practice of law in his home city, Atlanta, the golfing realm at large became divided into two main classes: First, those who did not believe he intended to let business interfere with golf. Second, those who wondered what would happen to his golf if he committed any such violation of the royal rule of the ancient game.

It so happened that when Bobby Jones left Braeburn last September, wearing his fourth amateur crown, he stuck his golf clubs in a closet and plunged at once into the practice of all the law business that came his way.

From the middle of September to April, a period of six and a half months, he played just ten rounds of golf in a climate where golf can be played twelve months in the year. When the golf division, some four million strong—or weak—saw what was taking place, there was a growing interest in what his next big test would show.

What effect would the long lay-off have on his touch, his timing and his swing in general? What effect would it have on his durability?

There was more at stake than the mere result of one campaign. When Jones gave most of his time to his law practice he was twenty-six years old and he had then won eight major championships including four U. S. amateur titles, two U. S. Opens and two British Opens. If he could keep his game going there was no reason why he should not still be winning championships fifteen years away, beyond the age of forty. John Ball won his eighth British amateur championship twenty-four years after he won his first and, when he won his last, the famous Briton was over fifty. Harry Vardon was around fifty when he came within a stroke of winning the U. S. Open at Toledo in 1920.

But John Ball was so fixed that he could play all the golf he wanted to play. And golf was Harry Vardon's profession.

Bobby Jones had elected law as his profession and he was not so fixed that he could play all the golf he wanted to play. It was not until late in April or around the first of May that Bobby began to give more time to play and practice over his home course at East Lake. Then it was largely a matter of late-afternoon play with competitive matches arranged for Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

When he came to his last Open Championship, held at Winged Foot, late in June, he was still uncertain of his game, still none too sure that the seven months' rest had not left too much rust for him to be able to win against the greatest golf field in the world.

The Case is Called

But it so happened that Jones had two things in his favor. He is tremendously strong and rugged, with a power that includes shoulder and chest, arms, hands, wrists and legs. In addition he has built one of the smoothest of all golf swings, and the mastery of style. The foundation was there to build on, without wasting too much time. The fundamentals may have been a bit out of coördination, but they were all there. He was soon to prove that form and style do mean something after all.

Knowing that golf is a hard master and a jealous one, the main portion of the crowd wanted to see what the young attorney could do in his first competitive test in ten months. They saw him flounder through the first three holes at the end of which he stood 4 over par.

The gallery had about decided that you have to give up business, after all, if you want to be a winning golfer, when Jones suddenly turned and played the next fifteen holes in 6 under even 4's. When they saw him come back in 31 against a par of 36, starting with five 3's, there seemed to be more hope for the fellow who had to use part of his time in earning a living.

I recalled the Bobby Jones of 1926, 1927 and 1928 when he had been playing much more golf than he played last year. In one match he was pretty well worn out. In at least two others he was completely exhausted.

I had lunch with Jones the day after he won at Winged Foot, having just completed his fourth tie. He had played 108 holes of competitive golf in four days. But on this occasion he looked as fit as the day he started.

"I never felt so fresh after any championship I can remember," he said. "In fact, I feel as if I were just getting on my game and would like to have another seventy-two-hole chance."

"You don't think then," I asked, "that laying off for seven or eight months in the fall and winter will hurt your game?"

"I thought it would before this championship," he said. "But I don't believe now it will make any difference. It hurt my short game, but my long game was better. I didn't have the same control over bunker play and I didn't have the same touch around the greens, but I drove as well as I ever did and my iron play was better than it ever was in any championship."

One of the strongest features of Jones' golf has always been his remarkable ability to get out of bunkers and his uncanny touch on putting greens. He wasted more strokes in this last championship than he ever has before in emerging from the sand, and he missed a great number of putts ranging from five to ten feet. But the rest of his game seemed to be better than ever.

"Instead of hurting his game," a veteran pro said later, "I believe the winter rests will help him. Most of the pros are overgolfed."

Blackstone vs. Par

All of which recalled the experience of Willie MacFarlane in 1925 at Worcester. He had played only ten rounds in ten months, and yet that was the year he tied Jones and won the playoff, after being four strokes behind with only nine holes left. He had the nerve reserve which no one can carry after a hard campaign.

The point seems to be that Bobby Jones at the age of twenty-seven, now the winner of nine major championships, will hardly have to worry much about his golf for the next few years in spite of a still greater devotion to the practice of law.

His next test will come at Pebble Beach, Del Monte, California, when he will go after his fifth U. S. amateur championship, in the first week in September, in an attempt to win the two leading American titles in one year.

At the age of twenty-seven, law or no law, business or no business, he has a great chance to win at least ten more major titles before he decides to give up tournament play. He can practice all the law he wants to through the greater part of the year and, with a certain amount of preliminary play, he can still come to a tournament as the most formidable single entry in any field, no matter where or when that tournament is played. He has proved again that keenness for the game, when one isn't "overgolfed," is a more helpful factor than extra competition.

The average golfer, or almost any golfer, is much better off making a living than he is playing any game at the expense of his profession. But a Bobby Jones happens only once in a lifetime. Or many lifetimes. It is just as well for the development of art and skill that the pursuit of Blackstone hasn't interfered to any extent with his pursuit of par.

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The New Bloom

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

There were once two bachelors who lived on the top of a skyscraper. And one day a beautiful girl came in—

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Quirk, appearing at that inopportune moment, almost dropped their bacon and eggs on their heads. "What do you mean by kissing me in front of Quirk?" Julian demanded

LIKE a huge ghost in the night, the Aquitania hovered in the Hudson. During those excited minutes before the delayed landing, farewells, rendezvous, a certain Spanish Marquis, who for Jennifer's sake had surrendered his favorite absinthe all the way from Cherbourg, prowled the salons and deck in search of her. Others sought her, the vice president of an oil company who, after one look at the white sincerity of her young brow, had forsworn the evil of smoking-room poker parties.

But Jennifer sat on the forward main-deck hatch cover staring at the stars and holding the hot, tense fingers of a ragged Armenian violinist who, until he had glanced up from his third-class promenade one morning into the compassion of her eyes, had thought that music was the end of life.

She shook her bright head sagely. "No, dear Dikran, it is only the instrument with which you will enrich humanity. Humanity is what we live for, each in his own way, and my way leads me to my poor neglected father whom I haven't even seen for ten years, not since I was nine. My mother has had three other husbands to play with, but my poor father has not even had me."

NICHOLAS STARR and Julian Gordon, aged thirty-nine and thirty-four respectively, architect and portrait painter, fair-haired idealist and dark, amused humanist, sat comfortably together on top of the world. Their cozy and, it must be admitted, gorgeous apartment was the thirty-second and top floor of a sky-piercing, new-age tower building and, viewed from its broad windows and balcony garden, a breath-taking midnight panorama, like an inverted firmament, of all Manhattan and environs.

Mad and modern as this pinnacle was as a home, it was in a way appropriate; for, figuratively speaking, Nick and Julian rode the world quite as completely. They were bachelors—although they had also reasonably good looks, much courage, considerable wit and plenty of self-made, stock-market money. They were whispered about in bars and boudoirs. They belonged to everything, went everywhere, drank well, rode hard, and loved often. They sat on top of the world.

Best of all, they were the best of friends, beginning with a fist fight over a matter of esthetics while the guns of the Argonne-Meuse boomed in their ears and ending with a devotion which was beyond taking offense or being bored. Nothing could shake them, not even ten years of living together, not even women. If they preferred the same blonde, both gave her up and went out together looking for twins. Julian, as a matter of fact, preferred brunettes anyway, or to be specific, a brunette—and to be tactlessly definite, Lucia Calhoun.

Tonight Nick and Julian were as usual abroad in the town, and their apartment living-room, masculine and dark except where lamps or well-placed oils reflected against the paneling and the heavy Georgian furniture, held only the weary figure of their imported major-domo and man, one Quirk. The demise of the eccentric Lord Dunralen and his own nervous collapse had ended Quirk's many sleepless years of adventure with that gentleman and he had sought a well-paid and well-padded "situation" in America in the hope of rest.

He had not expected anything like Nick and Julian, who were as bad as, if not worse than, Dunralen himself, and twice as many. He stayed up as a matter of code to take their hats and sticks, to pour their thimbles of brandy from the decanter, and to light their final cigarettes whether they came in at midnight or at dawn. Only his passion for detective thrillers made life endurable.

SOMETIMES also, with a little help from the decanter, Quirk could beguile time away pretending to be a gentleman himself, a composite interpretation of Mr. Nicholas' genial swagger, Mr. Julian's graceful indolence, and even some of the dour, daft Dunralen's remembered ferocity. In the midst of this little performance the doorbell rang and Quirk slipped back into his normal attitude of fatigue with the speed of a quick-change artist. "Thank 'eaven," he murmured, "they're 'ome."

His chagrin at finding at the door, instead of his possibly reformed gentlemen, only a sweet young girl, was immeasurable. Usually he regretted his duty as an efficient gentleman's man in the matter of young girls at the door. But tonight he felt he could perform it with enthusiasm. He would tell her that Mr. Nicholas had just sailed for Iceland and that Mr. Julian was in the hospital. He had just decided, what with her large blue eyes and her short nose and her tight, jaunty hat, that it would be Mr. Julian she'd be asking for when she said in a very level, almost innocent voice, just as though she expected to be actually admitted: "Mr. Nicholas Starr lives here?"

Quirk saw new things about that girl. He saw that she was not only sweet but positively demure and naturally the more to be dreaded. He also saw that she had much determination and self-confidence behind her, and he saw a great deal else behind her. He saw behind her two burly porters, three trunks, seven bags, four hatboxes, and a cage full of love birds. Weakly and without confidence he explained that Mr. Starr was unfortunately not at home. "Mr. Starr won't be home for a long time," he said. "Perhaps madam will leave her name and call again."

"Oh, no," she said, "I'll just stay. I've just landed from the Aquitania. It's my fault if I'm not expected."

WHAT with the life of a gentleman's man being what it is, Quirk could not in honesty say that anything was unexpected—least of all, sweet young ladies. All he could say was that he lacked instructions and authority. When she announced with a divine impudence that he knew of course that she was Mr. Starr's daughter he finally lost his temper. Cousins, sisters-in-law, etc., had been tried on him before, but a daughter was an insult to his intelligence.

His rage, however, was wasted upon her. "I suppose I should have cabled," she admitted. "But since no rooms have been specified for me, I'll take my choice. I don't mind. I'm very tired and want to go straight to bed."

Quirk's expostulations fell like snowflakes upon the armor of that sweet young girl's determination. His actual physical resistance was equally powerless. It came to an abrupt end when a

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"We mustn't let your friend feel lonely or out of it, Father. I'll be happy to help him, too"

wardrobe trunk in the hands of the two burly porters, who evidently approved of this outrage, struck him violently in the solar plexis.

In fifteen minutes it was all over. Quirk was alone again, leaning limply against the long oaken center table and trying to make himself believe what he had just seen. He had seen that sweet young determined girl open the door of Mr. Nicholas' own rooms at the head of the corridor and with an expression of innocent pleasure choose them for her own. He had seen her trunks, bags, boxes and birds go into Mr. Nicholas' rooms. He had seen her with a smile and a soft-voiced good night go in after them. The door into Mr. Nicholas' rooms was closed, eloquently closed, and when he thought of Mr. Nicholas' just resentment at coming home at dawn only to find—well, anyway he couldn't bear to think of what Mr. Nicholas would think.

He didn't think of it very long, and, if he did, he didn't care. Quirk was not the first man to be driven to drink by a sweet young girl, and that brandy decanter was so near. Now, seated comfortably in a deep chair, he didn't care if another sweet girl came up thirty-two flights in the lift and moved bag and baggage into Mr. Julian's rooms too. Somehow he never would have minded so much in the first place if it had been Mr. Julian. A soft flute-like bar of *Connais tu le pays?* reached him through that eloquent door, reminiscent of a certain little Continental lady who in vanished years had disrupted so delightfully the Dunralen peace of mind. *Ou fleuris l'oranger.* Quirk's hand beat the measure for a moment and then stood still. His head drooped.

How much later he didn't know, voices awakened him. Nick and Julian, regarding both their man and the decanter with amused suspicion, were already at their respective ends of the table. "That's right, Quirk, come alive," said Julian. "I have already had to demonstrate my sobriety with a latch-key, but we mustn't take a chance on Mr. Nicholas' hanging up his own hat."

Quirk waited until the two were settled on the divan for their usual last cigarette and chat before bed before mentioning the slight disarrangement of their living quarters. "Very sorry to bother you, Mr. Nicholas," he began, "but—"

"Well, don't bother me then," said Nick fretfully. "Can't you see we are having a serious discussion? Tell me about the laundry stealing my shirts in the morning when I'll be in the mood to be properly furious. Good night, Quirk."

"SORRY, sir, but the morning won't do at all—" Be it said for Quirk that, silenced by Nick's glare and in full retreat, he paused at the end of the corridor long enough to register by certain despairing gestures that he washed his hands of all consequences. Perhaps after all, men being what they are, Mr. Nicholas knew all about her.

Oblivious to these thoughts and gestures, Nick and Julian went on with their serious discussion. Julian was plainly losing patience with it. "Yes, I know, I know, Nick, old man. Lucia is lovely, as you say. She is brilliant, cosmopolitan, genuine, as you say. Lucia is everything you say, Nick, and I adore her—but why do I have to have her as a wife? After all we've seen of frantic families around this town, I don't see how you can think of it, and I note that you think of it for me, not for you."

"I'm beyond hope. Seven years older than you, my lad." Nick rubbed the few gray hairs at his blond temple. "Are you sure it isn't just the talk about her that stops you? Because that gossip is an outrage. Her late husband being a naval officer, naturally she's knocked about the world and met men—"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," broke in Julian. "I would hardly be in a position to pick flaws in anybody's reputation, would I? Why are you so concerned?"

Nick paused to consider. "Perhaps I feel a responsibility, Julian. You are still young enough to take a chance and I can't see you pass up a chance like Lucia just for the sake of remaining loyal to me. Why not be frank? We don't hide things from each other, Julian. Have I ever hidden anything from you?"

"WELL, I've never caught you at it," said Julian, his suddenly alert gaze fixed upon the doorway of his friend's rooms where a sweet young thing with bright silk hair stood wrapped in a blue whatever-they-are and watched them curiously—"I never caught you at it—before."

Nick faced about and they both jumped up from the divan. The girl came toward them slowly, doubtfully, the white poms on the toes of her mules bobbing with each step. She smiled, still uncertain, and looked steadily out of eyes as mountain blue as her peignoir, first at one and then at the other. "It is embarrassing," she said, "but I don't know which of you gentlemen is my father. I'm Jennifer Starr."

Julian bowed with mock solemnity. "Dear little lady," he said, "if your name is Starr, charming addition as you would be to any family, I cannot claim you. The truth is, I'm no more than a boy myself. I can, however, present you to your proud parent—"

"Stop it, Julian," broke in Nick. "Jennifer is, both actually and legally, my daughter. I was married once." In Julian's dazed silence he went on: "At the age of nineteen in California I married a girl who was seventeen. Our parents had us annulled in three months, and hardly a dozen people here know a thing about the entire affair. Jennifer was born later and has been chiefly in California and Europe with her mother and a series of stepfathers ever since. I haven't even seen her for ten years. Her arrival is a—surprise."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Jennifer. She took Nick's fingers without the faintest embarrassment. "I wanted to surprise you, Father dear. I've many surprises for you, (*Continued on page 51*)

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No Son of Mine

By Charley Paddock

"I trust that no son of mine will ever be an amateur champion," briefly expresses this veteran sprinter's views on unprofessional sport. It's not on the right track, he says

Drawing from Wide World photograph by C. M. Sexton

A striking action picture of Charles Paddock, made during the recent Olympic Games tryouts

I HAVE waited almost a year to write this article. Perhaps I should have waited two years and then not written it. But I do feel that I can sit down now without prejudice and present a cross-section of amateur athletic conditions as I have found them. At the outset, allow me to say this—that I am a sincere believer in the benefits which may be derived both mentally and physically from recreational sports.

If I am ever so fortunate as to have a son, I hope that he will be interested in athletics, and if he is good enough to play professionally, I shall not stand in his way. However, I shall earnestly try to keep him from being exposed to the petty and penurious evils which surround the amateur champion today.

For I want him to be honest in his sport relations, which at present is something virtually impossible in amateur championship competition. Because consciously or unconsciously the "simon pure" amateur who is a box-office attraction, cashes in upon his name.

All of us do it, in a greater or lesser degree, and anyone who follows sport closely realizes that this is true. There are varying degrees of professionalism, to be sure, from the athlete who "takes it behind his back" for running a race, to the bright boy who gains entrée to the office of his client by the glamour of the name that he has gained through "amateur" competition.

To the uninitiated, it might be explained that virtually every runner who has won enough prestige in his favorite event to attract public interest has his "price." But he is not so much at fault as the promoter who stages the meet in which he is a competitor.

Strictly between Gentlemen

To illustrate what I mean, let us take the case of Mr. Blank, who for one reason or another wants to hold an athletic meet either for his own or someone else's benefit. He invites school, college and club athletes to take part in a series of events for which he offers prizes and the opportunity to gain additional glory. Though Mr. Blank generally succeeds in interesting the athletes, their presence has not aroused the enthusiasm of the public. In order to do this, it is necessary that Mr. Blank procure one or two nationally or internationally known champions who have the "color" that will draw the people through the turnstiles.

So Mr. Blank goes to the champion whom he thinks is the best bet and offers him a comparatively small "gift," in proportion to his box-office value, to compete in the meet. The "gift" is generally handed to the athlete or to the athlete's representative by Mr. Blank or Mr. Blank's trusted henchman a few minutes before the games begin. The transaction is strictly between two gentlemen. There is no writing of any kind nor any checks and, unless both the promoter and the athlete confess, there exists no proof the Amateur Athletic Union can use for the purpose of professionalizing the athlete or of barring the promoter.

Sometimes the amateur champion has but recently attained his position of popularity and is ignorant about how affairs of this kind are conducted, in which event he proves an easy mark for the promoter. The newcomer generally learns very rapidly and soon finds himself where he can dictate terms.

Fortunately for the promoter, by the time this occurs, another athlete has arisen to take the old star's place. Sometimes a veteran stays good for a long period and when this occurs and the public is still interested in him, the promoter finds himself in a delicate position where he may be forced to give the attraction the amount that he is actually worth.

Even then, the promoter generally manages to get the best of the deal, for though he agrees to pay the athlete $2,000 or even $3,000, for a single night's competition, when the hour arrives for payment, the promoter has some bona fide excuse on tap that he produces along with two or three hundred dollars as a "payment down" on the full amount. Of course, the athlete never gets any more and there is nothing that he can do about it. Because if he exposes the promoter, he immediately bars himself from future amateur competition. Moreover, when the night of the meet arrives and he has not gotten his pay, he has to go through with his running just the same. Because the Amateur Athletic Union which gave the promoter the sanction for the meet in the first place has demanded that the athlete sign an entry blank which binds him to appear.

Very often the Amateur Athletic Union officials have no knowledge of what is taking place. Under the present constitution there is no adequate way to remedy this evil and some people are inclined to believe that no law even can prevent the promoter from conniving with the athlete.

Outlaw the "Wildcat" Promoter

If the Amateur Athletic Union would legislate against the unscrupulous promoter, allowing the athlete with a "box-office name" (that is to say, the competitor who has won an intercollegiate, or a national title, or who has broken the world's record or been a member of an Olympic team) to take part solely in the meets that are held under A. A. U. supervision, the promoter would immediately find himself helpless. For if he did persuade the amateur champion to compete in his "wildcat" games, the latter would be barred from amateur ranks whether he actually received any money or not, and the menace of the box office would be removed.

There is the possibility that such a rule might create a professional class in track and field athletics. But this is nothing to worry about, because it is a much finer thing to be an honest professional than a dishonest amateur.

Of course, the Amateur Athletic Union scorns such an idea. Only public sentiment can ever bring the A. A. U. to terms.

The colleges are by no means guiltless. If a high-school football player is good enough, leave it to overenthusiastic alumni to do their best to ruin him.

He senses the unfairness of the whole "amateur" system and it cannot help but guide his impressionable mind into the wrong channel. He often sacrifices the serious purpose for which his parents sent him to college and he does not even have a decent salary to compensate him for his loss.

If you think that the boy on a championship football team, or the amateur title-holder in track, is in the game for the sheer fun of it you are wrong again, because it ceases to be pleasure when you sweat three hours a day three months of the year, working overtime in your studies in order to continue on the gridiron. (*Continued on page 39*)

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BAGATELLE

He imported the woman as a curio, to complete his collection. But she was a rarity of another order—and she proved too strong for him

By George R. Preedy

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

THE covered wagon, with faded blue hangings drawn closely at the sides, halted at last, after a long journey, at the entrance to the Château Halstadt, one of the finest mansions in the Bishopric of Salzburg. Captain Engel van Dollart dismounted from beside the driver's seat, gave a thick grunt of relief, took off his shabby hat and scrub wig to wipe a bald, glistening head while he gazed stolidly, unimpressed but satisfied, at the handsome edifice before him.

The Dutchman then eyed the wagon with alert suspicion, as if he feared that someone behind the curtains would draw these and look out; but the rough canvas was not disturbed; the two stout horses stood patient, sweating in the sun; the German coachman and the German grooms on horseback waited with stupid indifference for the captain's commands.

This personage called up his Dutch servant, a heavy fellow with a waddling gait.

"This is the place, Cornelis. A fine estate, hey? A very wealthy patron, hey?"

Master and man smiled at each other slowly. Cornelis replied with a placid grin:

"You were sure of that, Captain, before you took so much trouble. It has been a very tedious journey."

"A very tedious journey," repeated van Dollart. "Now I get the reward for it, hein? While I am inside you guard the wagon—careful, Cornelis, careful and prudent to the last. One never knows."

It was an August day, clear azure gold, a few snow-white cloudlets floating above the tall trees; on the double-winged stairway of the château, warriors and virtues in stone guarded the pretentious entrance; above the tympanum a flag curled on a pole; a glitter of gold threads outlined the arms of Aspremont-Reckheim and Zringi.

Van Dollart despised and detested all this display. He was a sour Churchman, a good citizen and, as a man, had only one fault; this was, perhaps, sufficient: he would have done anything for money.

Giving a jealous glance at the covered wagon he ascended the wide stone steps, entered, somberly and rudely, the grand open doors and asked the waiting lackeys for their master.

THE valet stared at the large uncouth man with his clothes of a seaman's cut, his formidable pistols, his resolute, ugly, leather-skinned face, and listened to his broken German.

"Tell your master that I have brought—what he asked for—Captain van Dollart of The Water Dog," said the Dutchman—firmly and cautiously. "It is outside in the covered wagon—what he asked me to get."

In a few moments he was conducted into the presence of Graf Aspremont-Reckheim, whom he greeted with an oddly surly lack of respect.

The noble owner of Halstadt had finished his breakfast and was sitting in complete idleness over a stale copy of the *Gazette de France;* he was a man more fortunate than van Dollart, who despised him, believed any man had a right to be; his descent was partly Hungarian; his father's mother was a relation of that Emeric Tekéli, who had fought with the Turks against the Emperor Leopold, and his own mother had been a sister of the elegant Zringi who had been executed in Vienna, but who was better remembered for the long high-waisted coat he had made fashionable in the drawing-rooms of Paris.

The Aspremont-Reckheims, very loyal subjects of His Imperial Majesty, had inherited the two immense fortunes of the rebel Hungarian princes, and their present sole representative had received the rank of General Commandant of Hungary, which post gave him, a good Catholic, fine opportunites of keeping in order the Protestants his ancestors had died to assist. Nor had he neglected these chances and was, in consequence, so keenly hated by the Magyars that he sometimes found it agreeable to leave his famous palace at Vesprim (which rivaled that at Cassel for magnificence) for the more sober splendors of Halstadt.

VAN DOLLART, grim Protestant, loathed this ruthless persecutor of the faith. Van Dollart, honest, sober citizen, quiet family man, detested this costly libertine of whom he had never heard anything save what he considered evil, but he continued to serve him, for Aspremont-Reckheim paid with lavish prodigality.

For years the Dutchman had brought rarities and curiosities from the East and sold them to the customer who never haggled over increased prices; every voyage The Water Dog took from Amsterdam there were commissions from General Graf Aspremont-Reckheim; each time something more uncommon, more difficult, was required, for the soldier was one of the most considerable collectors of his age. Van Dollart was always very clever in nosing after these treasures, very adroit and unscrupulous in obtaining them, very greedy in asking more and more of those orders which, slipped across the counters of an Amsterdam bank, were so readily changed into good golden florins.

"I expected you before," remarked the nobleman, pleasantly; he never asked the Dutchman to sit, but his courtesy was otherwise perfect.

Van Dollart replied without any title of respect.

"What you asked was not easy. I doubted I should do it at all. The return voyage was delayed. And," added the Dutchman, grimly, "it was a horrid overland journey from Amsterdam. And I had to come myself, there being no one I could trust with a matter like that."

"So I suppose."

"It has been very expensive."

"You want more than I promised—the five thousand rix dollars?"

"Yes. There would not be much profit on that."

"I'll pay more. If the merchandise is worth it—"

"Eight thousand rix dollars?"

"Yes." Graf Aspremont-Reckheim agreed easily; he would win half that by the bet with Culembach—besides, this particular rarity was worth it. He smiled in a way that made the Dutchman frown, though most people would have thought the nobleman very agreeable to look at; his notorious face and figure had the dark, swift, impatient Magyar grace and beauty; his name of Karl August suited him very ill, for he had nothing of the Teuton; as the Dutchman pouched the bankers' order he would, without scruple, had it been safe to do so, have strangled his customer for a base, dangerous, subtle beast from the East—like the cruel black panther or the sly, slim snake . . . a persecuting Papist, too.

Almost van Dollart was tempted not to trade with him again . . . almost—but, the money?

Karl August looked at the Dutchman as if he understood those slow thoughts of hate, and continued to smile. He had good cause; he had always obtained what he wanted, and till now, at thirty years of age, he had contrived to escape both conscience and satiety.

"IS SHE beautiful?" he asked; then added— "You would be no judge."

"I never thought about it—she is Chinese."

"You have her here?"

"Yes, in the covered wagon."

"Is she sad—afraid—angry?" smiled Karl August.

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"You must assuredly send her home, Monseigneur. It is your only chance to palliate a great wrong"

"I don't know. She has never said anything—how should she? She speaks only Chinese."

"You have really been very clever to get her—how did you?"

"A tale better not told. We went inland as far as Chuchow. We had to kill several heathen and one of my men got an ugly cut. Never mind. She is the daughter of what they call a mandarin—a princess to them. I can tell you eight thousand rix dollars is low."

"If she is really beautiful I will give you more. You know I have never cheapened my pleasures." It had always been his pride not to do so; he had always led every fashion, exploited it in the most costly and extravagant way, and never bargained the price; at Vesprim he had a hermitage, a classic ruin in marble, a village of dwarfs, a pyramid, and a temple above a cascade; at Halstadt he had kept his Chinese curiosities—a pagoda, a pavilion, a garden and, in the house, the rarest collection of *famille rose*, overglaze of Wan-Li, Chia-Ching, T'ang and Sung ware. . . .

And an exquisite assortment of women's clothes and ornaments.

It was these which had first made him want a Chinese woman to complete his rarities; as he looked at the lines, lusters and lights of the translucent porcelain this want had become a desire; when Culembach had bet him four thousand rix dollars that he could never gratify so fantastic a wish, the desire had become a longing; while skillfully and cruelly repressing a rebellion in Transylvania his secret thoughts had been of little else than the Chinese woman.

HE WENT to the window, gazed beyond the curtains of peach-bloom velvet made to match the vases Captain van Dollart called "liver-colored" . . . there was the little covered wagon, the horses patiently waiting . . . a Chinese woman inside . . . Culembach would be furious, not only because of the money, but out of jealousy; neither he nor any other man of Karl August's acquaintance, however much they might boast of their experiences, had ever possessed a Chinese woman.

Van Dollart grinned at him, showing tobacco-stained teeth.

"Will you please come and take her? I want to be on my way."

Karl August preceded the Dutchman into the summer day. He was considering the sumptuous, exquisite effects he would achieve with his new possession, how delicately she would be lodged in the pagoda of peacock-blue tiles, in the pavilion of green and yellow lacquer, and how tastefully he would adorn her from his store of jade, rock crystal, onyx, malachite, rose quartz, enameled gold and filigree silver.

As they descended the steps the Dutchman said with dull malice:

"She is not alone. There is someone I had to bring with her from China."

Karl August paused on the step.

"Whom have you brought?" he demanded. "I thought I could trust you, van Dollart."

"The person who is with her," replied the slow Dutchman, "is better able to look after her than anyone I could have supplied. As a Papist, you will agree."

"As a Papist?" The stare of Aspremont-Reckheim was contemptuous for the insolent heretic.

"It is a nun."

"A Christian nun?"

Van Dollart grinned.

"Truly a Popish nun. There is a missionary station at Chuchow. They try to convert the heathen. I don't grudge them the name of good women."

The Dutchman licked over his words, considering with relish the dark face turned on him with such angry expectancy.

"She tried to rescue the Chinese lady. I prevented that, but I couldn't make her leave. She stayed with her day and night."

"And you allowed it?" asked Karl August, fiercely.

"My men would not interfere. They thought they had done enough."

"But I thought you had more resource."

"Resource? I should have had to kill one of them to get them apart. You can do that yourself."

THE Chinese woman was very beautiful, exactly like those ladies in lacquer, porcelain, rice-paper painting, carved stone and ivory already in his possession. She was pale, pallid gold in complexion, with ebony eyes and hair and a smooth, small, vermilion mouth; her robe was dead-leaf brown and flecked with those broken lines used by Chinese artists to represent cracking ice. Two pins of lapis lazuli were in her glossy locks. The nun wore the garb (rather soiled) of the Ursulines. Karl August saw at once that she was French and well-bred.

"Is it possible?" she asked, "that you are General Aspremont-Reckheim, the instigator of this heartless outrage?"

"I am indeed. Captain van Dollart has, no doubt, informed you."

"Everything." The nun spoke more in compassion than indignation. "You have actually spent a fortune to abduct this unhappy creature from her home and country—and for what purpose?"

"Merely to complete my collection of Chinese rarities."

The nun gave him a challenging look; he had the impression that she was a woman of some experience, and might, if a bigot, prove difficult. But he did not greatly concern himself about her.

He begged them to alight and they obeyed, the Chinese woman responding to a touch from the nun. The covered wagon with the curtains now drawn moved away, the Dutchman staring back with a somber curiosity and sulky vindictiveness.

Never had Karl August viewed any dearly-bought treasure with such satisfaction (and he had had his moments of delicious achievement) as he now felt on gazing at the Chinese woman; he was even grateful to the nun for giving her company and protection; nothing, he began to consider, more suitable could have been devised, and he would be willing to return the zealous missionary to China at his own cost.

He conducted them to the Chinese pavilion which he called, after the fashion of the day, Bagatelle, and there suggested that the nun should take refuge in one of the convents at Salzburg until she felt inclined to journey back to Chuchow.

The nun declined to leave her charge.

"She is neither a slave nor a toy, Monseigneur."

"I happen to have bought her, Madame."

With that pity which, with her, took the place of scorn the nun informed him that a human being could not be traded, and that the Chinese woman was a princess, (*Continued on page 28*)

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April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

THROUGH Gordon Rountree, her employer, Mary Kate O'Hara, a beautiful San Francisco girl, meets young Christopher Steynes, a wealthy young society man, who makes her an amazing offer. Explaining that he is trying to circumvent two predatory Russians—the Countess Yarnowska and her daughter, Marka, who is trying desperately to marry him—he says he will pay her a large sum of money if she will slip away to Burlingame, fashionable suburb of San Francisco, and pose as his wife, for twenty-four hours!

The idea is repellent to Mary Kate. But her family is very poor. And Martin, her older brother, needs a few hundred dollars to enable him to go to Germany (with old Doctor van Antwerp, whose chauffeur he is) to study medicine. Finally, fully cognizant of the perils of such an adventure, she accepts Steynes' offer.

With Steynes, she purchases a costly wardrobe. And, having told her young fiancé—Cass Keating, ambitious real estate salesman—and her family that she is being sent to Sacramento on business, she takes the train and goes, alone, to Burlingame.

Steynes, suave, immaculate, charming, meets her and takes her to El Hogar, a beautiful estate which he has leased. There, after putting on her recently-bought finery, she joins her "husband" and goes to the costly home of Gordon Rountree, where she is introduced as "Mrs. Steynes."

The two Russians are present. They are amazed, shocked, and extremely disgruntled, when they learn the sad tidings of Steynes' "marriage." Bridge follows dinner; after which Mary Kate and Steynes return to El Hogar. It is late: half past one. Mary Kate is radiantly beautiful. They talk.

"Wouldn't it be the very deuce," says Steynes, "if we fell in love with each other!" And Mary Kate tells him of her engagement.

Then, as they sit there alone, someone walks through the patio, seizes the heavy iron knocker, knocks twice. Who, at this hour, can it be? Mary Kate is terrified!

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"STAY just where you are," Christopher said, quickly. "It's nothing—I'll see what it is!" He went across the room, opened the outer door. The apologetic round face of Don Archibald, one of the guests at the recent dinner party, appeared in the opening.

"This is a hell of a time to come in!" young Archibald said, entering. His evening clothes were rumpled and dusty, his hands and face dirty. "I'm awfully sorry, Chris—" he said.

"But what a relief!" Mary Kate exclaimed, on a long breath.

"What's happened?" Christopher asked.

The caller flung himself into a deep chair, stretched a hand gratefully for the cigarette his host extended. Mary Kate subsided, panting, into her own chair.

"I don't see how you dared open that door!" she said to Christopher.

"I knew it was some ass like this," Chris said. He and Don Archibald had been in Princeton together. They grinned amiably at each other.

"I'll tell you," Don said then. "I drove my own car down from San Francisco to Gordon's, do you see? And I started back about half an hour ago. Well, turning into the highway here, suddenly something gave a sort of click, and—I don't know what happened. But anyway, the steering gear's on the blink; the front wheels are at right angles, sticking out like that. I got out—I've got a flash—and at first I thought I'd go to the club. But it's as dark as pitch over there, nobody up, and I haven't any clothes, of course. They might have identified me, they might not! I was counting on hiking up to Gordy's, when I saw your light. I knew someone was up!"

"You had a fat nerve!" Chris said, amiably.

"I came up here into your patio. I thought you'd hear me falling around on the chairs."

"I'd have taken a shot at you," Christopher assured him. "I have a nice little gun upstairs here."

"Hear 'em talking about burglaries tonight?" Don asked.

"There's been a kind of an epidemic," the host said, with a nod.

Mary Kate sat in a high-backed Spanish chair, feeling suddenly weary and cold. The evening had gone flat. Neither of the men was taking any particular pains to include her in the conversation; they were talking to each other, glancing only at each other. Since Don Archibald had taken the chair opposite her own, and Chris had handed him his long glass, she might just as well not have been in the room.

Something in this casual disregard hurt her deeply. It was not that she cared about their talk, or wanted to be included in it. But it was puzzling that—after all the gayety and gallantry of their attitude tonight in Gordon Rountree's house, when she had queened it in ivory satin and pearls—both seemed to have forgotten her. She was simply—not there.

It occurred to her, with sharp pain and resentment, that she had served her turn; Chris not only did not need her any longer, but he also no longer needed any pretense of courtesy toward her. His last words before Don had entered burned in her mind:

"My dear, if you knew the whole ridiculous story, you'd know my people would simply rise in a mob, and slay us both!"

Uncomfortable, yet unwilling to seem dismissed by their mere manner, she sat on, pretending to listen to their casual talk, most of which was about golf, yachts, polo or poker, and so entirely incomprehensible to her. Mostly, she looked, unseeing, at the fire; now and then she glanced at one or the other as if amused.

"WHY do you have to get to town tonight, Don?"

"Well, I don't, as a matter of fact. I've got an outfit at Gordy's, and if you could run me up there—"

Chris looked an interrogation at Mary Kate. His eyes asked, "Shall I tell him?"

The color rose in her pale, tired face, and she returned a granite negative, in a brief shake of the head.

"I'm having the spare room replastered—" Chris began, "or I'd offer you a bed here."

"Oh, I'd have to have a change," young Archibald said.

"We've only got one extra room here; it's a little box of a place, really, except for the gallery," Chris pursued.

"Well done!" Archibald applauded, with a significant laugh. Mary Kate, with a sick plunge at her heart, saw that he knew.

"How d' you mean well done?" Chris demanded.

"We don't *know* there's a woman in the gang," the officer went on. "We don't

"Gordy told me. I congratulate you, Chris. It went over big!" the other man said. They stared at each other.

"Damn that old tattle-tale," Chris commented then, without resentment, indeed with a deep grin of amusement.

"It looked to me, and to Gordy, too, as if it had worked like a charm!" Archibald told him, admiringly.

Chris congratulated. Chris complacent. Herself having nothing to do with it—just the hired masquerader whose whole business was to do their will. Mary Kate's face burned. Her throat was dry and thick, she could not seem to get into the conversation.

"Well, you see why I can't offer you the spare room," Chris said, shrugging, smiling.

"One never knows!" Archibald said, with a deferential little bow. They both laughed loudly.

"Well, of course there's nothing like being an optimist!" Chris observed.

"I think it was a grand thing to do!" the other man said, with relish.

"The thing is, Don, did it work?"

"Did it work? Why, you heard the old girl saying that her daughter would marry a cousin, or someone, in Russia."

"It sounded good to me."

"Say, Chris," drawled the younger Archibald, with a curious glance, "how far did you go with Marka, anyway? You seem to be a terror with the gals."

And all the time she must sit there, drooping, pale, furious, listening helplessly, or slip away, dismissed like a servant, without farewells. To Mary Kate the night began to seem like a horrible dream.

"How long have you two known each other, anyway?" the caller presently asked.

His eyes were still only for Chris. But Mary Kate resolutely broke into the talk.

"We hardly know each other at all," she asserted, with a touch of haughtiness.

"*What!*" Archibald said.

His lazy, insulting amusement again. It made her cheeks burn.

"Since Mr. Rountree told you anything at all," she said, with what dignity she could muster, "he might have gone a little farther, and explained that this whole thing is a sort of joke—just a perfectly businesslike arrangement—" she stopped.

"WHY, certainly, what else could it be?" Don Archibald asked innocently, widening his eyes, assuming the air of a man who is trying to keep from laughing.

She hated him. She loathed him. She was too young, too inexperienced to extricate herself from this detestable position; she could only flounder help-

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know there isn't. I want to ask the young lady a few questions"

lessly, trying to be dignified, trying to keep the whole thing funny, bitterly hurt and shamed in her soul.

"I hope I know a business arrangement when I see one," Archibald pursued modestly. "Only—" he added, with his characteristic guffaw, "only I didn't know Steynes was such a good business man!"

"CUT it out," Chris said briefly, with a little frown. But he was not really angry, not really concerned.

"I think now," Mary Kate said, trying for a dispassionate conversational tone, "I think now that it was a silly thing to do. And I know that my mother will be—or *would* be—"

It was no use. They were not interested in what she, or her mother, thought. Indeed, in the wretchedly sensitive stage in which she suddenly found herself, she appreciated that both of them disliked the introduction of explanations, apologies. They belonged to a class that never explained or apologized.

"I was going to say that I have been Mr. Rountree's secretary for two years," Mary Kate said, coldly.

Archibald laughed again.

"And is that a long time for any girl to stay with Gordy?" he asked.

"Shut up, you ass," Chris said, smoking, grinning, staring into the fire. "Going to play a round tomorrow?" he asked. "How early would you play? I'm having a lunch here at about half past one. We'd have to begin about nine, wouldn't we?"

"It listens good to me. What's the lunch for? The Volga boatwomen?"

"It's farewell to summer," Chris agreed, with a nod. "They depart on Sunday."

Suddenly, to her horror, Mary Kate knew that she was on the verge of tears. The fire, upon which she fixed her look, danced and split into arrows before her brimming eyes.

"You're tired, why don't you turn in?" Chris asked.

"I think—" She gulped, and looked at him bravely, the unmistakable tears on her cheeks. "I think I will."

"Sleep as late as you like in the morning, and ring when you want your breakfast. Mrs. Peters will bring it in. She lives out in the garage, but she's always 'round in the morning."

"Thanks." But she did not move. She spoke impulsively, suddenly. "I ought to say—" she began. Her voice thickened, she fought down the maddening tendency to tears, and made herself smile. "I ought to say that I see now that this was a silly thing to do—" she went on unsteadily. A moment of awkward silence.

"Why, that's all right," Chris said generously, kindly.

"I think it was a *swell* thing to do!" Don added, with a laugh and a yawn.

"You mustn't lose your nerve," Chris added.

"No. I'm not losing my nerve!" She was determined to talk. "But I want to say that if I had realized—and perhaps if I had had sense enough to consult my mother I *would* have realized—"

This was the floundering, weak, incoherent stuff girls always talked, when they got themselves into tight places. Her tears were dried from sheer shame and anger now, and her cheeks burning.

"I mean—I thought of it only as a joke!" she said.

"And so it is, my dear," Chris said, amused and distressed and anxious to help. "Don't make too much of it. Be a sport! There's no harm done."

"No, I know—" she said, in a whisper. She looked up brightly, laughing, holding her head high. But her face was pale now, and her eyes showed traces of tears; with her disordered hair pushed straight off her forehead, and her figure weary and drooping, half the spirited beauty of a few hours ago had gone. Chris looked at her oddly, as if he saw her—as a girl, a woman, with a heart and soul and mind of her own, for the first time.

"Turning in?" he asked, getting to his feet. Don Archibald did not rise.

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

"I think so. I'm tired."

"I'll run Archibald up to Gordon's. Don't be frightened if you hear me coming in."

He was trying to be nice, she knew. But somehow it did not help her spirits, she could not rise to it, laugh the whole thing off, carry it with a dash. Don Archibald laughed suddenly aloud. Mary Kate did not look at him, as too heavily—too solemnly, she put out her hand.

"Your porch windows are all bolted," Chris said, "and you'd better lock your hall door. There've been several robberies—"

"Oh, come now, Chris, don't scare the girl to death!" Archibald said lazily.

"You shut up!" Chris said, in genuine annoyance. It was not much, but it was some little comfort to Mary Kate, as she left them.

"Too bad Gordon had to spill the beans. But after all, what does it matter—after tomorrow, who knows or who doesn't know?" Christopher said, in the hall.

"The whole thing—and I blame only myself—makes me sick!" Mary Kate said, passionately.

"Why, we haven't done anything wrong!" he said, surprised.

"OH, please—*please*." She was suffocating.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" he said. "You had all the nerve in the world a little while ago."

Mary Kate made no answer. Her face was flushed and strained. She nodded to him a wordless goodnight, and went off through the dim Spanish archways and passages to her own room.

Here she turned the key in the door, and crossed the room to draw the shades at the windows. A low light was burning in a bedside lamp; one of the beds was neatly turned down, her old-fashioned peach-colored nightgown and wrapper and slippers were laid in readiness.

The room was very quiet; the single light made only a pool of rosy brightness in the soft dimness. Delicious night scents drifted in from the garden; scents of grass and drowsy flowers. Except for the distant honking of an occasional motor horn, there was no sound.

Standing in the center of the room, stricken motionless by the power of her own thoughts, Mary Kate stood still, for a long time. The furred wrap was on her arm, the petals of the ivory satin skirt settled about her, the pearls smoldered in opal colors on her ivory throat.

"You fool—" she said presently aloud. "You poor fool—"

Fool. To take a chance like this! To deliberately place herself in this situation.

Her face burned. Her breast rose and fell. She bit her lip—thinking.

"Why, nobody that hated me could do a meaner thing than this to me!" Mary Kate said.

She had done it in young audacity and high spirits and confidence. It had been just masquerading, just playacting, a few hours ago. Now it was different.

Some things were wrong, and some right. The definition came to her as freshly as if it had never been made before. Wrong. She was doing something very wrong.

"It would be different even if I loved Christopher Steynes," she thought. "It would have some excuse then."

Love him? She loathed him. She loathed the smoothness, the laughter—with which this undertaking had been managed.

Her side of it—her reputation and feelings, were nothing to these men, Chris, Gordon Rountree, young Archibald. They thought this a joyous sort of joke—and Christopher was going to give her a check for this.

Anger suffocated her. She would not touch his check!

Mary Kate flung up her head, and began to move rapidly about the room. She carefully hung the furred wrap in the closet, balanced the exquisite ivory gown on a padded hanger, put the pearls away in their old-fashioned case.

The plain ring—her wedding-ring from the five-and-ten-cent store—she flung from the open window far into the dark garden. Let it fall into the new grass somewhere, and rot away.

Her breath (*Continued on page 54*)

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A Point of Honor

By B. L. Jacot

A grim adventure in the underworld in which wits and sudden resolve battle against force

Illustrated by Leo Kober

After a moment the doctor rose to his feet again. "This man has been dead some time. He has been stabbed through the heart with a stiletto"

IN THE act of squirting soda water from the siphon at his elbow into a three-finger drink of brandy Dr. Rock paused uncertainly. Through the haze of alcohol fuddling his mind penetrated the consciousness that someone was knocking at the surgery door downstairs—had been knocking for some time. For a moment he grappled with the fact to pin it down, for visitors at this late hour were unusual, even for a slum doctor with a practice not above suspicion. But the knocking downstairs persisted.

Pushing himself unsteadily to his feet, a disheveled lumbering figure, he drew aside the curtains at the window and peered down into the darkness of the deserted street below. The naphtha flares about the stalls in the cobbled alley had long since been extinguished, but in the yellow cone of radiance thrown down like a cap from a squat street lamp he made out the shape of an expensive-looking limousine incongruously placed among the litter and filth of this Shoreditch back-street market. It took him some time to digest the fact, for the peak level of Rock's habitual insobriety was invariably reached in the early hours.

He made his way down into the converted shop which served as the professional portion of his premises, speculating vaguely but without great interest on the strangeness of this visit. Unlocking the surgery door he registered his first glimpse of the visitor. In the flickering light of the gas jet burning in the red lamp over the door a well-dressed young man in a neat gray overcoat and gray felt hat stood watching him critically, it seemed.

"DR. ROCK?" Not a figure to inspire confidence, this heavily built, shambling practitioner, with his shabby, ill-kept clothes, soiled linen, ragged white mustache, and nails not above suspicion of grime.

The doctor nodded, collecting himself with an effort to meet the calls of conversation. "Is—is there anything I can do for you?"

The young man stepped inside the surgery and closed the door. "An accident, Doctor. Urgent, or I wouldn't have bothered you at this hour. My car outside here—"

"Take a seat." The surgery with the door shut was in darkness relieved only by the light of the street lamp filtering through the dirt on the windows. Striking a match he fumbled at the tap and lit an incandescent gas light. His condition at this hour did not worry him. For ten, for twenty years James Rock had practiced medicine with alcohol as his only friend. Complete sobriety would have embarrassed him. "You say you have had an accident?"

His visitor nodded. He was running a critical eye over the evil-smelling little room. "An old man. We knocked him down along the street here, and took him to his home—just round the corner. He doesn't seem seriously injured—"

"We'll have to have him moved to the hospital, of course." For a moment he considered, then he began to search about the desk in the corner for his bag. "We must get along at once."

"Sorry to drag you out at this time of night, Doctor—"

But Rock did not hear. He was still fumbling about for his bag. Long practice had made his medical activities almost mechanical. An unusual call on his services, he was thinking, but there should be a useful fee. Not that money had ever concerned him much. Some half dozen years ago he had changed from whisky to brandy—a significant stage, and when a man has lived alone and drunk as heavily as James Rock, money together with all other interests is apt to fade into the fog of a neutral background.

Thirty years ago Rock's hand had been steady enough to knock up centuries for Oxford, and later for England. Now, it shook all round a pencil before he could pick it up. And for many years his eyes, once looking clearly and steadily on an assured brilliant future, had been yellow-tinged and bloodshot. There were a hundred and one perfectly sound reasons why young Rock, with a brilliant Oxford degree and a house-surgeon's job in the biggest London hospital, should have gone from success to success. There was only one why he should not. Drink. But it was all-sufficient.

He had found his bag and was shuffling into a raincoat when the other attracted his attention.

"You will excuse my asking," he said, "but will you be leaving anyone in charge of the surgery?"

"In charge?" It took time for the question to emerge through the mists. He shook his gray head. "There's no one here but me."

"Then we'd better be going." The young man paused. "By the way, I suppose you have a book of death certificates with you? In case—that is to say—"

"Death certificates?"

"Just in case."

HE SHOOK his head. There were many dark and mysterious sides to Rock's practice in the slums of Shoreditch. With consultations a shilling a time, scruples are apt to be luxuries beyond a practitioner's means. After his name Rock could write F. R. C. S. and D. M. (Oxon.); his qualifications as a surgeon were the highest, and he used them. Tearful mothers with tight-lipped daughters at the side door . . . his professional ministrations affecting the birth rate were widespread. If he ever gave a thought to the ethics of it or to the honor of a profession without peer, it was to incline to the view that no man—police, magistrate, member of parliament—has any right to compel a woman to bring a child into this world. This suggestion about death certificates worried him, however.

"Why should I bring my book of certificates?"

His visitor raised a reflective hand to his chin. He seemed to be dwelling on the poverty-labeled atmosphere of this surgery among the market stalls of a cobbled back street—the shop windows painted three quarters of the way up with black paint, the flickering red lamp with its cracked panes and the inscription "Surgery" in a half hoop of ground glass, the cheap linoleum agape with ragged holes, the benches, the greasy desk in the corner. He made no reply, but the doctor was sober enough now to notice the sneer on his lips.

"Even if the man dies I can't give a death certificate. It's a job for the coroner."

The other smiled. "All the same," he insisted, "I think you had better bring your little book along with you."

James Rock (*Continued on page 47*)

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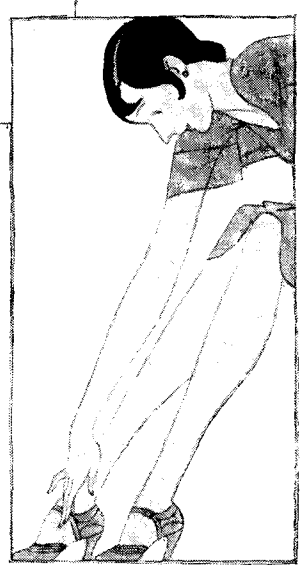
Sheer Modernism

By Marie Beynon Ray

You couldn't wear a seatpack parachute over a bustle, nor worm through a subway crowd with a hoop skirt. So modern dressmakers look at you modern women—at your boyish figures, clipped heads, smart faces, and pert little ways—and give you exactly what you need in this century of speed and sensibleness. And not a stitch more. As progress speeds up, there will be fewer stitches. Dress isn't concerned with art any more, but with comfort—yet beauty tags along

A bag and belt of Rodier jersey with the design woven into the fabric, from Saks Fifth Avenue

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



Henning designs an evening sandal of silk crêpe with silver kid overlaid in a modern pattern

AFTER the French Revolution women bobbed their hair and slit their skirts to the knees. After the World War women bobbed their hair and cut their skirts clean off at the knees. The first time it was a gesture—a brazen but temporary declaration of independence. The second time there was no bravado about it. It was a quiet necessity.

This time when women used the shears they inaugurated the most momentous change in fashion that has taken place in a hundred years.

We are developing one of the greatest fashion periods in history—as distinctive of our age as the dress of the time of Marie Antoinette or of the Directoire was of its generation. At no time has feminine dress been anything like what it is today—except that perhaps Diana, when she went a-hunting, or Atalanta, when she ran her famous race, was dressed a little like us.

This is the mode that is called Modernist. We have Modernist Art, Modernist Decoration and now Modernist Dress. All three have much in common, being peculiarly expressive of our times.

The scissors which women have used so ruthlessly are symbolic. Modernism is an art of the shears—a process of elimination and of suppression. It is simplicity reduced to its final terms. Clothes today are architectural—as stark and inevitable as our skyscrapers, as swift and beautiful as our airplanes. They are not something superimposed on women—totally extraneous as were the hoops and panniers of other periods—but rather an inevitable outgrowth of the modern woman's different body and spirit.

Something New Greets the Sun

A slim body, stripped like a willow wand. An emancipated, leaping spirit. A life made up of motor cars, elevators, subways, golf clubs, offices, ocean liners, cinema houses, traffic, compact apartments, tennis, swimming, traveling. Picture this type of woman with this new spirit leading this sort of life and clad in a crinoline—or even a bustle!

After the war, the French dressmaker cast a dejected eye upon the modern woman. She was slimmer, younger, more active, more eager—and poorer! She was independent, practical, ambitious. She had cut her hair—shorter than Trilby's. Where, asked the *grand couturier*, was the elegant creature who had trailed his laces, flaunted his brocades, borne aloft his birds-of-paradise, languished in his velvets, floated in his pools of satin? Had elegance disappeared from the earth? It had.

When this devastated creature came knocking at his door, the *grand couturier* sighed and took up his laces and velvets and spangles despairingly, yet resolved to do his best by her. Once more the great artist would create, hoping that in time this gamin would become more gracious, more the *grande dame*—and richer! A forlorn hope.

But meantime there were one or two dressmakers—women, they were—who looked, not with despair, but with ravishment upon the scapegrace. At last, something new in the world of fashion! Away with brocades and plumes and embroideries and all the trailing glories of a bygone age. Here stands a new woman on our doorstep. Come in, my dear, come in!

Take off that ridiculous garment. Of all things—long sleeves and a high collar! And hooks down the back where you can't reach them—you who no longer have a lady's maid! And stays! How could you breathe?—and on the golf course one must breathe! Those shoes—absurd! Of course you can't drive a car in them. What fools those men dressmakers have always made of us! Dressing us up like dolls and pincushions! One would think you were to step into a sedan chair! Let me see—let me see. What shall I do with you?

Now when the dressmaker of the old school came to this point in his soliloquy—"What shall I do with you?"—his next question inevitably was, "How shall I make you more beautiful?" But strangely enough this woman dressmaker leaped suddenly and illogically to the question, "How shall I dress you more comfortably and more suitably?"

Comfort at Last

And you can see what a very different answer there would be to a question like that. "What do you need," said this modern dressmaker, "for the golf course? What do you need—and not a shred more—for the beach? What do you need for the crowded dance floor of a night club?"

It may be something that has never been called a dress before, admitted these emancipated dressmakers. It may be bloomers—or trousers—or—

"It may be a sweater," said Chanel—and lo and behold, it *was* a sweater.

"It may be no bones, no buttons, no collars, and no sleeves," said Vionnet—and it actually *was* no bones, no buttons, no collars, and no sleeves!

"It may be skirts to the knees," said a third—and it *was* skirts to the knees.

And so in no time at all this post-war paradox was clad in tweeds, homespuns, jersey and sweaters, topped off by a careless little felt hat, and for the first time in history women were more comfortably and sensibly dressed than men. And oddly enough, they were beautifully dressed—many would say more beautifully than ever before in history.

Isms in Fashion

One would not expect a dressmaker who says, "I have nothing to do with art," to create sheer beauty. Before the war, where did the *grand couturier* look for his inspiration? To the past—in museums, old costumes, old fashion books, old paintings; in foreign lands—in Persia, in China, in Egypt. And so our clothes were always marked by some ancient or foreign influence—by a minaret tunic, a princess waist, a Persian coat, or peasant embroidery.

No more. Our modern dressmakers refer to the past as little as does the designer of a zeppelin or a submarine. They look only at the modern woman—her boyish figure, her clipped head—and give her exactly what she needs for her twentieth-century life—and not a stitch more. They are practical business women first and foremost, these modern dressmakers, and artists secondarily. Those, like Chanel, who stick strictly to their trade and aim to produce, not works of art, but just the wearable, sensible, suitable clothes that a woman needs today, make the smartest, and to our (*Continued on page 46*)

A coat of goatskin by M. Cohen turns a smart and graceful back to show two tones of gray skillfully matched in the new manner

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Galloping Pete

By Thomas McMorrow

In which the debonair Peter Pemberwick—athlete, gentleman, and good fellow—learns more about business from the charming Colonel Swetfager, and more about love from the colonel's charming niece

The Story Thus Far:

PETE PEMBERWICK—"Galloping Pete," of gridiron fame—learns, to his joy, that his great-aunt, Miss Hannah Jones Pemberwick (deceased), has bequeathed him her art collection, valued at $85,000!

Mr. Pye (of McGinty and Pye, in charge of the estate) advises Pete to sell the collection and go into business. Pete receives an offer from one Colonel Ernest Swetfager. Swetfager explains to Pete that he was the senior member of a large, but defunct, grocery firm; that he plans to start again; that he needs $60,000; and that he would like to sell Pete an interest in the venture.

Pete accepts the offer. The colonel gives him an assignment of the old firm's book accounts (worth, according to the colonel, about $190,000); and Pete (not knowing what he is doing) gives the colonel a bill of sale for the art collection.

Following this little transaction, the two partners visit the collection and find, to their horror, that one Matt Lowery, a crazy doorman, has destroyed it! The astute Mr. Pye informs Pete that the book accounts owned by Pete are worthless and that the distinguished Colonel Swetfager is a scoundrel and a crook.

Octavine Milton, the colonel's charming niece, visits Pete and tries to inveigle him into taking back the bill of sale. But the young man, no longer an easy-mark, accuses the charming young lady of being a swindler, and Octavine departs in a huff!

II

PETE PEMBERWICK, sitting behind a pile of soiled dishes in the dark and greasy kitchen of a Twenty-third Street restaurant, picked up the delicately browned wing of a chicken, gaped manfully at it, and laid it down in defeat.

"Try sitting sideways," said the cook with iron politeness.

"No," said Pete slowly. "I guess I'm all through."

"You guess!" echoed the cook, boiling over. "Young fellow, I hired you to wash dishes in exchange for all you could eat. And here you went and messed about twicet as many dishes as you washed. Say, you ain't no pearl diver—you're a shark with three rows of teeth. Flap out, you pelican—flap!"

"In the A. E. F., Pop," yawned Pete, "when we saw a soldier cleaning his greasy hands on his tunic, we knew he wasn't a cook."

"I should hope not!"

"No—because a cook never cleans his hands," grinned Pete, going.

"That squares you," yelled the cook after him delightedly. "Good luck!"

PETE picked up a discarded newspaper on his way through the restaurant, crossed the street to Madison Square Park, and sat on a bench in the afternoon sunshine to scan the Help Wanted advertisements.

Accountant, analyst, architect, artist, bookkeeper, buyer, chiropodist, credit man—all the way down to young men and youths the word *experience* met Pete's gray eyes like a poking finger. Certainly people didn't start out in life with experience, and yet it seemed a condition precedent to connecting with a pay roll: here was a puzzle. And even with this prenatal experience granted, the pay offered was so consistently moderate and reasonable; above $25 a week was evidently profligate expenditure.

Pete drooped; his heavy black brows set in a line. He waded into the display advertisements. He wasn't hopeful; advertisements in white border, he had learned, were commonly run by people who had something to sell.

FORMER FOOTBALL PLAYER
of Harvard preferably, is wanted for straight business proposition unconnected with sport. The man we seek is about six feet tall, of powerful physique, 25 years old, a good mixer, and has lived in California. Clock watchers and check grabbers, lay off.

No investment required. No canvassing or bell ringing. NO EXPERIENCE, except as above. Pay to begin, $100 per week on straight salary. Bonuses and commissions. The right man will make $25,000 the first year.

Prepare to shoot your story. Then telephone Midtown 6400.

Pete's mouth opened; he reread the astonishing advertisement. It described

"Nurse no grudges, Pete," said the colonel soothingly. "It's bad business. Besides, you have the balance wrong"

Illustrated by R. V. Culter

Octavine handed him a judgment search made out against Chumley Sloate

him to the life, even as to being twenty-five years old and having lived in California.

He jumped up and went feverishly through his pockets, turning them inside out, but knowing very well that the search was hopeless. He had not a red cent. And he had to have five cents, a half dime, the twentieth part of a dollar, right away. That job wouldn't keep. Opportunity was knocking on the door, but Opportunity was inside and Pete was out, and he didn't have the moderate and reasonable price of admission.

A pink-cheeked old gentleman with mild blue eyes and a paternal gaze was passing Pete's bench. Pete recognized the type: such a dear old chap as couldn't resist giving pennies to children, perhaps even big round nickels, and without taking them by the ears and inquiring if they were or weren't playing hooky—a humanitarian, a lover of his kind, a shining mark for a touch.

"Excuse me, sir," said Pete, blushing as he halted the old fellow, "will you please let me have five cents?"

THE old gentleman rang true. He looked shrewdly but kindly at Pete, and said: "You seem to be a decent young man, and I won't refuse you, though I believe that haphazard charity does more harm than good. Come with me."

He led Pete across Twenty-third Street again, and back into the restaurant that his proposed beneficiary had just quitted. He went to the quick-lunch counter, placed a dollar bill on it, and said: "Give this young man all he can eat! And I," he continued, beaming on Pete with pure benevolence, "am going to enjoy watching you. I've been hungry myself in my time. I aim to do a little good as I go through life, and when I meet a deserving man who through no fault of his own is brought to the ragged edge of starvation—"

"It's awfully good of you, sir," said Pete, his blush deepening, "but the fact is I am not hungry. I'm as full as a tick."

"What!" cried the old fellow, with indignation in which there was a bit of triumph. "Not hungry? That explains all about you, young man. You're a confounded impostor, and I should hand you over to an officer."

He snatched his dollar and stalked from the restaurant.

Made more timid by this rebuff, Pete accosted a lady. He said, "Pardon me, madam, but could you let me have five cents? I must telephone about a position. I'll take your name and address gladly."

"Oh, no, you won't," she said, sheering off. "You'll take my address and come around tonight and rob me, like as not. All you villains say you are looking for work, but you can't rub that on me. You want five cents to buy whisky and get drunk, that's what you want."

Pete's square jaw tightened. He picked out the biggest and grimmest man in sight, a burly fellow who lolled before a cigar store, and whose ready leer and flashy attire were as good as words of warning. Pete strode up to him, slapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Mister, give me a nickel! I'm taking up a collection to buy me a dirty big glass of whisky. I'm not hungry. I don't want a job. I don't want advice—what I want is a nickel!"

"Put it there," chuckled the man. "Brother, I like your talk. If you told me a lie, I wouldn't give you a cent. Here,

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"If you were half your age, Colonel," Pete growled, pointing a heavy fist, "I'd put that on your jaw"

get a ball." And he slapped a half-dollar into Pete's hand.

When Pete came out of the store with the change his benefactor was lost in the crowd. After a fruitless look about for him Pete reëntered the store, went to a telephone on a show case and called "Midtown 6400, please. . . . Hello—you advertised for an old football player."

"Name, please," said a female voice.

"Peter Pemberwick. I played tackle with Harvard in 1922. I'm from the Coast. I've never worked, not having to. My father, Jake Pemberwick, the lumberman, left me pretty well off, and I—"

"Where are you now, Mr. Pemberwick? On Twenty-third Street? We shall expect you in ten minutes; try not to be late. Come to Room 610 in the Merchants National Building on East Forty-second Street."

"So that's how it's done," murmured Pete dazedly, hurrying from the store. It was twenty minutes to four by the Metropolitan Tower clock; at six minutes to four he was being shunted into a local car by the elevator captain in the new and enormous Merchants National Building.

"He is waiting for you, Mr. Pemberwick," said the young lady who was disclosed to him by the opening door of Room 610. She gestured toward a door upon whose glass was lettered Office of the President.

At the brass-bound mahogany desk in the smartly appointed room beyond was an oldish man, heavy-jowled and shaved to the quick, with small and bright blue eyes. "Well, Pete, my boy," said this man in a voice made creaky by high living and choice cigars, "you're a hard man to put the bee on, but here you are. Sit down, Pete. We're going to talk business."

"IF YOU were half your age, Colonel Swetfager," growled Pete, pointing a heavy fist, "I'd put that on your jaw."

"Nurse no grudges, Pete," said the colonel soothingly. "It's bad business. Besides, you have the balance wrong. If you were twice my age and half my size, and if I had no horse sense, I would trounce you."

"You swindled me!"

"Your attitude, Pete," said the colonel, "amazes and grieves me. Let me state the deal between us as I see it. When we first met, you had just inherited a collection of art objects from your aunt, a collection worth possibly $75,000. I, for my part had just bought a bunch of uncollectible accounts at the dissolution of a big grocery, cigar and wine house. The face value of these accounts was $190,000; you knew that."

"You paid $600 for them. I didn't know that."

"Knowing that you wished to enter business, using this inheritance as capital, I arranged to swap my bunch of accounts receivable for your aunt's pots and pictures," said the colonel insistently. "I was going to sell off the collection and put the proceeds in my business and give you a quarter interest—a very handsome offer. The deal was made; you gave me a bill of sale of the collection, and I assigned to you the accounts receivable. And then what happens? A dizzy servant who thought your aunt should have put him in her will ran amuck and smashed the pots and pictures into smithereens. That left me with a big round nothing, and left you with the $190,000 in supposedly bad and uncollectible accounts."

The colonel spread his hands and shrugged his round shoulders.

"You tricked me into that deal," roared Pete. "All that talk about going into business with me was applesauce. You knew those accounts were no good, that the debtors were all dead beats."

"But I was going to collect them for you, my boy," said the older man, rapping the desk. "That was to be the first move in our business venture. That's where we were to get our capital from."

"Then go ahead and collect them now!"

"Precisely," said the colonel. "That's just what I brought you here for, Pete. I'm going to collect every last sou markee from those dead beats."

Pete sat down.

"We'd have a good part of them drawn in now, Pete, if you hadn't vanished into the unknown. What made you leave Mrs. Schimpf's select rooming house up in 126th Street?"

"Rowena herself," said Pete with a reluctant grin. "She's sitting on my trunk up there now. My home address is Central Park."

"You'll catch a cold there, Pete, if you sleep with the gates open. Have a good cigar, my boy. Now hold onto your chair and listen.

"I own an apartment house, Pete, on West Seventy-eighth Street near Amsterdam Avenue; any real estate man will tell you it's worth over a quarter of a million. We're going to use that house to inveigle your dead beats into paying their bills. We'll be partners, fifty-fifty. We'll each draw a hundred per week expenses, and pay the rest into a joint account that will require both our signatures to check against. Fair enough? Once every little while, when we have so much money that we're worrying if the bank is good, we'll declare a dividend. I won't burden you with explanations, but will let you see the thing work. Say the word, and I'll set the wheels going and you can watch the money tumble in. Blood from turnips, Pete!"

Pete sat silent, surveying the colonel from under beetling brows.

"I've been leading a dog's life of late, Pete. Vee is running me ragged. She thinks I let you down badly, and nothing will square me with her but to treat you like a prodigal son. Come to dinner tonight, Pete."

VEE—Octavine Milton, the colonel's niece—it seemed to Pete that he was gazing once again into eyes of intense, of burning blue. His girl with the electric eyes: widely spaced eyes, set in fully curved cheeks, centered below by a small and thick-lipped mouth! To no puny body could belong a face so strong and beautiful in color and line; Pete had sensed rather than seen the deep torso, the small and round waist, the wide oval of the hips. She walked so springily; she had stamped before him once in a fury, and it seemed to him that her small foot came down like the polished hoof of a blooded mare, delicately and crushingly. She had struck him, a stinging slap. Her teeth were showing.

"I'll take stock in you again, Colonel," he grumbled, "when I see the color of your money."

"Accepted," said the colonel, lifting a sheaf of new bank notes from a drawer. "There's your first week's money, Pete. And now shall we tilt a very small glass to the success of Pemberwick & Swetfager, copartners? Vee will work with us on this; we can't afford to intrust to any stranger our secret formula for extracting blood from turnips, eh?"

ON a morning some weeks later the door of Room 610 opened and a short and paunchy gentleman, attired in a race-track suit and with a purple band on his fifty-dollar panama, appeared on the threshold. From a long amber and meerschaum holder he blew a long, thin wisp of Turkish cigarette smoke into Room 610 while his bulging brown eyes dwelt approvingly on the young woman who had risen to receive him. "Is Colonel Milton among those present, my dear?" he asked in a sweet voice.

The velvety fingers of the tubby gentleman lingered in touch with those of Octavine Milton—she had replaced the office worker who had received Pete Pemberwick—as he gave her a card. His eyes followed her, missing nothing; he liked the coppery lights in her French bob, as he liked the royal blue of the eyes that had smiled on him somewhat puzzlingly.

"Mr. Chumley Sloate," said Colonel Swetfager, standing in the doorway of the president's room and reading from the card. "Come in, sir." Mr. Sloate went in, pausing only for a brief instant beside Octavine, to catch her glance so that he might complete his conquest of her and hold her love during his interview with her employer.

"Colonel Milton?" he said, tendering a cushioned hand.

"It's a pleasure, sir," said the colonel, who changed his name as convenience dictated, but who, as it happened, had been born Ernest Milton.

"You wrote me," said Mr. Sloate, settling himself comfortably, "concerning my claim on a piece of property belonging to you."

"I did," said the colonel. "Mr. Sloate, I shall put all the cards on the table. There are other ways of doing business, but they are not mine.

"Here is a (*Continued on page 42*)

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The Fifty-Cent Peace

By Octavus Roy Cohen

A Short Short Story complete on this page

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

He distinctly saw her steal the half dollar which had been left on the adjoining table for the waitress

HANK'S is an institution in Hollywood. It is busy at all times and thrice a day is so crowded that only the initiates—those belonging to the movie colony and thus possessing the password—are able to find tables.

The reason for this is twofold: In the first place, it is generally recognized that no place in Hollywood serves better food than may be had at Hank's, or at more reasonable prices. In the second place, the attractive combination restaurant and delicatessen receives the enthusiastic patronage of studio stars.

When Buck Mason arrived at seven o'clock, the dinner crowd was at its greatest. But Mr. Mason, being a movie actor of some importance, shouldered through the crowd and curtly notified the attendant that he wished to speak with Jim . . . this being the password. Jim, a broad and rather handsome gentleman who owned a partnership in Hank's, greeted the newcomer brightly and seated him at one of the little wall tables at the rear.

Buck Mason nodded to a few friends and scowled at the menu. He was colossally unhappy, and particularly tired of restaurant food and hotel living.

Things had not always been this way. Until six months previously Buck had been master of his own home in Beverly Hills, where he had been happy to relax of an evening and entertain his friends.

THEN Helen had left him. Their last quarrel came as a surprise. He knew now that he had been rather arbitrary in his home life, that he hadn't always given Helen a square deal; but he had thought that she loved him devotedly, and only when it was too late—when she left him without argument—he realized he had overplayed his hand.

Of one fact she definitely had convinced him. No matter what her feeling toward him had once been—she was not in love with him now. She did not rail, she merely spoke with chill bitterness in announcing her decision. She was through.

Shocked, he offered her a settlement, enough money to protect her against the unfriendliness which one experiences in Hollywood only when one is in need of actual cash. She thanked him and announced that she could look after herself very well. The next day she was gone . . . and he had not attempted to bring her back because he realized that she no longer loved him.

Tonight—as on all other nights—she was first in his thoughts. And because he was so miserably engrossed in consideration of the woman he had lost, he did not notice until the blonde waitress brought his meal that Helen was seated at the very next table; her shoulder to his, her cheeks high with color, her eyes straight to the front.

His heart contracted. If only he dared speak to her; if only he dared tell her how he had missed her, how he regretted the mess he had made of their married life, how he lay awake at night and prayed that her love for him might not be entirely dead. . . . But no! She didn't need him . . . he could see that. She looked more beautiful, more competent, more desirable, than ever. She was sufficient unto herself, or perhaps (and he bit his lip at the thought) there was another man.

He didn't dare speak to her. Apparently she was not aware of his presence. He watched her silently out of the corner of his eye, hungering for her; hating himself because he had sacrificed his chance for happiness, because he had failed to appreciate what he had. If only she needed him. . . .

She had finished her meal and he noticed that she had eaten nothing but a sandwich and a glass of milk. The couple at an adjoining table rose and left. And on their table was a fifty-cent piece . . . a tip for the waitress.

Then Buck Mason saw something; something amazing. He saw Helen glance eagerly at that fifty-cent piece. He saw her deliberately drop her napkin and stoop to pick it up.

And as she straightened he distinctly saw her steal the half dollar which had been left on the adjoining table for the waitress.

Cheeks flaming, she instantly rose and walked from the place; walked swiftly, like a criminal who is fearful of discovery.

Then he understood. Helen's appearance was camouflage. She wasn't doing well. She was actually in need of cash!

He rushed from the place, followed her, caught up with her.

"Helen," he said chokily, "you must let me help you."

She flashed him a startled glance.

"I don't need help, Buck."

"You do. I saw you steal that half dollar just now. It told me that you need money. Please, Helen. . . . Half of what I have is yours. I wouldn't amount to anything if it hadn't been for you. Let me help. . . ."

"I couldn't, Buck. Not under these conditions."

"THESE conditions!" His voice trembled. "God knows I blame myself for these conditions, Helen. I was a fool. I realize you don't care for me; I know you couldn't ever give me another chance. But no matter what you think of me, dear, I love you more than I ever did, and . . . and . . ."

His voice broke. And suddenly, without warning, a warm little hand crept into his.

"Do you mean that, Buck?"

"Mean it? Oh, dearest. . . ."

They walked on in silence; too happy for mere words. They buried the past and faced the future; a future which they knew would be happy for the very bitterness of their past experience.

He begged her to remarry him that night, but she insisted that he wait until the morrow so that he might be sure his sympathy for her plight had not swept him from his feet.

She was starry-eyed with happiness when she reached her room. For a long time she stood at the window staring down at the million lights of Hollywood and at the gaunt outline of mountain etched against the moonlit sky.

Then she seated herself at her desk and wrote a brief note on a sheet of hotel stationery. It was addressed to waitress Number Nine at Hank's place, and marked Important and Personal.

Dear Miss:

I am afraid I caused you to lose a tip this evening. But I hope the enclosed will more than make up for the empty table you found. Please accept this as a token of gratitude from a very happy woman.

Then, from a well-filled purse, Helen Mason took a fifty-dollar bill which she enclosed in the envelope.

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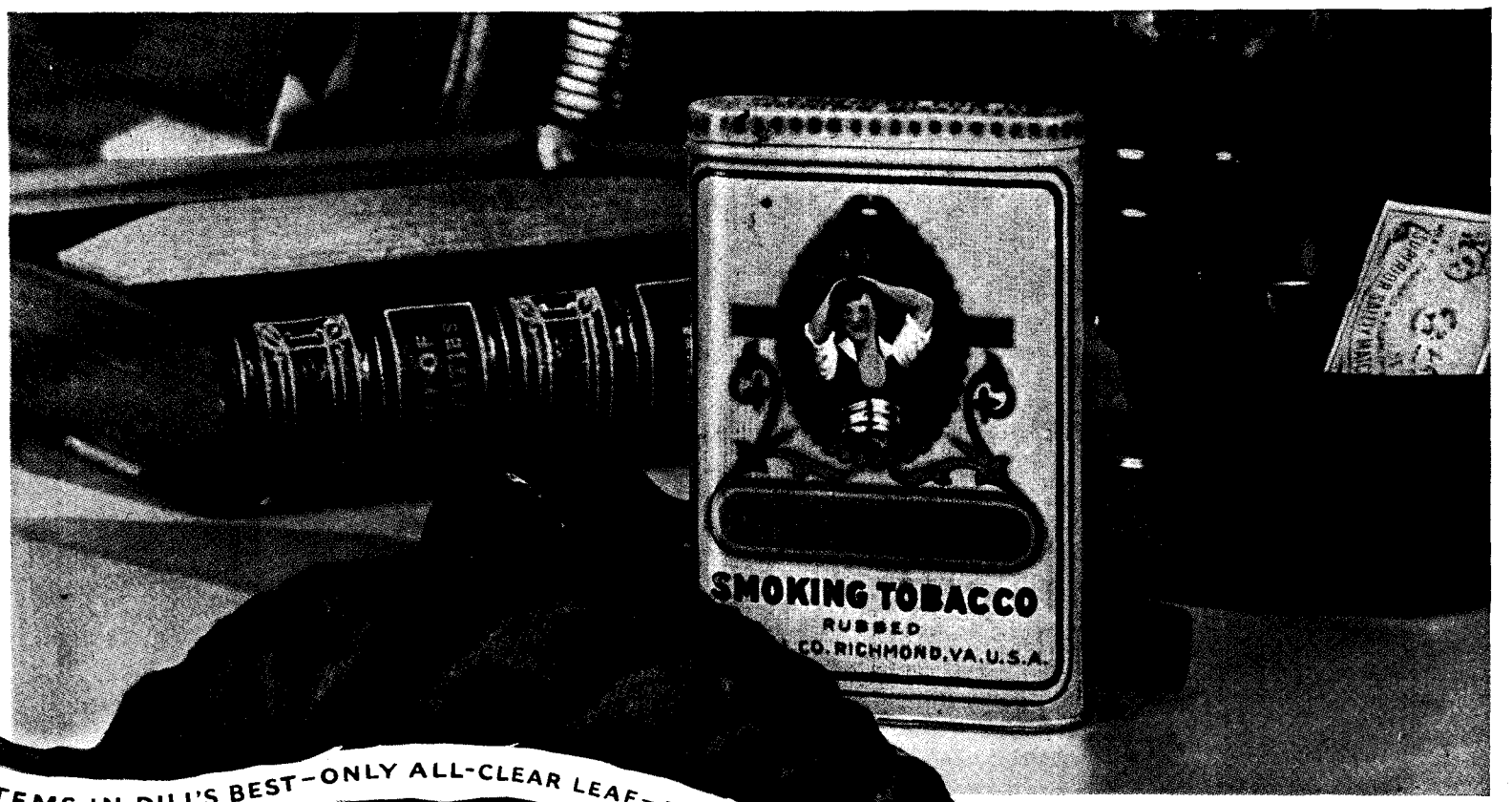
SINCE 1848

pipe smokers have been telling their friends

DILL'S BEST is America's Best



Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15c pocket-size tins; also comes in half pound and full pound humidor tins.

Nature stores good tobacco taste and fragrance in the blade of the leaf—not in the stem. Center-stems are like wood—harsh, bitter and fast-burning. If included in tobacco, they destroy the delicate, natural tobacco taste and fragrance. All stems are taken out and left out of Dill's Best Tobacco to give Dill's Best smokers all that tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

WHEN pipe smokers find a good smoke—one they can depend on morning, noon, and night—they like to spread the good news among their friends.

That's how pipe smokers have become acquainted with Dill's Best. As far back as 81 years ago, the word went out that "The Dills of Richmond" were making the finest kind of pipe tobacco—a tobacco so superior that it was called "Dill's Best."

From one pipe smoker to another, for 81 years, the word has been passed along that Dill's Best is America's Best. Through three generations, fathers have told their sons that, for pipe smoking, Dill's Best is America's best.

Such friendly tips that there's a wealth of genuine tobacco enjoyment in smoking Dill's Best have been the finest advertising Dill's has had all these years. Friends of Dill's Best seem to be characterized by a willingness to share their pipe smoking satisfaction with still more friends. And have you noticed that today the pleasure of pipe smoking is no longer denied to men in many smart hotels and restaurants—and at many evening affairs?

Pipe smokers appreciate Dill's Best for its honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco taste. They enjoy the delicate fragrance and coolness that come from the all-clear leaf (no stems) in Dill's. Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this clean, dust-free pipe tobacco that doesn't bite—or clog the pipe. Pipeful after pipeful of smoking—all the way to the bottom—leaves the bowl sweet and dry.

No tobacco has been smoked as many years as Dill's Best, the oldest brand in America. Now sold by almost all dealers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢
AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

SINCE 1848
Dill's Best
NO STEMS IN DILL'S — **TOBACCO** — NO STEMS IN DILL'S

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND
Established 1848

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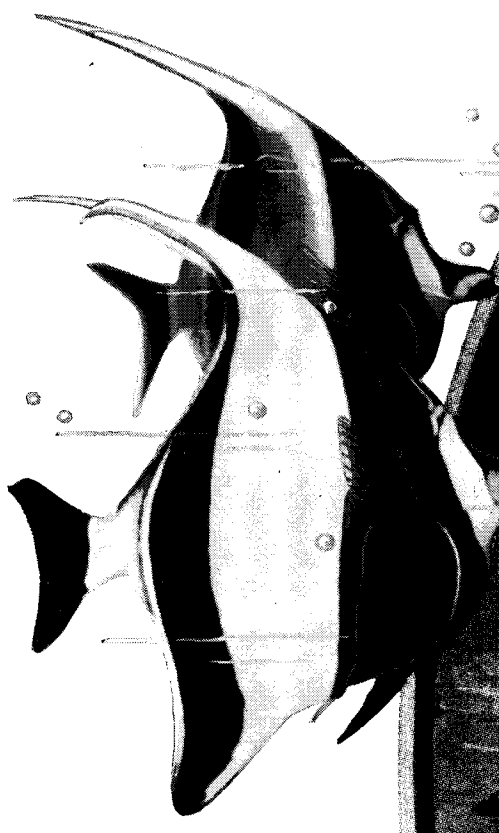
Net Results

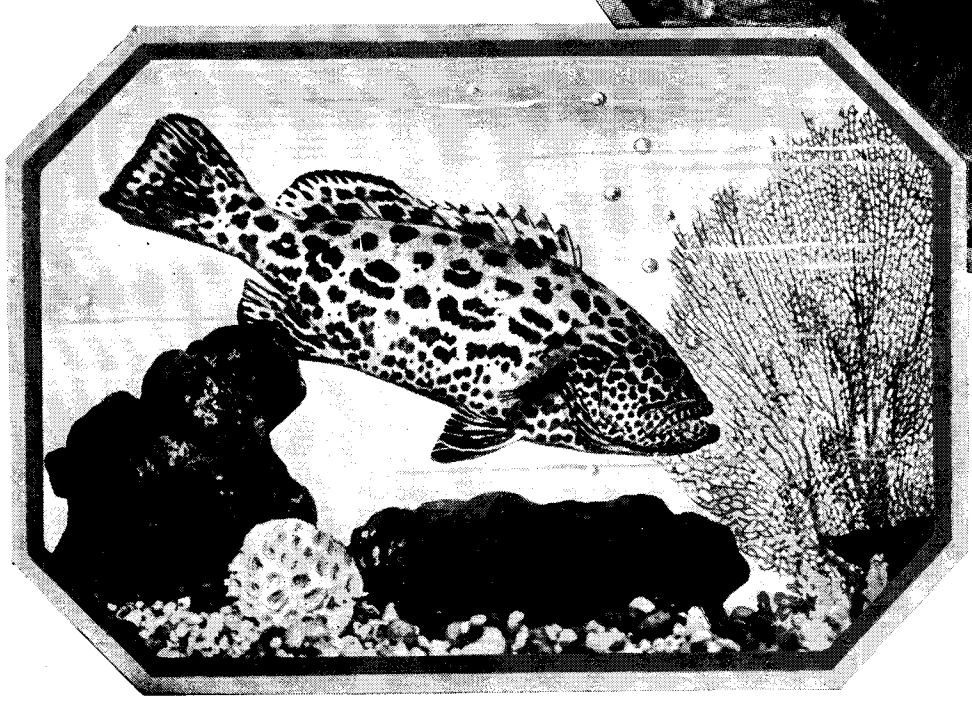


Wide World

A brace of kihikihi—and surely we don't have to tell you that they come from Hawaiian waters. Not with that name. The peculiar handle on their backs makes it easy to catch them by hand. Just try it

Brown Bros.

When the tiger of the deep heads into their private swimming grounds you can't blame little Goldie and her brother for heading in the other direction. This view of a shark in an undersea garden was taken from a submarine compartment



Brown Bros.

A yellow fin grouper to whom this delicate coral fan is just a handy place to duck behind when the bigger fish come seeking luncheon

Brown Bros.

This black swimmer, whom some scientist with a peculiar sense of humor has named the angel fish, has a face that reminds you of people you would like to forget

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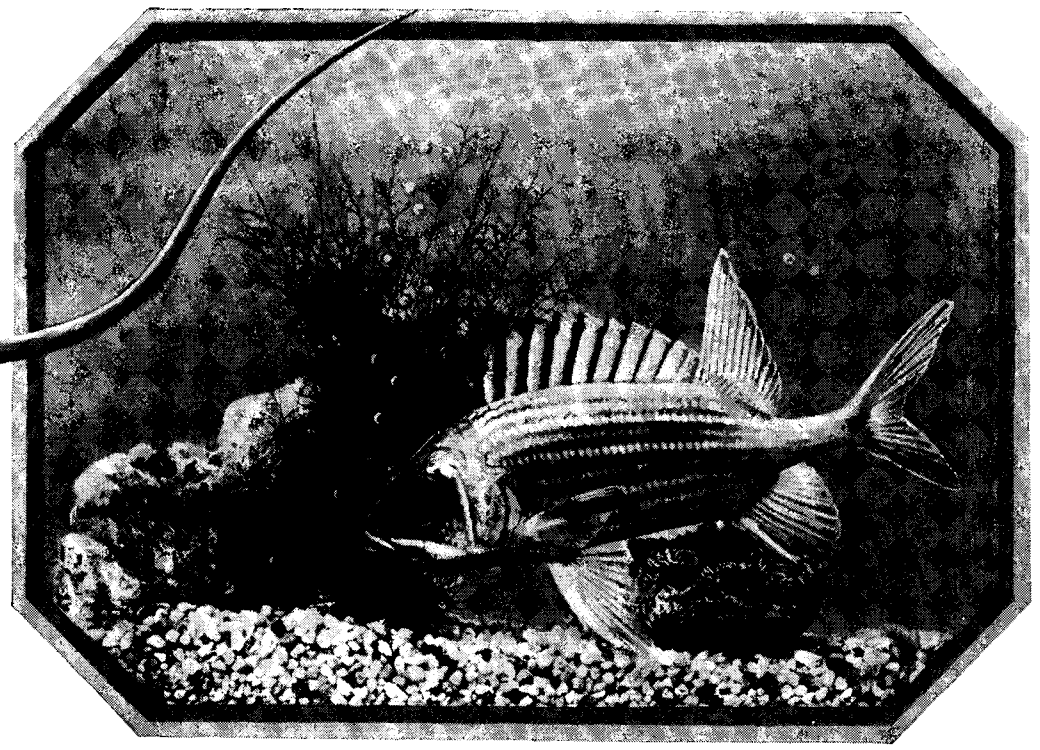
Life at the bottom of the sea would be pretty monotonous if there were no queer specimens like these to amuse the other denizens. The whole spectrum is represented in their separate color ensembles



Mr. Squirrel Fish likes to find himself a cozy little nest, and Heaven help any would-be disturbers of his domestic tranquility. Classed as the most quarrelsome of fish in captivity, he has been known to battle all other tank inhabitants until only one survived

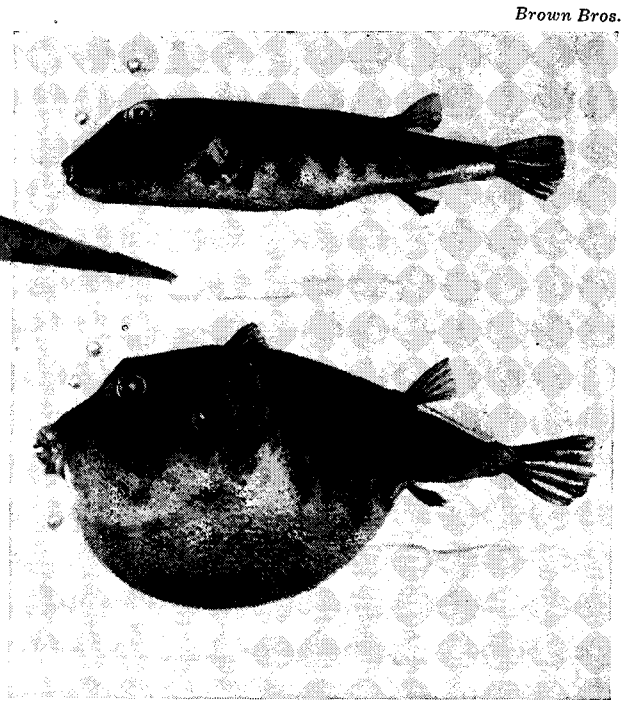
The ribbon tail oranda, whose feathery appendages mark it the Beau Brummell of the submarine colony. And to think it has descended from the lowly carp!

The horsewhip tail of the sting ray sometimes reaches a *length* of twelve feet and its head is equipped with a pair of filters to keep out the sand

Just plain lazy is the sucker fish, which generally manages to attach itself by suction to the side of an indifferent shark. As many as four passengers can ride at one time with no objection from the latter

Brown Bros.

Brown Bros.



Here's how the puffer fish, a slow swimmer, eludes his enemies. A deep drink and his body is so weighted with water that the attacking fish gives up in disgust. Later he rises to the surface, inflates with air and is wafted along by the breeze to safer waters. Baby puffer fish only an inch long can turn the trick as neatly as their elders

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. Q-9-7-6 H. K-J-6 D. 10-9-6 C. K-J-9	
West S. J-10-8 H. A-3 D. A-K-Q-J-8-5 C. 6-4		*East* S. 5 H. 10-9-5-4-2 D. 4-3 C. Q-8-7-3-2
	South S. A-K-4-3-2 H. Q-8-7 D. 7-2 C. A-10-5	

WITH the above hand given in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding probably would be: South one Spade, West two Diamonds, North two Spades, East pass; South pass, West three Diamonds, North three Spades, which would obtain the contract. If North passed on the second round, South would bid three Spades.

The Contract Bridge bidding probably would be: South one Spade, West three Diamonds, North three Spades, East pass, South four Spades.

The only doubtful bid in Contract would be North's raise on the first round. If West had passed after South bid one Spade, North's strength would have justified his jumping South's bid to two but not to three; but when West interposed his bid of three Diamonds, North was forced to bid three Spades or pass. If North should pass, South, whose hand only justified an original one, would surely pass and it is possible that a game-going opportunity would be lost to North and South.

The Play

In the play, West would open by leading the King of Diamonds on which East would play the four. East would reverse the natural order in his play of the lower first (Trey on first trick, Four on second) as he wishes to signal, asking West to lead a third round of the suit. It is quite possible from East's standpoint that West has five Diamonds headed by Ace-King and that South has three headed by Queen. In that event a continuation of Diamonds will enable East to complete his signal by playing his Trey on the second trick and then he can score with his little trump by ruffing the third round.

A signal such as East starts on trick 1 is not necessarily based upon a desire to ruff; it might be made if East held Queen and two small and hoped to win the third round. A signal is a request to partner to continue the suit, and consequently an original leader who wins the first trick should note carefully whether his partner has played what must be his lowest card, in which case he cannot be signaling; or whether there is a lower card outstanding, in which case he may be.

In the above hand West, winning the first two tricks and noting East's signal, knows that East has no more Diamonds. As it happens, he has received that information without the help of a signal because after eight Diamonds have been played on the first two tricks, he can see the remaining five in his own hand and dummy; but the signal nevertheless is valuable because it tells him that East has a trump. Without the signal West would have inferred that East was chicane. West, seeing his own trumps and dummy's and realizing that South bid an initial Spade, would expect East to have a small singleton trump and presume that South's trumps consist of Ace, King and three of the four smallest cards of the suit. West might continue with a Diamond honor, give East a discard and force South to trump; but it is possible that the discard would not benefit East, and that Declarer after ruffing would take out all the trumps held by East and West and be left with one in each of his hands. West has won two tricks and confidently expects to take another with the Ace of Hearts; one more is needed to save game. It surely can be won if South can be forced to play a high trump on the third round of Diamonds. If West should lead a Diamond honor, East would discard, thinking that South had another small Diamond; but East can be induced to trump if West should lead a small Diamond to trick 3; and if East's trump should happen to be the Five, the play must save the game because in that case South must either discard on the trick and allow East to win it, or spend one of his two top honors in capturing it. In the latter event West has a sure trump trick. Of course the odds are three to one that East's singleton trump will not be the Five; in this hand East has the Five and the play saves the game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

	North S. 10-9-8-2 H. 6 D. A-Q-J-3 C. A-K-Q-6	
West S. 5 H. K-Q-J-9-8-7-5-3-2 D. K-4 C. 9		*East* S. 7-6-4-3 H. 10 D. 10-9-6-2 C. J-7-4-2
	South S. A-K-Q-J H. A-4 D. 8-7-5 C. 10-8-5-3	

Meet and Drink

Continued from page 9

about the absinthe; where do they make that, since it is no longer made in France?"

"It's made in Cuba," was the reply, "and is really excellent. Maybe you'd like to try a little of it?"

"No," I said, "no absinthe for me, but here you"—and I turned to my drinking agent—"you try a little of this and tell me what you think of it."

The report was "O. K., boss. It's fine," and so I at once went on with my investigation.

Two Beautiful Words

Now this liquor dealer to whom I was talking has lived there all his life, knows his New Orleans, and so for the benefit of COLLIER'S readers I got him to tell me something about the town's most famous resorts. In the by-gone days I used to know nearly all the places he mentioned, but things have changed. In the celebrated restaurants no laws are violated, but, of course, in the name of hospitality and friendship—and to the Latins those two beautiful words mean much more than they do to the American—much that is desirable to the connoisseur in the way of æsthetic liquid entertainment can be secured, but there will be no charge for it on the bill.

Other places, however, are not as polite or as careful. In them even a comparative stranger can get with his meals a Sazerac cocktail, a Ramos fizz or a bottle of 1916 Haut Sauterne, all, or any one of which, will be strongly emphasized on his check.

Then there are any number of lesser restaurants scattered all over the town, known to the natives but not to the tourists, wherein all kinds of liquors and, especially, moderate-priced but good wines, are freely served.

Cabarets and night clubs do not seem to thrive in the Crescent City although a few are always trying to struggle along. There are two reasons for this. The first is that establishments of this kind, conducted under a guise of semi-respectability, represent near-wickedness only; and in a city like New Orleans where *real wickedness*, such as has been abolished in most other towns, flourishes and is openly on tap, what chance do they have to compete?

The second reason is that the home people don't rally to their support. New Orleans is still a Southern town; it still clings to the idea, which the East and North long ago pitched into the discard, that a man's home is a place in which he can entertain his friends just a little better than he can do it elsewhere. My drinking agent reminded me that we were invited to attend a party.

"But good gracious, man," I said, "we've already been to twenty-two places; it's after three o'clock now and I'm also afraid you might wilt on me."

"Not me," answered my agent. "I'm good for a long time yet, and remember that this is New Orleans. That party won't break up until after daylight, and we weren't expected until two-thirty anyhow. Come on, let's go."

We went. The festivities, in honor of somebody's birthday, were being held in a home in the French quarter, and when we arrived everything was well under way with everybody having a good time.

They were not tight, though. On the sideboard there stood an array of bottles containing an assortment of liquors and liqueurs, many of which were entire strangers to me, that would have caused an assembly of tourists, or pilgrims, to collapse early.

But it didn't affect the natives to any visible extent, because as intoxicating beverages are no novelty in their lives they do not consider it their patriotic duty to drink it all just as soon as they get their clutches on a bottle of rum. Of course there were one or two slight exceptions.

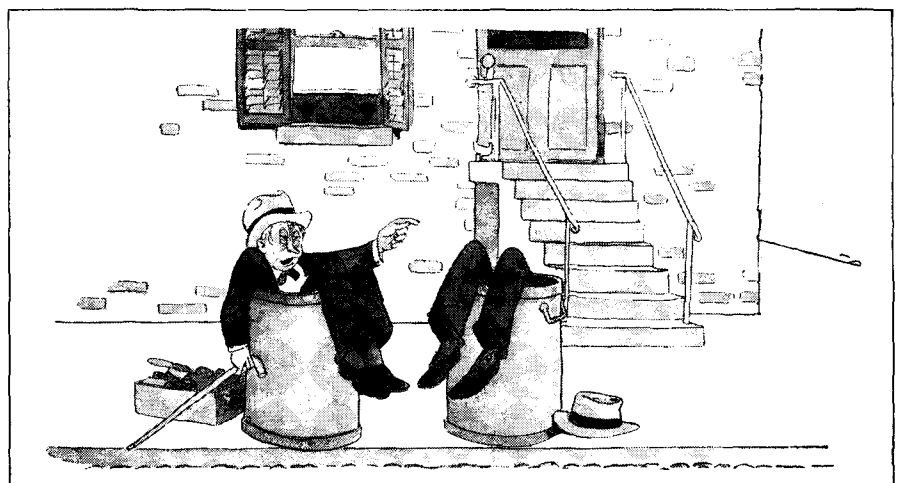
Somebody did fall through a window; a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, was asleep on a divan in the drawing-room; and an artist who was there present did insist on taking my agent and standing him up under a strong light while he made a picture of him. On the whole, though, it was a most enjoyable and decorous affair, and best of all was the typically New Orleans way in which it came to an end.

Consistently Hospitable

The dawn had come; the long, thin fingers of light were breaking their way through the French windows in the East room, and it was time to go. I bade my host and hostess good-by, stepped out into the cool freshness of a delightful morning and was immediately hustled into a big automobile by an entire stranger whose sense of real hospitality made it incumbent upon him to take me over to his house for breakfast.

It was a delicious breakfast, but before we partook of it I looked around for my agent. He was not there, and so, in deference to mine host, who had shaken it with his own hands, I was forced to the ordeal of absorbing a sweet Manhattan cocktail!

But what of that? I have always looked upon a sweet Manhattan, taken early in the morning, as one of the best ways I know of to start another day, and this, I say it frankly, was the only good one I had had in almost ten years.



"Ya know, Ed, we oughta do this more often"

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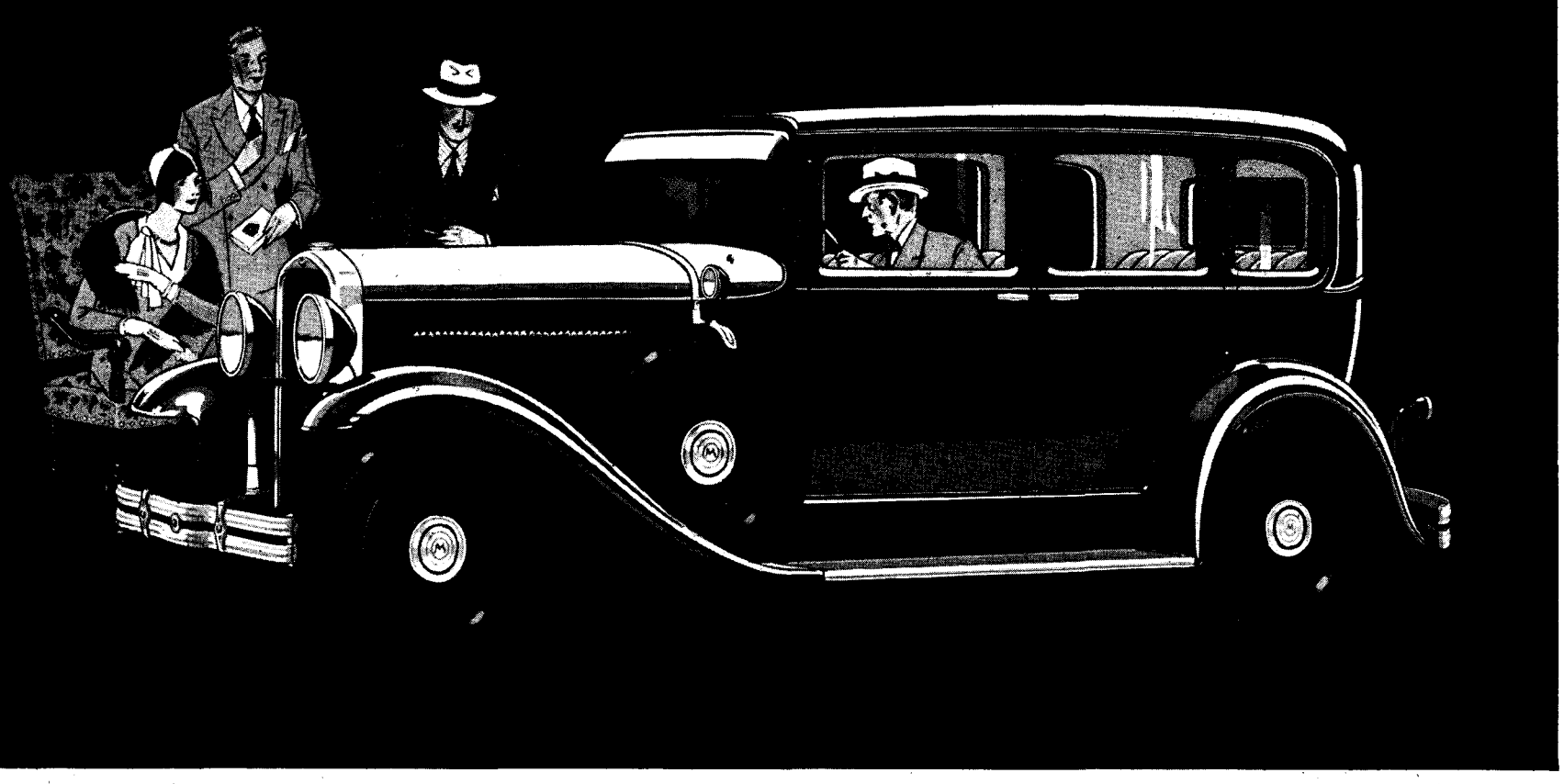
Marquette



THE MARQUETTE is distinguished immediately from all other cars anywhere near its price by its sparkling, speedy performance. Only the immense resources and the long-established manufacturing supremacy of Buick could have produced this superlative value. Here, at last, is a car of modest cost with a brilliant inheritance of those wonderful qualities of performance and endurance that have built Buick's great reputation. ✤ On the road the Marquette literally does wonders! Lightning quick on the throttle—smooth throughout the entire speed range . . . delightfully balanced . . . easy to handle . . . quiet, steady! Under the hood there's a marvelous engine with the largest piston displacement in this price field—an engine that displays unrivaled mastery of performance in every expression of power, stamina and speed! ✤ And supplementary to this brilliant behavior is a host of other extraordinary features. Its handsome, low, rakish Bodies by Fisher are upholstered in remarkable new waterproof, dustproof, wear-resisting mohair—an innovation introduced by the Marquette. The new Fisher VV sloping windshield that eliminates dazzling, dangerous glare is another wonderful improvement first shown on this car. Fully-enclosed internal-expanding brakes provide perfect control. Roomy, deep-cushioned seats and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers make riding exceptionally pleasurable and restful. ✤ So many quality features in construction, equipment and appointments does the Marquette embody that it has been called the most complete car ever offered in the moderate-price field. And although the Marquette is the outstanding quality car of the moderate-price class, the liberal GMAC terms make owning it very convenient and economical. ✤ See this matchless new six. And don't delay having an experience at the wheel—drive the Marquette—feel it spurt from 10 to 60 in 31 seconds . . . and know why everyone everywhere is saying "A GREAT PERFORMER."

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

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The Future Evolution of Man

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director
Science Service

IN THE present discussion of evolution both fundamentalists and evolutionists are wrong in one respect. They are looking in the wrong direction, toward the past instead of toward the future. Where men came from is not so important to find out as where man is going. When we take a trolley car we look for the signboard giving its terminal, not its starting point. What practical difference does it make to us to know whether man was made out of mud 5,933 years ago, or developed out of an anthropoid 500,000 years ago, or created out of nothing yesterday?

Whenever I read a book on evolution I end with the characteristic American remark: "Well, here we are! Where next?"

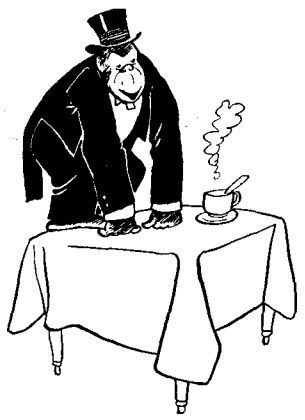
Generally the author does not even raise that very obvious and most important inquiry. He stops, like a continued story, at the most exciting point. But I at last find this question at the end of the biggest book on evolution that I have ever seen, The Brain from Ape to Man, by Frederick Tilney.

AFTER fifteen years of intensive study of brains, the author has come to the conclusion that "the brain of modern man represents some intermediate stage in the ultimate development of the master organ of life. And the greatest possibility for future progress lies in the future development of the frontal lobe."

He points out that the cave dwellers of the Cro-Magnon period, 30,000 years ago, had developed a brain equal to that of the civilized man of today, to judge from casts of the cranial cavity of their fossil skulls. The frescoes on the walls of their caves and their carvings in ivory and bone show that they cultivated the fine arts of drawing, sculpture, music and dancing.

Since then man has made amazing progress in gaining control over the forces and resources of nature. "Where he has stood still, perhaps even fallen behind, is in the manifest lack of control over his own nature." In other words, man has applied the principles of evolution to the development of improved forms of plants and animals, but he has neglected his own evolution.

The ape lost his chance of future development by taking the wrong road at the parting of the ways a million or more years ago. He sought to survive by thickening his skull, projecting his brows, strengthening his jaw, enlarging his limbs, and using all four hands; all of which schemes seem sensible.



But man, by pursuing the opposite policy, sacrificing his hairy coat, some of his teeth and the use of his toes, and risking a thin skull and poorly protected eyes, has developed that apparently useless organ, the frontal brain, until he is able to manufacture clothing, weapons, and automobiles to overcome all the other animals. And the organ in which man has specialized still retains its plasticity and the possibility of indefinite development.

Professor Tilney, in his lecture on Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller before the Galton Society, pointed out that both women had only the sense of touch, yet by systematic training the former developed the ability of a high-school graduate and the latter would rank with highest grade college graduates.

And he concludes: "So I maintain that other sense areas can be built up in the same way. For since these women, with only a small portion of the brain in active commission, could make adjustments to life at least equal to the average, this must mean that the average brain, with all parts working, develops but a fraction of its potential power.

"Many brains could be made much more efficient by pursuing proper methods of development." Such development of the brain could not come through an increase of nerve cells, for the number of these is fixed at a child's birth. But the sheathing of the nerve fibers, the myelin, increases up to the age of forty. The brain serves as a sort of telephone central which depends for its speed in making connections upon the number of the wires and the quality of the insulation between them. By microscopical examination of brain structure, it has been found that in those areas which have been most used the fibers have developed an extra thickness of insulation.

It seems, then, that there are two ways of improving the mental capacity of the human race: (1) permanently, by growing a superior type by breeding from the most brainy instead of from the least; and (2) temporarily, by making better use of such brains as we have.

Bagatelle

Continued from page 15

a person of education and culture, that her family would be in grief and desperate mourning for her, and that she herself, during the tiresome journey by land and sea and land again, had endured every possible discomfort and alarm, "consoled only by my company, Monseigneur."

Karl August, with folded arms, leaning inside the pavilion door, listened while the nun pleaded the cause of the Chinese lady, who showed no concern, but stood meekly, her hands in her sleeves.

"The least that you can do, Monseigneur, is to return her to her home. I am willing to accompany her to Chuchow."

"Why," he asked, "do you take such a considerable interest in a heathen, a creature held to be of less account than the heretics who are slaughtered like rats in Hungary?"

"She is a woman," replied the nun, "and for your deeds of violence of which you boast, may God forgive you!"

"You try my patience," said Karl August. "The Chinese woman is mine and I shall do as I please with her—I intend you no harm, but do not provoke me. I command much power."

"But I more," the nun defied him. "God, the Pope, and the Emperor are behind me."

Karl August was slightly uneasy at this. No slight to the church was ever tolerated in the Empire.

"If you attempt any harm to this noble maiden," added the nun, gently, "you will bring on yourself the retribution for all your crimes."

Karl August considered this amusing, but tiresome. He asked the nun if she understood Chinese— "if so, demand of the woman if she cannot be content here."

"I speak very little Chinese, but I can assure you that she will die of a broken heart and homesickness."

Karl August returned to the château, considering how he should, with some decorum, be rid of the nun. The situation was almost stupid, almost touched him with ridicule . . . he cursed van Dollart—the man was either a fool or malicious . . . the nun must go before Culembach knew of her presence . . . the Chinese woman must appear at the supper where and when he claimed his bet.

Meanwhile he sent down to the pavilion a palanquin containing all the Chinese garments and ornaments that he had been for years collecting and gave instructions for the Chinese woman to be elegantly maintained.

SO OCCUPIED was he with these affairs and with thinking of his new acquisition that he forgot his rendezvous at the chase until the hunt swept up to his door, Culembach calling out to him for a laggard, and the horns blowing in jolly fashion of reproach.

Culembach's sister, Hedwig Sophia, rode up and down the graveled space where the covered wagon had rested. Karl August came out on to the winged stairway to answer her greeting. He was to marry her in six weeks' time and since van Dollart's visit he had forgotten it. Warm-colored, yellow-haired, voluptuous, Hedwig Sophia smiled under her cockaded hat, waved her whip—had he not recalled the rendezvous of the chase? She loved him and this showed in her looks and gestures. She cared nothing for his reputation nor his wealth. She was infatuated with the man himself; she was a widow and had learned toleration of male failings; she was very jealous but even more prudent; rather than bore her lover she had resolved to endure his infidelities.

Hastily he joined the chase, excusing himself with van Dollart's visit—"some new fangles from the East."

"Anything for me?" smiled Hedwig Sophia.

"Everything for you," he lied, agreeably. They rode fast, side by side, down the wide *allée;* he wanted to marry his companion but he was thinking of the Chinese woman and considering that he might delay his marriage so as to have more leisure with his new mistress. . . . Perhaps he would take her to Vesprim and enthrone her in the ice grottoes or amid the village of dwarfs—or even build her another pavilion there and a grove of silver birch trees. At the first courteous opportunity he outrode Hedwig Sophia and came up with her brother, who was leading the chase through the park of beech and chestnut. He told him that van Dollart had brought the Chinese woman, safe from Chuchow to Halstadt as a pearl shut in an oyster—trust the sly, grim puritan Dutchman, eh?

CULEMBACH was chagrined. Though a reigning prince he was not rich and the wager was high. He laughed and tried to undervalue the prize—a small, yellow, shrunken creature, he knew . . . such a one had been found abandoned in the Turkish camp outside Buda . . . Hesse-Darmstadt had been infatuated with her, but, for his part, he preferred to have his monstrosities in porcelain—"And, look you, Reckheim, I'll see her before I pay."

"She is beautiful," asserted Karl August, with a confidence odious to the other. "And most rare—different from any other woman you ever saw. I would not take for her twice what I paid. Tomorrow evening you shall see her—she is no more than seventeen and, in her own country, a princess."

Immediately he returned from the chase, Karl August, refusing the invitation of Hedwig Sophia to ride home with her, hastened to the pavilion called Bagatelle, in the Chinese garden. Lamps of porcelain and lacquer had been lit in the lattice windows; their thin, fine light made long elegant shadows from the delicate leaves of young bamboo and yellow maples; the twilight was hushed and luscious.

Karl August peered through the curtains. The Chinese woman was within. She had arrayed herself in one of the robes, coral red, orange yellow; she had made herself tea in one of his services of Wu Ts'ai or five-color ware with ruby-backed plates; she had set a branch of pearl-color maple in one of his bronze vases, and appeared at home and happy.

Karl August did not enter the pavilion; the nun was seated inside the door; her habit appeared grotesque among those Eastern trifles; her face appeared old, ugly, sad, compared with the face of the Chinese woman. As Karl August left Bagatelle he noticed that a wooden crucifix had been fastened over the curved horns, hung with bells, of the entrance. He began to be more uneasy, disturbed by sensations new to him. It was remarkable that he, who had committed so many lawless acts of violence, could not now commit another. It would really be easy to force away the nun; he was not, he assured himself, superstitious, and he did not believe in God—scandal could be avoided; why, then, this detestable hesitation?

He passed a disagreeable night. His mind dwelt most curiously on the

(*Continued on page 33*)

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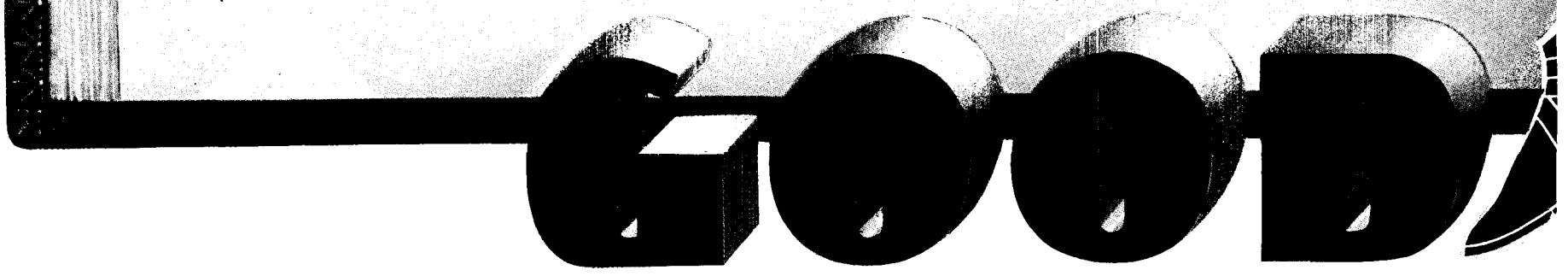
President



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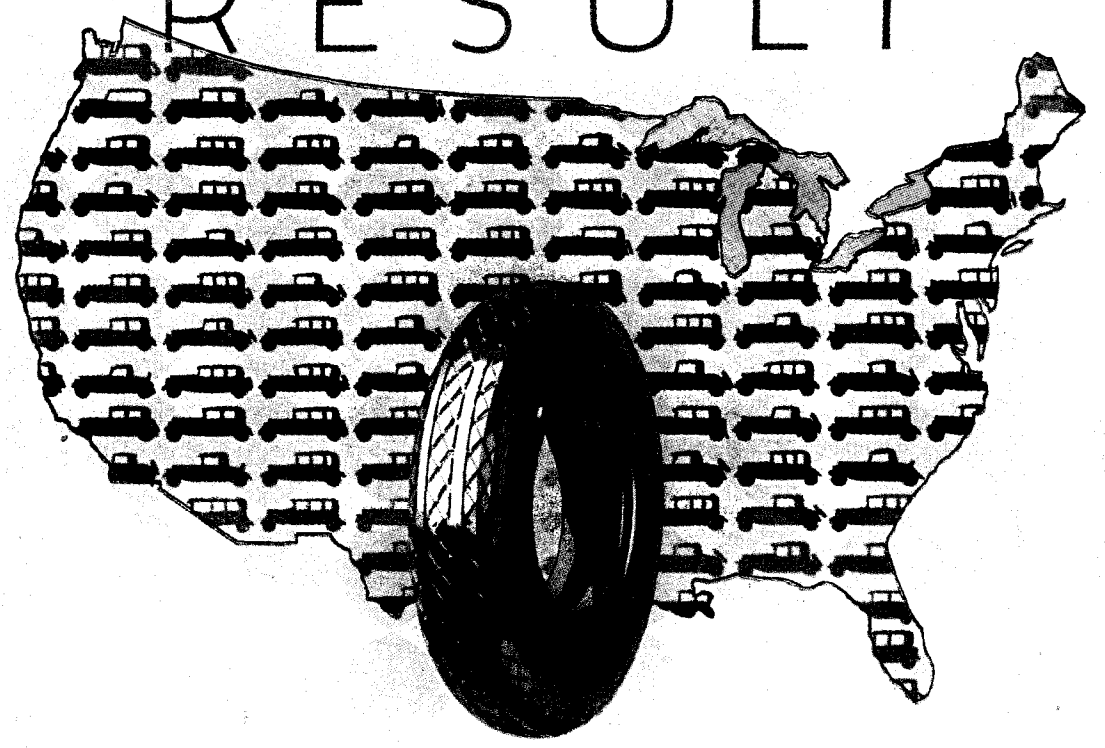
RESULT



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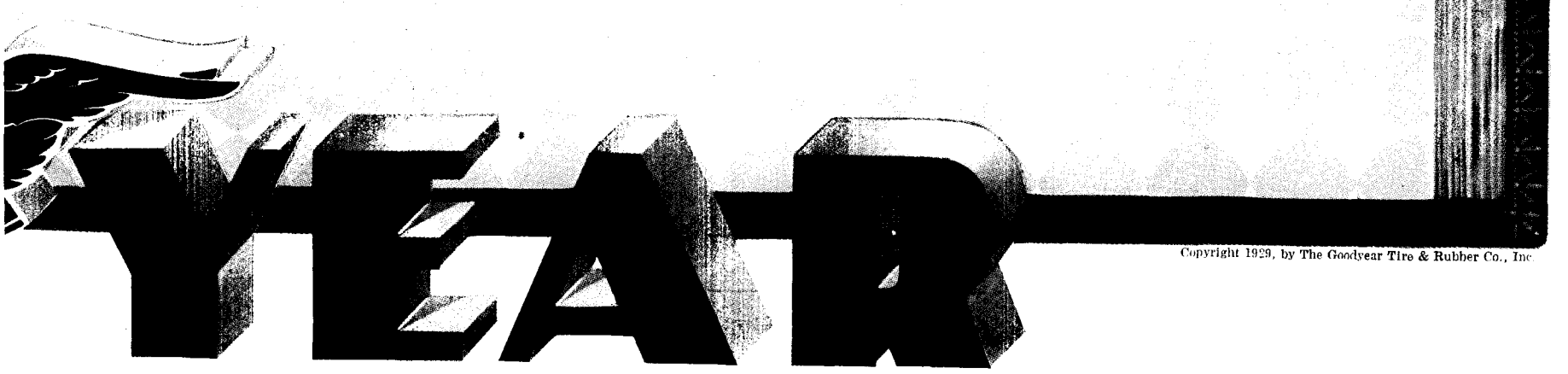

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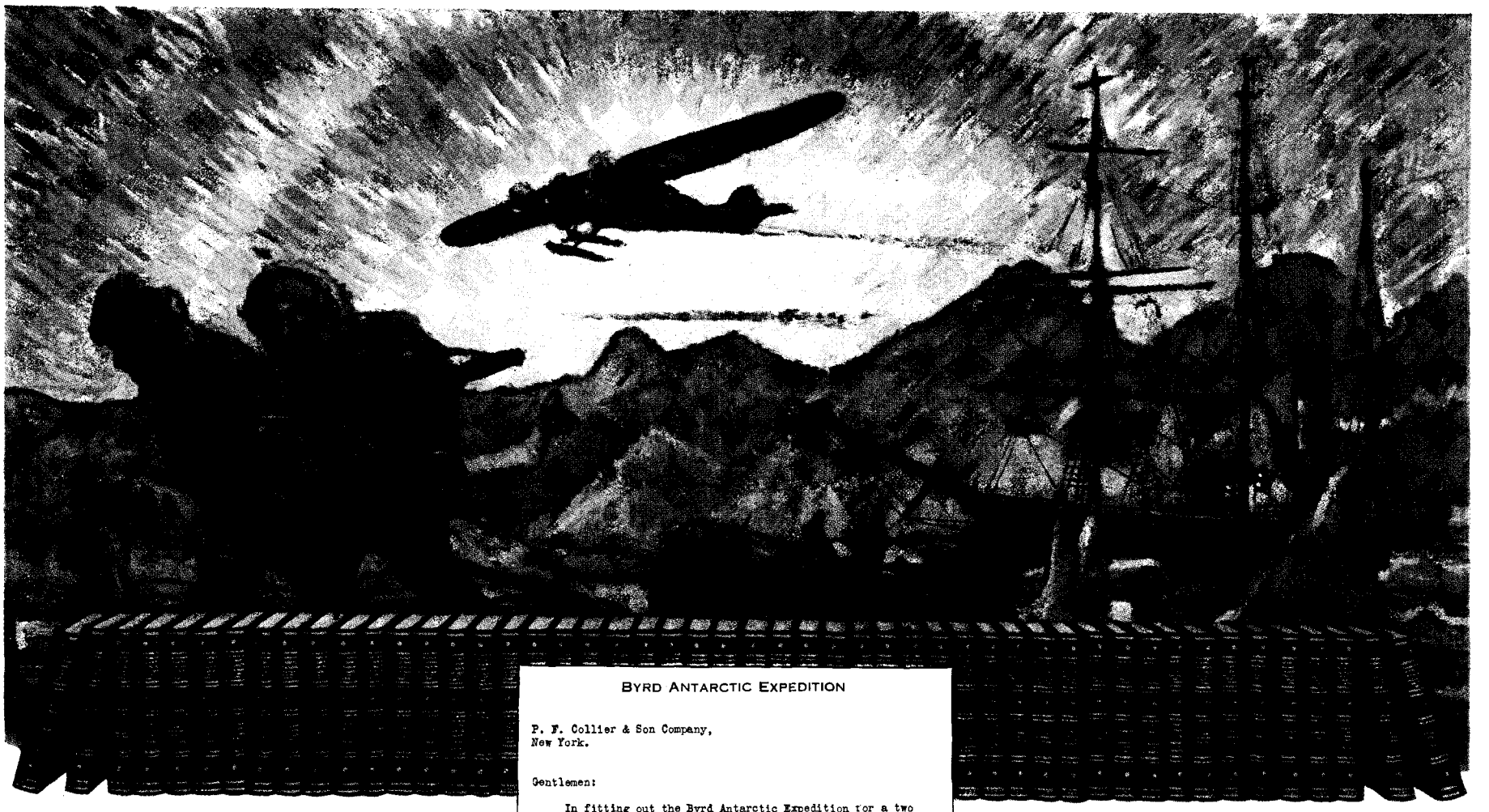

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The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage has been planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and the Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to thousands.

Men in the ice floes of the Antarctic need be no more remote than the people in our civilized urban world, so far as their reading is concerned. Although the explorer is limited to the few books he can take with him, we of the busy world may be so hopelessly lost in the millions of books that we miss the truly great ones.

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P. F. Collier & Son Company,
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We should like to carry into the Antarctic, along with your good wishes for the success of the expedition, a set of the Harvard Classics.

You can appreciate too, aside from the indorsement value of our including the Harvard Classics in a library necessarily restricted in size, that the sixty men who will accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition will while away many hours of enjoyment and profit immensely by the fund of information contained in your volumes.

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Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard G. Brophy

Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager

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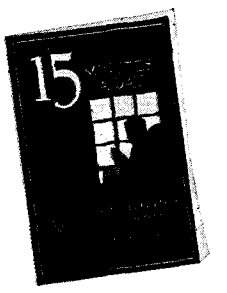

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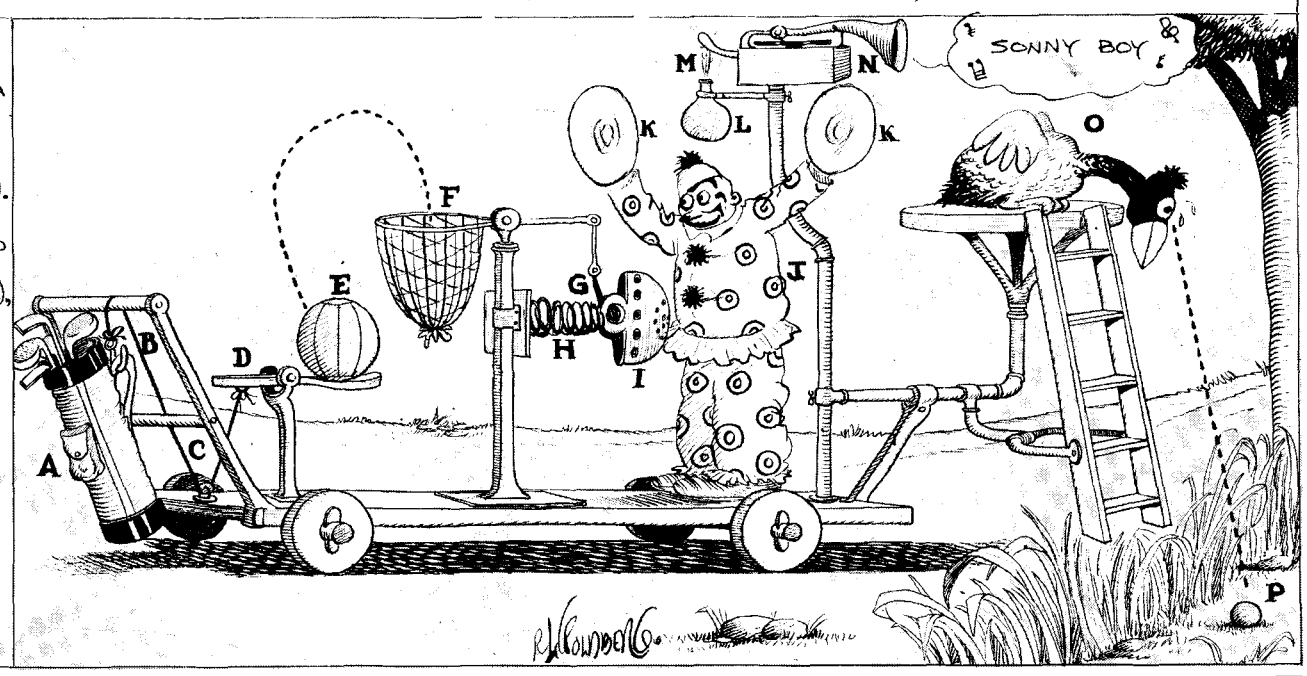
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS PUTS HIS HEAD IN A NUTCRACKER AND SQUEEZES OUT AN IDEA TO LOCATE LOST GOLF BALLS. HANG GOLF BAG (A) ON HOOK (B) WHICH PULLS CORD (C) AND TILTS PADDLE (D), TOSSING BASKET BALL (E) INTO BASKET (F). WEIGHT OF BALL RELEASES HOOK (G) AND ALLOWS SPRING (H) TO PUSH HEAD-GUARD (I) INTO STOMACH OF TOY CLOWN (J) WHO CLAPS CYMBALS (K) ON RUBBER BULB (L), SQUIRTING STREAM OF WATER (M), WHICH STARTS PHONOGRAPH (N) PLAYING "SONNY BOY". SONG AWAKENS MOTHER LOVE IN SNOZZLE-BIRD (O). SHE LONGS FOR A SON AND LOOKS AROUND FOR AN EGG TO HATCH UNTIL SHE FINDS GOLF BALL (P) WHICH SHE NATURALLY MISTAKES FOR THE COVETED EGG. IF THE SNOZZLE-BIRD WANTS A DAUGHTER HAVE THE PHONOGRAPH PLAY "RAMONA".



Bagatelle

Continued from page 28

Chinese woman. He believed she could give new variety to an emotion he had almost staled. She was more than beautiful, she had some magic. . . .

When a flying post brought news from Vesprim of a revolt among the heretics, Karl August was an angry man. He declared that the Emperor's business could wait until he had finished his own and sent orders to his lieutenant to burn and slay without pause or mercy.

TO PUNISH himself for his cowardice he kept away from the pavilion; but he sent a message to the nun that the Chinese woman must be sent up to the château that evening to sit beside him at his supper-table; the nun's reply was submissive, "But if she is not returned by eight o'clock I shall come to fetch her."

Karl August raged because he did not have the insolent woman removed; sulky and violent he meditated a revenge that would be the sterner for being deferred; he knew himself capable of complete cruelty; his uneasiness increased.

There were six gentlemen at the supper, companions in arms and pleasures; the windows were open on the monstrous moon, on the melody of caged nightingales, on the voices of Sienese boys singing to zithers, and on the steady recurrent splash of a fountain that was as monotonous as a heart-beat.

The decoration of the room was Chinese. The air was perfumed with cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and attar of roses. In contrast to this exotic background the six guests showed robust and hearty, with their fair red faces, their curled powdered hair, their bright-colored velvet and satin coats, their Paris paste and steel appointments cut to a diamond glitter.

The Chinese woman entered, carried in her palanquin; she could not stand for more than a moment on her tiny feet in the slippers stitched with sequins. She was placed carefully, as if she had been a doll, beside Aspremont-Reckheim.

The gentlemen all gazed eagerly at this curiosity—they were really not sure that she was alive. Her quilted outer robe of sea-green silk being removed by Karl August showed her dress of festival gold, a massed design of webs and blossoms in bullion threads, her sash of azure satin, stiffened with silver wires, her necklets of white jade, of smoked crystal, of scarlet cords with beads of rose quartz, tourmaline and chrysolite; above the smooth black billows of her hair quivered metallic flowers of silver, copper and gold that appeared finer than nature in filaments, pistils and petals that stirred with the least movement. All of the guests had traveled and each possessed a closet of curiosities, but none of them had ever seen any rarity like this wonder.

She bowed, and then spoke.

A little cascade of meaningless sound, soft, mellow as drowsy notes from the soft-plumed throat of a bird, fell from her vermilion lips. She bowed again, folded her hands into her sleeves, was silent.

They murmured surprise, admiration, envy. Culembach had his rix dollars bond ready; he slipped it along the table. Karl August pocketed it without satisfaction. He was tormented by the desire to know what the Chinese woman thought and felt, to possess her mind and soul as well as her person. Never had he heard anything so tantalizing as that soft incomprehensible speech. He had never failed, one way or another, with a woman before, but now he was baffled; he lowered where he should have been triumphant; and before the Lang-Yao clock struck eight he sent her away because of the intolerable nun who would, he was sure, keep her word.

CULEMBACH lingered after the others had gone. He began to praise the Chinese lady . . . he offered to buy her. . . .

"As a dilettante?" asked Karl August.

"As a man," said Culembach.

Karl August refused to consider any offer. Culembach said that he would give more than money; his Arab-Polish horse called *La Folie*, who was the most perfectly trained animal in the Empire, his pair of *bleu de roi* Sèvres vases, which had taken three years to paint. As Karl August remained contemptuous Culembach offered his summer palace in the mountains that the other had often envied. On receiving an abrupt refusal the Margraf, a short-tempered man, purpled in the face. The two parted in dislike of each other. This was the first time that Karl August had quarreled with the brother of Hedwig Sophia.

The Margraf's offer had put the final value on the Chinese woman; she was indeed priceless; her owner could think of nothing for which he would surrender her. Yet he allowed the days to pass without disturbing her—because of the nun, because of some sacred magic which enclosed her, because of something in himself? He was being drawn into a new unimagined world. He did not know; he became melancholy, moody, yet excited and violent; if he could discover what the Chinese woman was thinking, if she was happy, if he could make her happy, what she was saying when she bowed and spoke sweetly, rapidly. . . .

CULEMBACH rode over frequently and tried to bargain for what he called this *bibelot de prix*. He also seemed fascinated by the Chinese woman whom, however, he had only seen once. The two men began to detest each other; the Margraf pointed out that General Aspremont-Reckheim's post was in Hungary—what leave had he to linger in Salzburg, while there was a revolt in his command?

Hedwig Sophia came too frequently to Halstadt; Karl August suspected her brother of making trouble; the lady longed too often to be taken to the pavilion, the pagoda, and on excuse or refusal became too sweetly submissive. She knew, of course, from her brother, about the Chinese woman, and she was sick with terror lest she should lose her lover. She was afraid of his abstracted air, his gloomy indifference to her caresses, his dark sullen face; she wished to marry him and go to Hungary to quell the rebellion—to please him she would have witnessed the slaughter of hundreds of heretics, but Karl August suspended all his affairs.

He gradually made a confidante of the nun; she was of his own world and intelligent; she appeared to like him, she was at least very tolerant; he endeavored to discover from her every scrap of information about the Chinese woman . . . her mind, her nature, her habits, what she believed, or wished, or feared. . . .

The nun knew very little; she could not, save for a word or two, understand her companion's speech, but she always declared that she was very homesick; at night she would weep and pray to a little crystal image that, to Aspremont-Reckheim, was a toy, but to her a god.

Always the nun ended:

"You must assuredly send her home, Monseigneur. It is your only chance to palliate a great wrong. No doubt you acted more in wantonness than malice, but now you understand that you have not bought a carving or a jewel, but a human creature."

"Give me some credit," Karl August would reply, bitterly, "that I have not molested her."

The nun had a smile for that.

"You cannot. You do not dare."

The haughty, violent man raged; he stared at himself in many mirrors; he had always disliked his person, inherited from a defeated people he had betrayed. No powder could efface that black hair, no art alter those straight fine features, no imperial uniform make him appear of the conquering race; a Magyar, one with those he crushed and slew . . . he had burnt a church once with a hundred worshippers within, and watched while his troopers thrust the wretches back into the flames . . . every face shrieking to death had been like his face . . . detestable, and giving him the air of a renegade; he passionately wished he were like Culembach, the dominant Northern stock . . . how did he appear to the Chinese woman?

SHE remained unchanged. Patiently she waited through the luscious autumn days. The lilies on the pond withered, the bamboos and maples shed their leaves, the sunshine took a mellower tinge; in meek resignation the Chinese woman waited; only her songs became more plaintive, her music the melody of an exile, and her slanting eyes glittered with tears as she prayed to her crystal god.

"Send her home before the winter," said the nun.

"Sell her to me," insisted Culembach.

"Marry me," implored Hedwig Sophia.

While the Emperor's commands came stern from Vienna:

"Go immediately to Hungary."

Aspremont-Reckheim did none of these things. He was entirely, and for the first time in his life, occupied with his own soul. He ascended to stormy heights and grovelled in murky depths. All his possessions became earthly baubles. The wind in the bare trees at night was of peculiar importance; the sight of the moon touched him to nothingness, and the vaporous sunshine was bitter-sweet to agony; he was in full pursuit of something flying beyond his

(*Continued on page 36*)

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3 NEW CHRYSLERS

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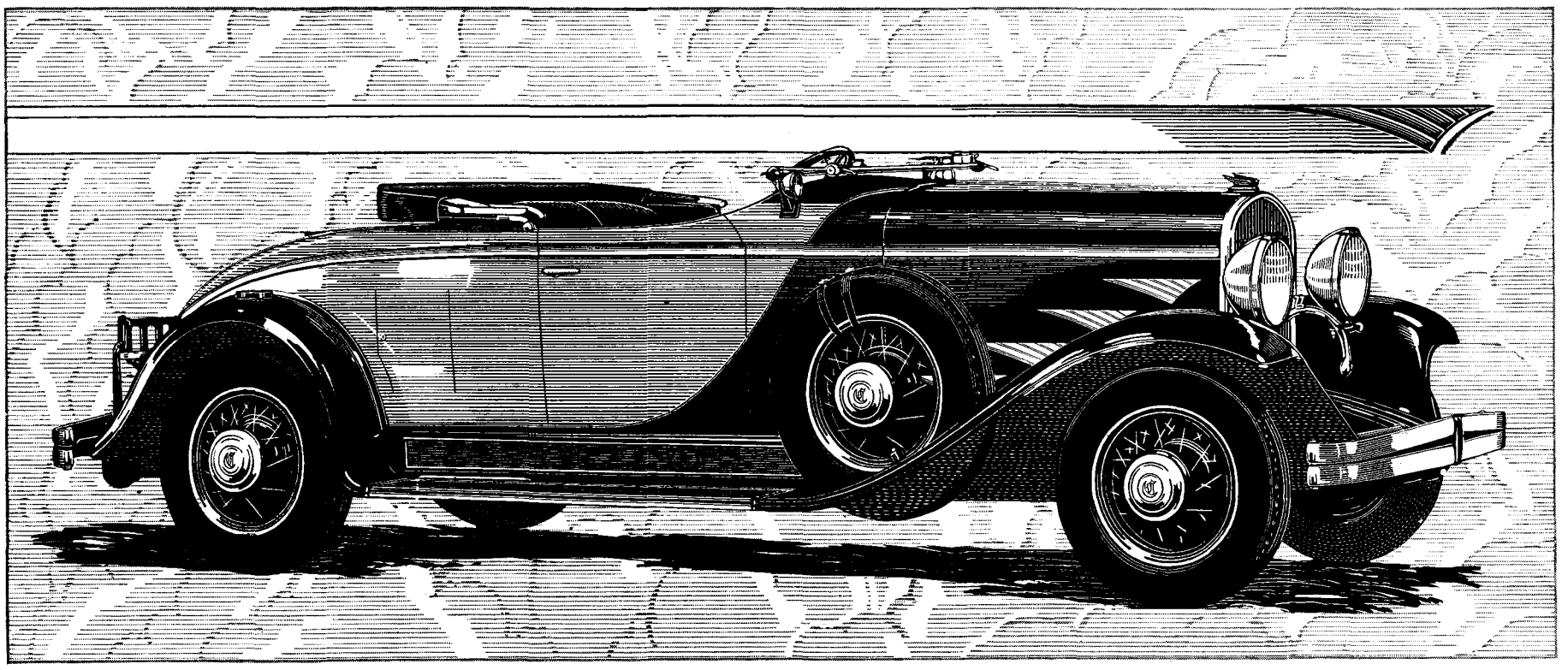

THE NEW "77" ROADSTER

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NEW SPACIOUSNESS—All bodies 3 inches wider; 3 to 5 inches larger according to type; greater headroom; front seat adjustable for leg length and pitch.

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NEW INTERIOR LUXURY—Newly engineered seat cushions; luxurious pillow-type upholstery; metalware executed by Cartier, world famous jewelers.

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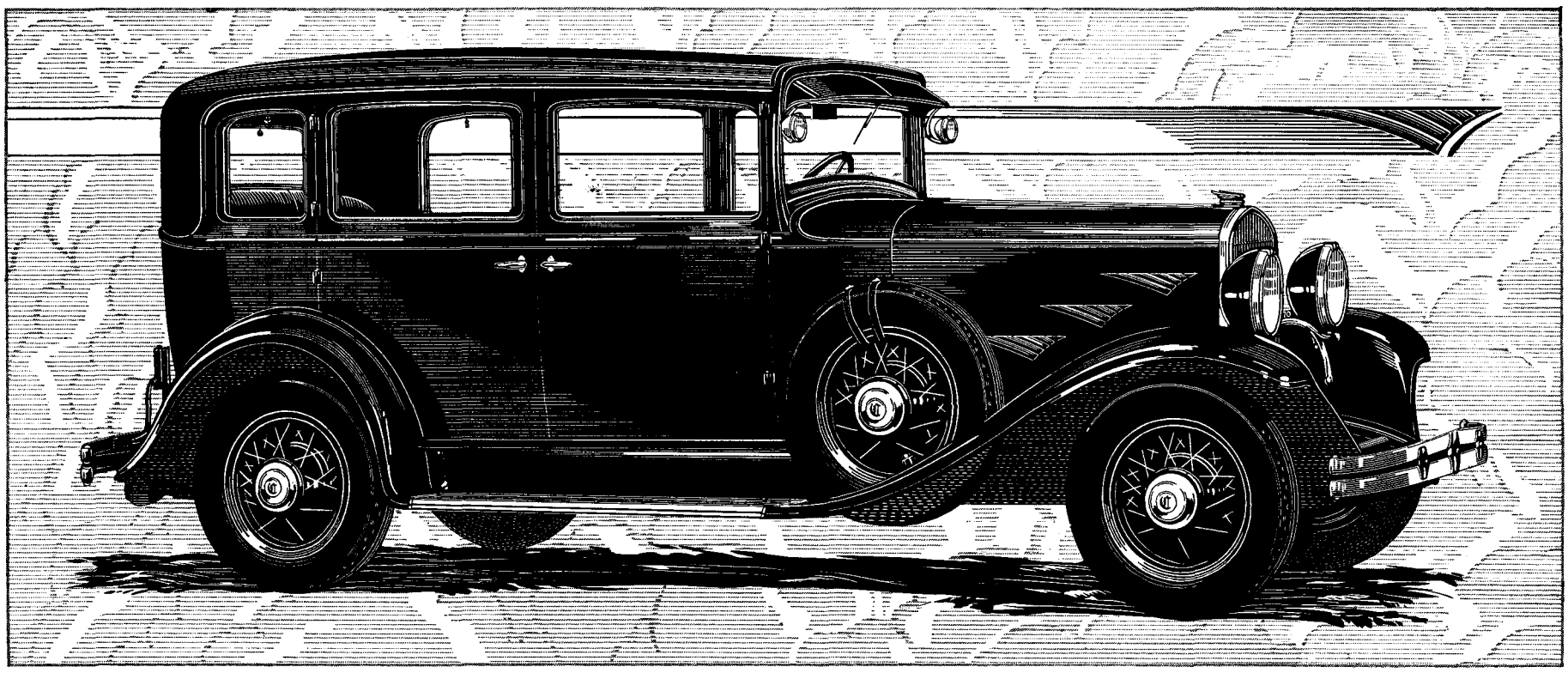
NEW FROM THE GROUND UP — IN PERFORMANCE, CONTROL, LUXURY & BEAUTY

THE NEW "77"

THE NEW "70"

THE NEW "66"



THE NEW "70" ROYAL SEDAN

CHRYSLER

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reach, a chase that would snatch him off the globe into darkness, for what he sought was hidden surely beyond the farthest star.

Culembach one evening penetrated the Chinese garden; he only saw all the lattices of the pavilion flicked down and heard the mournful note of a zither; but Karl August set a guard of his own regiment round the oriental pleasance.

With the waning of October came the news of the sacking of his château at Vesprim. The rebels had broken into his costly grounds, smashed the pyramid, lit bonfires in the grottoes, kicked to pieces the ice caves, set free the dwarfs in the village; these tiny monsters had frolicked up to the mansion and, mad with liberty, destroyed all they could discover, then drunk themselves to death amid shards of porcelain, tatters of silk and fragments of gilt wood. The rabble had cracked the cedar-wood chapel as if it had been a nut; angels, saints and crucifixes were tumbled out to be trampled into the *parterres* of the coronary garden. At night the flames of Vesprim appeared to smite the moon; blood, bones, and the value of a million rix dollars were consumed.

CLOSE on this news Hedwig Sophia rode to Halstadt, her mood beyond subterfuge or prudence.

"Why do you linger? See what has befallen. There was no such palace save at Cassel."

"I can build another," he replied, sternly, "if I am not too old for playthings."

Golden, rosy, flushed, distracted with emotion, Hedwig Sophia passionately replied:

"Playthings? You think of nothing else. You are a fool for this Chinese woman."

"You know of her then?"

"Oh, am I imbecile? Theodor, also, is obsessed by her—what is it? I have suffered it long enough. . . . Do you not think of me at all? Do you not think of your duty? You will be ruined, disgraced, if you do not go to Hungary."

Striking her hand with her riding whip Hedwig Sophia trembled in the rich firelight.

"For a Chinese woman!" she cried.

"She is not my mistress," he said, dryly. "I cannot even speak to her. I have never touched her."

Amazed and frightened, Hedwig Sophia asked:

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"But you keep her there, hidden at Bagatelle? Theodor heard her sing."

"He'll not again. Yes, I keep her there, immaculate. She is like nothing you could imagine, Hedwig. I cannot speak of it."

"But you love me." Hedwig Sophia was hurried into open avowal of her pain. "This is a whim—it can, it must be dispelled. We will go together to Hungary and regain what you have lost."

"I have lost nothing," mused Karl August.

"You have lost me," retorted the passionate woman, "and I was something to you once."

SHE flung away. He thought he could hear her angry sobbing long after she had gone. He was indifferent to her suffering. She was pampered, selfish, cruel, as he had been.

The posts from Buda and an express from Vesprim waited in his antechambers while he was closeted with the nun; he had sent for her from the pavilion which he had not visited for several days; a faint blue haze lay over the park; the nun warmed cold hands at the frost-clear fire.

General Aspremont-Reckheim stood with his hands clasped behind him; he wore a careless civilian dress and had neglected to pomade the black locks that he detested.

The nun smiled at him pleasantly; her face was peaked and thin between the folds of linen; she stooped slightly, some small dead leaves clung to the hem of her gray robe.

"You have held out against me a long time," he said.

The nun continued to smile.

"I love the Chinese woman," said Karl August.

"Then you will send her home, of course?"

"No."

"You do not love her, Monseigneur."

"It is terrible how I love her—I cannot endure to see her because my thoughts of her torment me so. I meant the affair for a jest, for a caprice, to win a bet and a little mistress for a while. I have been horribly ensnared."

The nun considered him with pity.

"Yes, that is how it happens. One does, lightly, a wicked deed—and it closes on one's soul like a vise."

"I have done worse things," he replied, "and never heeded them."

"Perhaps this is the punishment for them all, Monseigneur."

"You have laid a spell round her." He tried to smile. "You have conquered. I will marry her."

The nun shook her head.

"She is not a Christian."

"I will have her baptized; I will give her my mother's name."

"She would not understand. She does not care for you. She only longs for her home. If you keep her she will die."

Bagatelle

Continued from page 33

"I would not let her die. I can make women happy—and I love her so much."

"Then, certainly you will return her to Chuchow. Love has only one way, Monseigneur. It serves, it does not think of self; either," added the nun, "you used a word you do not understand or you know what I mean."

Karl August looked away.

"What should I do when she was gone?"

"Take up your duty. Return to Hungary and endeavor to obtain justice and mercy for the rebels and heretics—your kinspeople."

"It is too difficult. I cannot part with her—I'll not tolerate them—you are defeated."

"Not I, but you, General Reckheim."

He dismissed her.

FOR three days he was shut in his rooms; at night the frosts fell and the dawns were slow and heavy; a dispatch from the Emperor awaited his pleasure; another week's delay and he would be superseded in his command; Culembach wrote, violently demanding explanation, satisfaction for an insulted sister; all this was chaff in the wind to Aspremont-Reckheim. He went down through the cold park to the withered winter-bitten Chinese garden where the pavilion showed stark amid the desolation of the trees. The brilliant tiles were rimmed with frost which had melted in drops of moisture on the bells above the horned gate. There was no sound of zither or voice.

"How has this come on me who was so sure of myself? I, who did not know of the unattainable, to be overcome by desire! I, who was always resolute, to be thus baffled! I shall never know her heart or her mind, or what she said in her lovely language; she will never lead me into the world where she moves."

He did not cross the confines of her domain, but, returning to the château, sent a letter to the nun:

"Take the Chinese woman back. Command my means. I leave for Buda."

And he thought: "When they are gone I will have the Chinese gardens, the pavilion and the pagoda demolished—and never again will I trade with van Dollart."

General Aspremont-Reckheim appeared in his full accoutrements that he had so long put aside and rode at the head of the troop of horses he was leading to the Imperial headquarters near the ruins of Vesprim. The wan day had wasted to the bleached gray of twilight. The dark soldier saw nothing but a fog-bound horizon. His companions rode apart, awed by his grim air of gloom.

He had not reached the limits of the estate before he was overtaken by a Heyduck with a bruised face, urging an exhausted horse. His panted news, gasped out as his master drew rein, was brief:

"The Margraf has carried off the Chinese woman."

This was to Karl August as if the scornful hand of God had, out of the menacing sky, struck him—one blow . . . and sufficient.

"They surprised us—five hundred men—the Princess Hedwig Sophia was there—the instant, sir, you had departed."

Karl August turned back at the gallop; by using up three relays he arrived at Culembach's château by nightfall.

No one thwarted his entrance; he believed that some catastrophe beyond violence had occurred; he had out-ridden his company and entered the house alone; room after room was empty and quiet; he would not call her because he did not know her name; in a high ornate chamber he found the nun, very weary, and praying; she saw his face and said:

"You must not kill them. They have been very gentle. Besides, it was too late. She would never have reached home—she was dying."

WITH her old, tired gait she preceded him to the next room.

The Chinese woman was on a sofa. Culembach and Hedwig gazed at her in silence, holding hands for company in their guilt.

Karl August did not see them or their misery. He knelt beside the sofa and said words he had never said before, save lightly:

"Forgive me, for God's sake, forgive me!"

The Chinese woman sat up and looked at him; she bowed, she spoke directly to him, a low murmur of delicate sound; he was sure that she spoke only to him—not to the nun; never would he know what she said; she could not speak for long for she was occupied with the matter of dying; she bowed again and turned to her repose; she seemed to fold herself together, like a flower, furled petal by petal round a dead heart.

Never would his pursuit overtake her, never would she teach him her speech, nor admit him to that world which he now knew of and must ever weary after; never could she relieve his desolation.

Dead, she appeared no more than a toy—Bagatelle—an Eastern puppet on the coquettish sofa. Karl August looked inwards and found detestable company—himself, grinning in loneliness.

Black-Face Cut-Ups

HAVE a black-face show of your own! Colliergraphs will provide you with private vaudeville entertainment—at any hour and at no expense. You can vary your program to suit your mood: there's no limit to the number and variety of characters that can be created out of these five black pieces.

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CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published.

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The dry mouth is moistened and edgy nerves calmed by this little joy bringer.

Big in benefit, small in cost.

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Ah, if my words but had the sparkle of these Bubbling Beverages!"... sighed Shakespeare

"This headache of mine was made tor a horse!" moaned Will Shakespeare, as he reached for a recently endorsed cigarette. "I've been stewing around all morning trying to get Hamlet out of this scene, and here I am stuck on the first line of the soliloquy . . . I'll tell the world this writing business is a lot of baloney. I wish I'd taken that correspondence course in plain and fancy bank robbing. I've a good notion to chuck the whole thing. I . . ."

Came a knock . . . and in glided Hulda, the attractive serving maid, with a tray. "Your carbonated beverage, Sir; it's eleven o'clock."

(Curtain indicates lapse of half an hour)

"Really I must dash off a sonnet to these beverages some day. I'll call it 'New Pep for Lagging Poets.' Well, back to the mines for me. As the boys said last night when we were bringing home Bacon, 'Writing plays is better than *working* for a living.' Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, 'To be or not to be, that is the question . . .' "

And thus was Hamlet's soliloquy saved for posterity and the Fifth Reader. Which reminds us to remind you to check up on your household stock of bottled carbonated beverages.

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Bottled beverages Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

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No Son of Mine

Continued from page 13

Besides the torture of daily aches and pains and the perpetual pounding that you get in scrimmage, which is many times multiplied in the game itself, you have the unceasing worry of trying to win for a fickle student body, and the responsibility of making good before thousands of screeching fans who have paid their money to see you deliver. In every big sport, it is the same thing. The sheer love of the game is overshadowed by stakes of victory that are continually being flaunted in your face.

Your peace of mind is further menaced by the thousand and one technicalities which are forever being raised by amateur athletic officials, keeping you in hot water and eventually robbing you of your effectiveness in your own particular field of sport.

The Olympic Tryouts

Allow me to relate a personal experience that possibly will give the reader a clearer insight as to what I mean. After fourteen years of competition, I decided to try for a place on the 1928 Olympic team. It necessitated a long period of training to get back in running form again. After several months of work in California and a series of races in the South and in the East, I had reached the point where I stood a good chance to attain my goal.

During this time I was making a series of personal appearances with a motion picture, the theme of which was the Olympic Games. Vague rumors came to me that certain Amateur Athletic Union officials frowned upon this work and were doubtful as to my amateur status. Three months before the final Olympic tryouts, a meeting of the American Olympic Committee was held at the New York Athletic Club, and was presided over by the chairman, General Douglas MacArthur.

Not wishing to continue in training, if my entry was to be ultimately refused, I wrote a letter to the general in which I said that if I was so fortunate as to make the Olympic team, and if my presence was likely to prove any kind of an embarrassment to the International Olympic Committee, I would be willing to retire from future competition. I further requested that a decision on my case be made at this meeting.

After the committee had ended its session, General MacArthur informed me that those present found no reason why I should be barred and, if I did no more in the future than I had done in the past, I would be perfectly eligible to represent this country in the Olympic contests.

The committee also expressed the desire that I should return to my home in California and there compete in our sectional tryouts. Ambitious plans had been formulated for these local games and a quota of $75,000 had been established as a goal for the Olympic Committee of the Pacific Southwest. The chairman of that committee, Robert S. Weaver, of Los Angeles, wanted to hold a special hundred-meter race to include Frank Wykoff, the schoolboy sensation; Charles Borah, the national champion of the previous year, and myself as a special feature of this meet.

Though it interfered with my training schedule, I went back to California for this June 16th meet and found Charlie Borah not well enough to run. Frankie Wykoff, however, was very much in evidence. In fact, I had an unobstructed view of his back from start to finish in both the hundred and two-hundred. The same night I started back across the continent again for a final two weeks of work before the Boston tryouts.

This meet had also been extensively advertised, and the Amateur Athletic Union officials and the American Olympic Committee had exploited the sprinters in much the same way as Barnum & Bailey would their paid performers. So another great crowd was on hand when the finest group of athletes this country has ever put on a single field went out to vie for places on the 1928 Olympic squad.

Particularly was the competition keen in the hundred meters. From the South had come the Dixie Flyer, Claude Bracey of Rice Institute, as well as Aubrey Cockrell, the champion of Texas. From the Middle West there were George Simpson, the sensational sprinter of Ohio State; Fred Alderman, of Michigan State, and the schoolboy star, Bennett; Southern California alone had sent back no less than seven outstanding dash men, while other sections had similarly large and representative delegations.

When we lined up for the first heat, I found myself facing no less than four celebrated champions, with only three to qualify. There was Henry Russell, of Cornell, who eventually made the team; Karl Wildermuth, of Georgetown, the national indoor champion; Cockrell, of Texas; and Russell Sweet of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, who since that time has been clocked at 9 2-5 seconds for the century. Lawson Robertson, the head coach of the Olympic team, was standing near the start, and I asked him if he did not think this competition was a trifle stiff for a first round. "Robbie" smiled and said that his own drawings for the race had been overruled by the A. A. U. officials.

There was nothing which could be done, so the five of us ran with the certainty that two sprinters at least were sure to be eliminated.

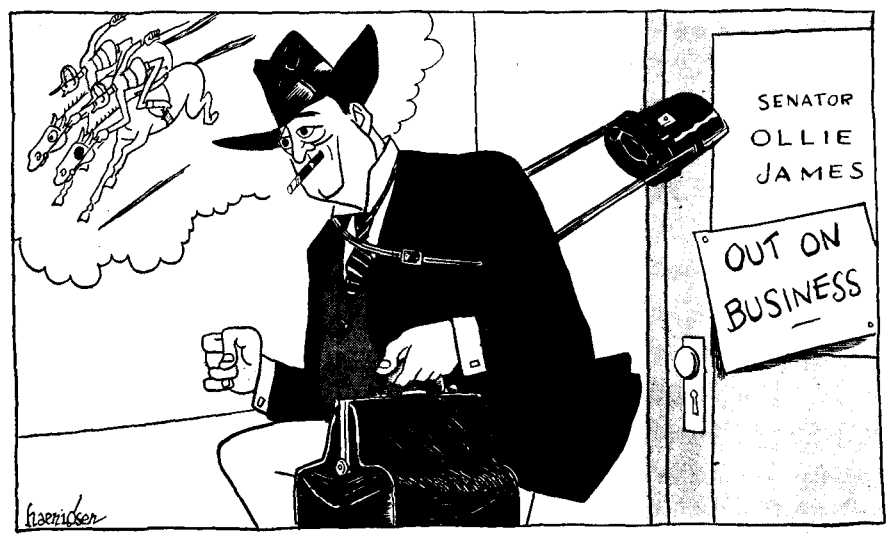
Conflicting Stories

At the end of the first half of that race Sweet was leading, but he dropped back as we neared the tape and finished fourth. He had come more than three thousand miles for less than eleven seconds of competition. This particular heat had found me feeling great, and I was convinced that I had run my best. I was astonished when the time was announced as 10 4-5 seconds. Three unofficial timers whom I knew to be men of long experience, Dink Templeton, the coach of Stanford University; Feg Murray, a former hurdling champion, and Pete Gerhardt, an old-time sprinter, had all caught me in 10 2-5 seconds.

Right then I commenced to worry. In the second round, George Simpson, Karl Wildermuth, and I managed to qualify, which left nine men for the semi-finals. Jimmie Quinn, the intercollegiate champion, Claude Bracey, Jack Scholz, of New York, and myself were in the first heat. Scholz and I, having competed in two previous Olympics, held a conference, and decided that if we stayed in front of Quinn, we would be able to save ourselves for the finals.

Mr. Quinn had other plans. He was away with a glorious start and gained so much in the first fifty yards that the rest of us were convinced we could never catch him. Scholz and I were running even, with Bracey well behind.

(*Continued on page 40*)



Pride of Kentucky

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ADMIRAL GRAYSON, himself a politician of a good deal of natural ability, tells a story about Ollie James, who used to be a senator from Kentucky, a story which illustrates the politician's habit of mind.

Ollie was busy in Washington with a tariff bill when a celebrated race was about to be run in Kentucky. Now there was nothing that Ollie loved so much as a horse race.

Admiral Grayson himself has a racing stable. He was going to Kentucky to attend the great race, and the day before they were to start he and some friends interested in horses met for dinner. Ollie was present, sad at heart because he felt that it would hurt him politically if he deserted his work in Washington to go to Kentucky for the horse race.

As the admiral came into the room where they were to dine, a man stopped him and spoke to him in a low tone for a few minutes.

When he left, Ollie asked, "Who is that fellow, Grayson?"

"Why, he's a man," replied the admiral, "who has given me four good tips on the races. I've won on every one of them. He told me he could give me a winner down in Kentucky the day after tomorrow."

"Did he tell you what horse it was?" asked Ollie eagerly.

"No," replied Grayson, "he's going to give me his name at the track."

"You'd better come too, Ollie," said one of the dinner guests. "No," answered the huge senator from Kentucky, "can't do it. If I went down there some reptile would publish it in the papers that I was present at the races when I should be here looking after Kentucky interests."

He lapsed into gloom. "Say, Grayson," he said a moment later, "what did you say that feller's name was that spoke to you as you were coming in?"

A Disconsolate Guest

"I don't recall his name, Ollie. I have only known him at the tracks as a man who has mighty good information about the horses."

Ollie applied himself to the food and the drink, while the others talked about making the train for Kentucky the next day and speculated about the chances of the horses in the race they were to witness. As the talk went on, Ollie ruminated upon the sad fate of being chained to duty in Washington when horses were flashing by the starting flag down in Kentucky.

Finally he spoke up truculently: "If a feller ever did attack me for being at the race tracks when I ought to be up on the hill making a tariff or something like that, I'd settle his hash for him. I'd make him sorry he'd ever started anything.

"I'd go down to Kentucky and arrange to have a barbecue held there. You fellers don't know what a barbecue in Kentucky is like. Folks come to it from fifty miles away in carriages, on horseback, and afoot. And they eat—Lord! how they eat, in a way nobody in this effete, dyspeptic city can eat. They get to feeling mighty good, cheerful and friendly like, as they take in all the food.

The Place for a Loyal Son

"When everybody was full, I'd have some friend of mine get up and say, 'Senator James is with us. We want to hear from Ollie.'

"There'd be a roar like you never heard from the crowd standing around the grounds or sprawling on the grass, letting the digestive juices work. And I'd come forward and say a lot of nice things about Kentucky and Kentuckians.

"Then I'd get around to the real business that I had in mind. I'd say, 'It has been charged that I was down here at a race track when I ought to have been in the Senate helping make a tariff bill.

" 'Well, I was at a race track. And out here in this blue-grass region where the most glorious horses in the world are bred, horses that have made Kentucky famous from Ormuz to the Ind, I am not ashamed to say to you, my fellow Kentuckians, all of you lovers of horses, that I was at a race track.

" 'There was a Kentucky horse running in that race, one of the greatest horses that ever fed on this wonderful blue grass of yours. And where should I be, a Kentuckian like yourselves and proud of Kentucky's great horses, but watching that grand horse run to victory, cheering him with my voice, seeing him come through the back stretch running easily behind the horse that was killing himself trying to beat the kind of horses we breed down in Kentucky, watching him challenge the leaders as they rounded the turn, and jumping in the air as he swept past the grandstand, well in front and an easy winner, one of the unbeatable horses of Kentucky. I *was* at that race. I was there as the representative of Kentucky.' "

Ollie's great voice died away. He had shaken off his gloom with the vision of his oratorical triumph. Before anyone else could speak, he said, "Boys, I'll be at the train tomorrow." And then, "Grayson, do you think that feller'll be sure to be at the track?"

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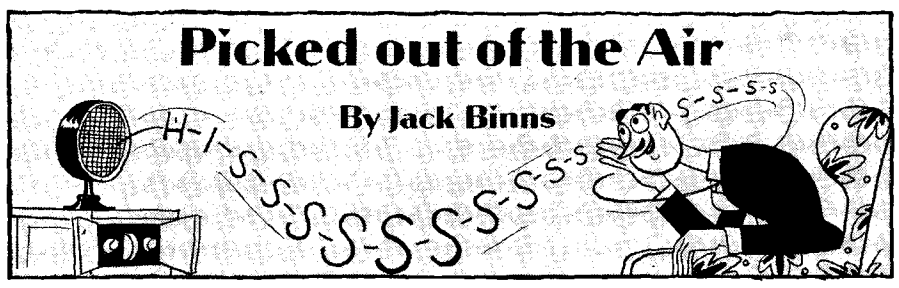

Loud Hisses

IN THE glorious days toward the end of the Victorian era there were innumerable persons well-versed in the noble art of hissing. Now, this art, like the kindred art of booing, is a most important one. But to those of us whose memories go back far enough it is quite apparent that the art of hissing has deteriorated seriously in these effete days. There is no longer the reverence, nor the awe, that gripped audiences in days of yore when the villain pursued the frail and unsophisticated heroine.

As an old devotee of melodrama this decadence has grieved me—that is, until the NBC produced a mystery program. Suddenly, like all other listeners, I realized that there was still a first-class hisser able to carry on the glorious traditions of the Victorian gallery gods. Inquiry elicited the fact that it was Raymond Knight, production man of the NBC, who has been hissing ever since he entered college so that he could be prepared for the great day when opportunity came along. Sometime when the Camoah Mystery is on the air, listen to him. There are no less than six villains in that microphonic drama, and as a consequence Raymond has more fun playing his part than the well-known one-armed paper-hanger.

Dangerous Self-Expression

Percy Hemus, end man in the NBC's radio minstrels, is a believer in individualism. For Percy the expression of personality means the use of red ink in his fountain pen.

Red ink is all right for that purpose, but for heaven's sake, Percy, don't drink any of it. The kind you get in these Volsteadian days may destroy your individuality.

Making History

"The psychological, social and national potentialities of radio, not to mention international implications, are sufficiently great to warrant the assertion that its application during the next ten to fifteen years will predetermine the history of the United States throughout the remainder of the Twentieth Century."

Like H. G. Wells, the officials of the Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation of Los Angeles believe that it is possible to calculate the general course of future history. They have summed up their thoughts on the subject in the sentence quoted above, and now they are seeking to perform their part in shaping the destiny of this country by obtaining a license from the Federal Radio Commission to erect the most powerful radio broadcast station in the country. They desire to use one hundred and fifty kilowatts, an amount three times greater than that used by the most powerful transmitter now operating for broadcast purposes. With this they hope to cover the country with an educational program, either directly or by rebroadcasting through any other station that may desire the programs.

The station will be purely non-commercial, supported by voluntary contributions. The Federation is said to be backed by leading educational institutions which plan to furnish the programs that will be governed by a broad and unprejudiced policy. It is an ambitious plan. Let us hope it will succeed.

Magic in Melody

Some few years ago a young fellow labored in a half-hearted way at New York University trying to extract two parts of hydrogen with each part of oxygen that he took from Mr. Volstead's favorite beverage. Back of this loveless task was a vague ambition in the youth's mind that some day he might mix other things as a chemical engineer and so increase the wealth and comfort of his kind. But Fate intervened and impressed melodic notes upon the mind that sought to absorb the mystic symbols of chemistry.

Fate won out and Harry Salter became one of the quiet workers behind the microphone who mix rhythmic vibrations to produce those pleasing sounds which lull the radio listener to contentment. Harry determined early in his college career that it was much easier to draw a bow than pound a pestle, so he began to handle a violin instead of a vial, and thus advanced one step towards radio. He next organized a band, which, out of sheer necessity, was rather poor in numbers but somewhat rich in effort.

The knowledge Harry gained while mixing things in college undoubtedly stood him in good stead when it became necessary to provide music for the "rube" shows such as Real Folks, which cause the radio audience so much mirth each week. If you doubt this, try to get a bunch of first-class musicians to play sour notes so that the ensuing melody is funny rather than blatant or disgusting. If you tune in to Real Folks sometime you will realize what a good job Harry does.

Harry's claim to radio fame, however, does not rest upon acid notes. He is one director who can perform seeming miracles with a small orchestra. Give him a drummer, a cornetist, and a pianist, and then with the aid of his own violin he will create for your enchanted ears the illusion that they are picking up the strains of a symphony orchestra.

Step-in Trade-ins

A progressive store in Worcester, Mass., takes in old trousers as part payment for a new pair. It is said that used male step-ins, in fair to middling condition, have a trade-in value of fifty cents.

Fine! If some enterprising radio dealer will do the same thing for me, now that the moths have finished with my last year's suit, I might be able to afford a new vacuum tube for my poor old 1923 Complexodyne.

(*Continued from page 39*)

As we neared the string, I came up to Quinn's shoulder, but could not quite overtake him. I was sure that I had qualified.

The announcer immediately read the results of this heat: Quinn first; Paddock second; Bracey third. Time 10 3-5 seconds.

The crowd was convinced that Scholz had beaten Bracey and roared its disapproval of the decision. All this time the judges had been in a huddle. Finally they called over the announcer and gave him a new result to megaphone the crowd: Quinn first; Scholz second; and Bracey third.

In the other heat, Simpson and Wykoff were battling on even terms a few meters from home when the Ohio lad pulled a muscle and fell screaming to the track, while MacAllister and Russell captured the remaining places. Francis Hussey, former schoolboy sensation of New York, was the only one to be eliminated.

Before the finals were held, I went to the judges and asked them if it would be possible for me to run in the seventh lane, inasmuch as there had been a dispute over the result of the first semi-final heat. There was already a precedent for such action from the games of 1924, but the officials refused me this opportunity, claiming that it would be unfair to Hussey, who had finished fourth against Wykoff, MacAllister, and Russell. I then went to Hussey and asked him if he was willing to meet me in a special race, the winner to run in the seventh lane of the finals. Hussey agreed, but the officials again refused.

He Shall Not Pass

I realized, as did the officials, that my best chance was in this event rather than in the 200 meters. But nothing was done, so at the end of the first day, after four hard races, I found myself as far from making the team as I had been at the beginning.

The following afternoon we came out for the 200 and the suspicions which had been already awakened were definitely confirmed by the seeding of the second-round heats. Only two men were to be selected in each race, instead of the customary three, and I found myself facing Bracey of Texas and Roland Locke, the world's record holder for this distance.

It meant that the three of us would leave our best on the track in the semi-final instead of in the last round. The two who did weather this race would have nothing left with which to stave off the efforts of comparatively fresh men later on. I had the additional disadvantage of being convinced that, if I did not win this race by a clear margin, I probably would be overlooked by the judges as on the previous day. Fortunately for Locke and myself, Claude Bracey was too weary from qualifying in the 100 meters to show his best form and we old-timers got in.

Borah won the finals, after a magnificent race in which he came from behind in the final fifty to finish with a wonderful burst of speed. I was second; Scholz was third; and Harry Cummings, of Virginia University, nosed out Locke for the fourth position.

No sooner had my faith in human nature been reëstablished, than I commenced to hear those old, vague rumors about my amateur status being in question. That night the A. A. U. selection committee met to name the team, which in past years has been no more than a clerical job, as the first four winners in each event had been automatically selected in a few minutes' time. On this occasion, four hours slipped away, and the committee was still in session, and when they finally did disband, they refused to give out any kind of an account of what had taken place.

About three o'clock in the morning, Bryan Field, of the New York Times, called me on the phone, and said: "I am sending in a story to my paper that you have been removed from the Olympic team after a long period of discussion. Now I want you to see if you can verify this."

I immediately got Bob Weaver, our Western representative on the selection committee, on the phone and said— "I don't think it was right for you to throw me off the team without at least giving me a hearing." Mr. Weaver replied that the committee, after taking such action, had agreed to keep the entire proceedings secret for forty-eight hours (which would make it too late for anything to be done before the team sailed). But Mr. Weaver requested that I see him at once.

It was a long story that Weaver told me of what had taken place in the committee room that night, and it all simmered down to this—that Gustavus T. Kirby, whose word had long been recognized as law in both the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America and the Amateur Athletic Union, before sailing as the advance man of the Olympic team, had been firm in one point, namely, that under no circumstances should I be included as a member of the team. Kirby's henchmen had battled for hours to carry out his wishes, and it had been finally recommended to chairman General Douglas MacArthur that I be left at home.

It became evident enough on investigation that the A. A. U. had figured I was through as a sprinter early in the spring of 1928, and would never make the Olympic team. However, the officials felt that what speed I yet retained could still be cashed in upon at both the Los Angeles and Boston tryouts, though I would not be able to run fast enough to cause them any trouble.

Even if I did qualify, they might easily overlook me in the Boston heats. They could always rule me out as a last resort—but here they had reckoned without the intervention of General MacArthur, who was not an A. A. U. representative but an Army man, drafted for the chairmanship of the American Olympic Committee. It so happened that the general was short on knowledge of how the wheels within the wheels of the A. A. U. turn, but long on justice, and "he saw no reason why a man who had been judged eligible to compete in the tryouts should not be just as eligible to take part in the Olympic Games."

The Aftermath of Victory

This attitude of General MacArthur, abetted by a reminder of a decision that the American Olympic Committee had made three months previously, to the effect that if I did nothing more than I had already done I would still be an amateur, led to my reinstatement twenty-four hours before the team sailed.

All this bickering had nothing to do with my own dismal showing at Amsterdam, because I was hardened to it by this time, having gone through several other equally discouraging sieges in the past years such as Ray Barbuti underwent this spring, and Arthur Duffey, Mel Sheppard, Charles Hoff, Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray faced in former years. Though I cannot erase these unpleasant memories from my own mind, I trust that no son of mine will ever be an amateur champion, for even if he does not suffer from similar experiences, he will have the discouraging aftermath of victory to face, no matter in what sport he happens to be the leading figure.

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Union Pacific

NEW, FINER, FASTER SERVICE
to the West's Greatest Cities and Wonderlands

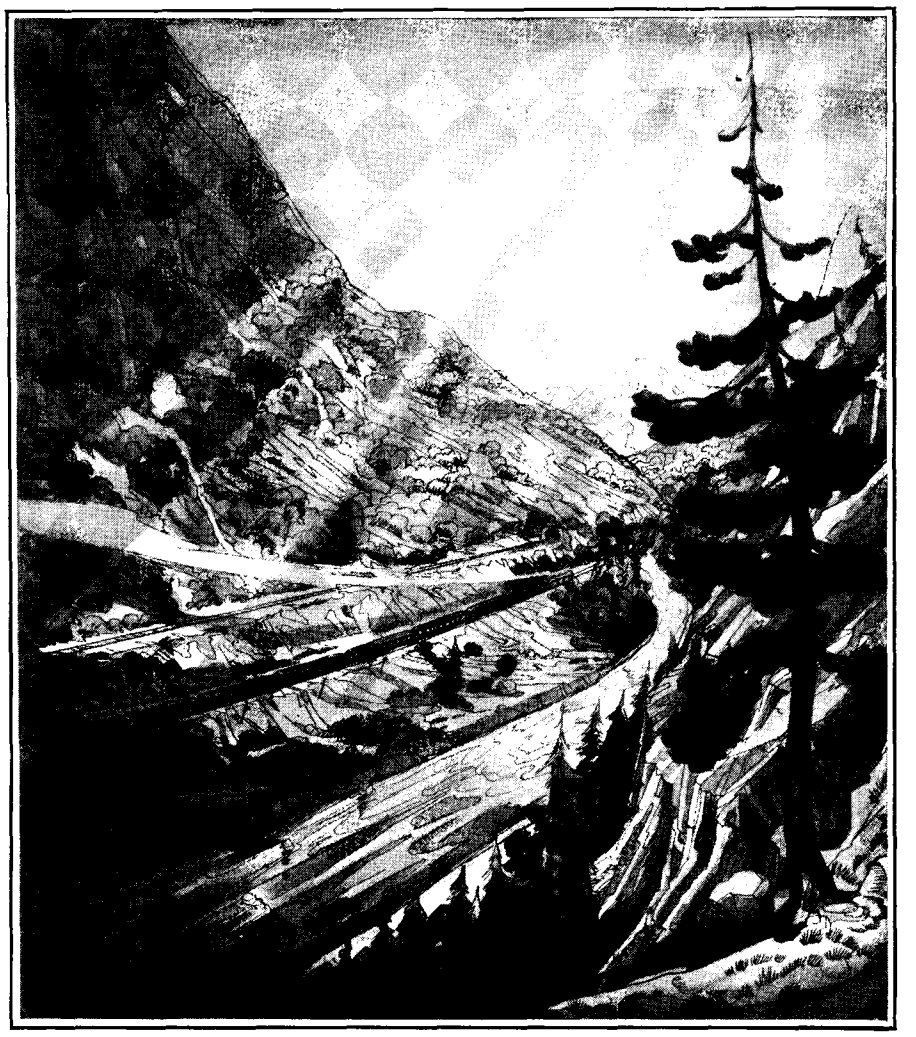
Answering every question of luxury, speed and convenience of departure

From the principal gateways to the West—Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City—eighteen splendidly equipped Union Pacific trains depart daily for the West's greatest cities and scenic wonders. No other route serves the West so completely.

Riding on the marvelously smooth roadbed of the Union Pacific, you can enjoy every minute of your Western journey. You can rest as you go and get full pleasure out of the magnificent scenery and historic points along the way.

Why not see the West you've dreamed about this summer — the Union Pacific West — which includes Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, California, the Pacific Northwest, Alaska and thirteen great National Parks. It is America's greatest grandeur.

Bargain Summer Fares everywhere West



Weber Canyon, one of the many scenic wonders to be seen along The Overland Route

LOS ANGELES

From Chicago—

***Los Angeles Limited*—De luxe all-Pullman, no extra fare. Barber, maid, valet, bath. 63 hours. Lv. 8:10 P. M.**

***Gold Coast Limited*— Club-observation car, standard and tourist Pullmans. 68 hours. Lv. 2:30 P. M.**

***Continental Limited*— Observation car, standard and tourist Pullmans. 68 hours. Lv. 11:20 P. M.**

From St. Louis—Kansas City

***Pacific Coast Limited*— Observation car service, standard sleeping cars. Lv. St. Louis 2:00 P. M. Kansas City 10:00 P. M.**

SAN FRANCISCO

From Chicago—

***Overland Limited*—All-Pullman, extra fare train. Barber, valet, maid and bath. 58 hours. Lv. 11:50 A. M.**

***San Francisco Limited*—All-Pullman, no extra fare. Maid, barber, valet, bath. 63 hours. Lv. 8:20 P. M.**

***Pacific Limited*— Observation car, standard and tourist Pullmans, coaches. No extra fare. 68 hours. Lv. 11:50 P. M.**

***Gold Coast Limited*— Club-observation car, standard and tourist Pullmans. 68 hours. Lv. Chicago 2:30 P. M.**

From St. Louis — Kansas City

***Pacific Coast Limited*— Observation and standard sleeping cars. Chair car. Lv. St. Louis 2:00 P. M. Kansas City 10:00 P. M.**

DENVER

From Chicago —

***The Columbine*— De luxe Colorado train. Limousine lounge-observation car, valet service, buffet soda fountain. Lv. 10:30 A. M.**

***Denver Special*— (Summer season)—Observation car and standard Pullmans. Lv. 8:30 P. M.**

***Colorado Express*—Club-observation car, standard Pullmans, chair car. Lv. Chicago 11:59 P. M. (Sleepers open 9:30 P. M.)**

From St. Louis — Kansas City

***St. Louis-Colorado Limited*—Lv. St. Louis 9:03 A. M. Kansas City 6:15 P. M.**

***Denver Express*—Lv. St. Louis 10:02 P. M. Kansas City 10:40 A. M.**

***Pacific Coast Limited*— Lv. St. Louis 2:00 P. M. Kansas City 10:00 P. M.**

PORTLAND TACOMA SEATTLE

From Chicago—

***Portland Limited*—Club-observation and modern Pullmans. Coaches. Only through train Chicago to Portland. 68 hours, no extra fare. Lv. 8:30 P. M.**

***Continental Limited*— Observation car, standard and tourist Pullmans. Coaches. 68 hours. Lv. 11:20 P. M.**

From St. Louis—Kansas City

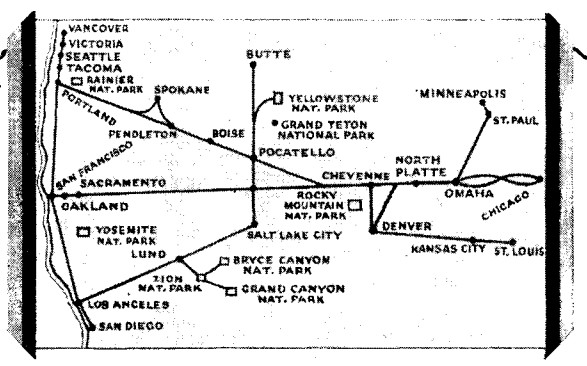
***Pacific Coast Limited*—Lv. St. Louis 2:00 P. M. Kansas City 10:00 P. M.**

Open top observation cars thru Columbia River Gorge.

For complete information regarding fares, schedules, etc., see your local ticket agent or write C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 354, Omaha, Nebraska.

The famous Overland dining car service is a feature on all these trains

A map of the Union Pacific-serving more of the Great National Parks and scenic attractions of the West than any other railroad.



Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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Galloping Pete

Continued from page 21

title policy of the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company," he said, handing Mr. Sloate the original document. "Open it, sir; look at it. The insured, as you see, is Ernest Milton—myself. The estate that is insured is the Thorncliffe apartment house; turn to the second page and you will see the property described by metes and bounds. Turn now to page three and you will see the first of the exceptions to the policy. Read it: 'Possible heirs at law of Leon Brandt, owner in 1842.' I have asked you to come here because my investigations show that you are an heir at law of this Leon Brandt. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact; that makes no legal difference."

"Why do you dig this thing up right now, Colonel?"

"A fair question, Mr. Sloate. I shall answer it as fairly, even if to do so is to cast myself on your mercy. It is because I have signed a contract to sell this property, and I forgot to mention in the contract the existence of this old claim. The buyer refuses to take the property with that claim outstanding."

"He'll sue you," said Mr. Sloate, commiseratingly. "He'll collect thousands and thousands of dollars from you. Have you that contract here?"

"Face up," said the colonel, handing him what purported to be a genuine contract of sale of the Thorncliffe apartment house. Mr. Chumley Sloate read it through.

"What do you want from me?" he asked.

"A quitclaim," said the colonel. "A release of all your right, title and interest, if any. I ask you to warrant nothing."

"AND what," said Mr. Sloate, "are you prepared to pay me if I sign over to you my birthright as you suggest?"

"One thousand dollars, sir."

"Good day," said Mr. Sloate, bouncing up. "I did not come here to be insulted."

"A moment, sir," said the colonel. "Name your price before you go."

"I'll sign this deed," said Mr. Sloate, "for $60,000 and not a Chinese nickel less. And that's a special for today."

"Mr. Sloate," said the colonel, "I'll do business quickly or not at all. I can square this buyer of mine with $5,000. If you want the money, take it. If not, go to grass."

"Cash?" said Mr. Sloate.

"A certified check."

"Have you it with you?"

"There's the quitclaim deed, ready for your John Hancock," said the colonel. "Here's a pen. And here is your check."

He handed Mr. Sloate a certified check for $5,000. "But this is made out to you, Colonel," protested Mr. Sloate.

"Sign your deed and I'll indorse it over or get you the cash. While you're reading it I'll call up the Metropolitan and make sure that everything is jake."

He called a number on the telephone, and said, "Metropolitan Title Insurance Company? Colonel Ernest Milton speaking. I am about to take a quitclaim deed from Mr. Chumley Sloate to clear up that old Brandt claim. Yes, he is the heir at law. Is everything all right on your end?"

He hung up. "They are sending over the search," he said. "They have made a search of the record offices to see that you have not given a deed to somebody else or made a mortgage that might affect this property or had a judgment entered against you. A matter of form."

"Just for instance," said Mr. Sloate, "what difference would it make if there were a judgment against me?"

"Why, it would be a lien on any claim you had to any real estate in the county," explained the colonel. "If anybody bought real estate from you without seeing that the judgment was paid, the judgment creditor could come in any time and seize the property for the judgment debt. That's what the Metropolitan is making the search of the records for—to guard me against such a thing."

FIVE minutes later Octavine entered the room and laid on the brass-bound desk a judgment search that had been made by the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company against the name Chumley Sloate. Mr. Sloate's eyes did not follow her as she walked out. They were fastened on the judgment search. The colonel was leafing it over expertly.

He uttered a low moan. "What's this?" he said, tendering the document to Mr. Sloate. "Look here—a judgment against you for $800 in favor of one Peter Pemberwick."

"It's a lie," said Mr. Sloate.

"Don't let's dodge, Sloate. There's all the information. It's a judgment for a bill of wines and cigars that you had from a fancy grocery concern. They assigned the claim to this man Pemberwick, through one Swetfager. Why shouldn't it be paid? Let's have this man Pemberwick over here, and I'll split this check and give him his money with interest and costs—something over a thousand dollars."

"Nothing doing on that," snapped Mr. Sloate. "I had a letter from that man Pemberwick only lately, and he offered to settle the claim for $600. I wouldn't give him a bag of doughnuts for it. He can't collect it."

"All I know," said the colonel stubbornly, "is that if I pay you your money without taking care of him, that man Pemberwick is going to walk in here and want 110 cents on the dollar."

"And he won't take less if he hears this money is coming to me and that he can hold it up," grumbled Mr. Sloate. "I'll go over and talk to him."

"I'll hold this check for one hour," said the colonel, glancing at his desk clock. "Bring back a satisfaction of that judgment, sign your deed and take your five thousand dollars. There's the judgment creditor's address on the search."

Mr. Sloate left the office. Within the hour he returned, clapped a satisfaction of the judgment on the desk and said complacently, "I got it for $500."

"A fine stroke of business," said the colonel, examining the signature to see that it was Pete's. "He made you pay cash, eh? By the way, Sloate, how long have you lived at 16 East Fifty-fourth Street?"

"I never lived there, Colonel."

"No?" The colonel stared at him. "Then tell me this—was your maternal grandfather's name Jesru or Jethro? The title company raises this question."

"How should I know?"

"It seems to me that when you are trying to sell something for $5,000, you ought to know your article, Sloate. However, let that pass. Was your father a Wall Street broker residing in Secaucus, N. J., between the years 1894 and 1901?"

"He was," said the badgered Sloate desperately.

"That settles it," said the colonel indignantly. "Our man sold fried fish in a stall on Water Street during those years and was never in Jersey in his life. Why, Sloate, you have no more claim on this property than you have on the Brooklyn Bridge. This is a shocking piece of effrontery. I think it's a criminal offense."

Mr. Chumley Sloate cast on the colonel a single look of fiery reproach, and stalked from the office.

"BLOOD from a turnip," said the colonel to Pete a few minutes later. "Isn't it wonderful how those deadbeats can find the money when they want to? I figure our expense on this collection at $30: $14 to the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company for its search, $5 stenographer's fees for preparing quitclaim, contract and satisfaction piece, $1 for notary's fees and $10 office overhead—netting us $470. Bank it, Pete, in the firm name and be back in your deadfall by one o'clock. I have two prospects for this afternoon; it ought to be worth a grand to them to be the heirs of old Leon Brandt for an hour or two."

"And that," said the colonel on a Saturday morning in the early fall, "makes $43,000 that we have grossed. Against which—" he totaled up a column—"our outgo, including our drawing accounts, is $3,450, leaving us in the Jefferson Bank the neat sum of $39,550. Which, on comparison, is readily seen to be better than a poke in the eye with a pointed stick."

"I may be funny that way, but I like it better," agreed Pete, signing the regular Saturday check to himself for $100 and one to the colonel for a like amount. He passed them over for countersigning.

"You'll have to hurry, Pete," said the colonel, "if you're to get to your deadfall to meet that prospect I'm sending over to see you at a quarter after eleven. Shall I draw your check?"

"Perhaps you'd better," said Pete.

The colonel tore the checks from the book and brought them to his young associate. He put a caressing hand on Pete's shoulder. "My boy, I don't know why you refuse to take the power to check against this account on your signature alone. I don't ask it for myself, but I want you to have it."

He held Pete's check before Pete's eyes, turned it over slowly, placed it on the desk and held it down.

"No," said Pete, but not without a twinge of shame, as he wrote "Pay to Ernest Swetfager, Peter Pemberwick."

"Since I don't give you that right, I won't take it. Any check on that account is going to bear the signature or indorsement of both of us as agreed."

"Well, it won't be long now," said the colonel. "The returns are running thin lately, and it's about time to split and quit."

PETE went uptown to the small office on Forty-ninth Street that was the receiving end of the odd but lucrative business of Pemberwick & Swetfager, copartners.

The promised prospect, come to settle a bad debt in order to clear the road to a handsome inheritance from a forgotten ancestor, did appear on schedule. Pete called the office several times, but failed to get an answer. At half past eleven he called the Jefferson Bank to make sure that the colonel had checked out the salaries.

"Why, yes, he was here," said the cashier. "He left about ten minutes ago after closing out the account."

"You mean he drew out in cash the whole thirty-nine thousand dollars?"

"Yes. Why? Anything wrong, Mr. Pemberwick?"

"I'm coming over," said Pete, and he hung up. In five minutes he was at the paying teller's window in the bank. "My partner was here a while ago—trot out that check that he drew against the partnership account."

The teller left the cage and returned with the cashier, who bore the check in question. It was drawn to cash, in the sum of $39,550 and was signed by the colonel. On its back was what Pete had written there, "Pay to Ernest Swetfager, Peter Pemberwick."

"It's a forgery!" cried Pete furiously.

"Pardon me, Mr. Pemberwick," said the cashier, alert in the bank's interest. "It's not a forgery if you wrote that on the back, and it's your writing. It is in proper form, and we're entitled to pay on it. Your instructions were to honor checks bearing both signatures."

The rage was clearing from Pete's head like dissipating fumes of liquor. Staring at the fatal writing, he saw

(*Continued on page 44*)

Appreciation

THE remarkable effect Dr. Clarence True Wilson's article, Call Out the Marines, has had upon thousands of our readers claimed amongst its victims Mr. John Wilberforce Peabody, who instantly broke out in verses:

Dear Doctor Wilson, you are right,
And right are all your Volstead clerics:
You've proved to me this humid night
I don't need booze to have hysterics!

Before the bars in other years,
The kind of logic that you pander
Was born of fizzes mixed with beers
And topped off with an Alexander.

But now a less expensive skate
You promise me, who read your prattle,
When you lay siege to our scofflaw state
And push the army into battle.

And when the shells begin to whine
Aim true and utterly demolish
Ten homes at which I'm used to dine
Where cocktails taste like metal polish!

Dear Doctor, you're a useful guy,
Tho' slightly lit with esoterics;
For you have demonstrated I
Do not need rum to have hysterics!

JOHN WILBERFORCE PEABODY

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

Just 3 words

Seven years ago the name Atwater Kent was known only to makers and owners of motor cars and boats.

Seven years ago radio was just an amusing and rather fantastic experiment. (There had been no public broadcasting until 1920.)

In seven years one radio has outsold and outperfected all competitors.

It has not halted. It has not paused. It has been incessantly impatient for one thing only—improvement, in an already excellent product.

Most people know this. Most people appreciate this. They acknowledge this leadership in a simple, direct way:

They trust, and so seek, three words to identify the finest radio set they know.

The three words, of course, are . . . . . ATWATER KENT RADIO

On the Air
Atwater Kent Radio Hour
Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF network of N. B. C.

Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID RADIO

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4752 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

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Safe Milk

You're taking no chances on the purity and freshness of milk for your children and yourself on your summer trip. And you're gaining the vital elements of the grain—when you take along "Horlick's"!

Just mix it with water. You have a delicious food-drink ready at a moment's notice . . anywhere!

Always nourishing, invigorating, easily digested, as a between-meal luncheon . . after strenuous exercise . . on hunting and camping trips. Conveniently carried in powder or tablet form.

Send the coupon below for free sample and Speedy Mixer, *today*.

Sweet Sleep!

Hot, breathless weather . . dreaded "white" nights when you don't sleep a wink.

For a deep, all-night sleep, try a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk. Take it shortly before retiring, preferably hot. It will make you deliciously drowsy . . soothe your nerves . . induce refreshing, dreamless rest . .

Try it tonight! It's prepared in a minute at home. Send coupon below and four cents postage for free sample and Speedy Mixer, *today*.

HORLICK'S

The original Malted Milk

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. N-2, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted. For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk in a pitcher or a glass, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

Galloping Pete

Continued from page 42

how he had been tricked. He had indorsed a blank check over to the colonel. Dexterous ever, the colonel would have passed the matter off as a mistake if Pete had turned the slip over, and would have waited for his chance again. It would have come.

"Your partner," said the cashier, tendering a long envelope, "left this with me to give you when you come. Perhaps it explains."

PETE went to the public desk by the window and tore open the envelope. He found in it a full covenant and warranty deed to the Thorncliffe apartment house, executed before a notary public by Ernest Milton with all due formality and conveying the property to Peter Pemberwick of the City and State of New York. There was also a scrawl from the colonel:

Pete:

As a partner, I am exercising my right to draw out the balance. Conditions have arisen that make it necessary for me to vamoose. Don't holler until you're hurt, Pete. I'm turning over to you the Thorncliffe, a property worth many times the bank balance. I'm trusting you with it, and it's now legally yours to do what you please with, but I know you'll let me redeem it at some future date, and let me give you a nice bonus for your trouble. In hot haste— YOUR PARTNER.

"That puts another face on the matter altogether!" reflected Pete aloud, his hopes soaring again. He knew that the colonel owned the Thorncliffe; he had seen a policy of title insurance naming the colonel as the owner in fee simple. It was certainly a very valuable property. Pete left the bank whistling, and took a cab to West Seventy-eighth Street.

The Thorncliffe proved to be a stately seven-story with an imposing façade of Harvard brick and Indiana limestone—old-fashioned, perhaps even antiquated, but substantial and in a fine residential neighborhood. Pete introduced himself to the superintendent. "Who is the owner of this house?" he asked.

"Ernest Swetfager is the owner's name, sir. He has an office on Forty-second Street."

"Wrong," said Pete, putting out a democratic hand. "Meet the owner now—Peter Pemberwick! The house was transferred to me today."

"So?" said the superintendent.

"Yes, my man," said Pete. "You'll stay in charge here just the same, won't you?"

"No question about that," said the superintendent confidently.

"WHAT rents do these people pay, my man?"

"From a thousand for a three-room rear down here to two thousand on top. The gross is about three thousand a month."

"Not bad," said Pete. "Three thousand a month, eh? Let's see—this is the 28th; I'll be around bright and early Tuesday morning to collect."

"No you won't," said the superintendent.

"How's that?"

"The rents here are collected by the man who holds the fifth mortgage on the house."

"Is there a—fifth mortgage?"

"Yes, sir. This house was in the hands of the operators during the boom after the war, and it's mortgaged altogether for $380,000. That's a lot more than it's worth, from what I hear; it's assessed at only $250,000, and that's not so low. You know how these operators do, gambling in houses; there was talk of a big improvement around here, and that's why the price was run up. A party was telling me that Swetfager only gave a hundred bucks for the deed. But I guess you know all about that, sir. The man who collects the rents was telling me that some mortgages are due next month, and they are going to be all foreclosed and everybody wiped out."

"I'll see my lawyer about that!" exclaimed Pete, blusteringly but with an unnerving sense of utter disaster.

He saw now the colonel's scheme as a whole. For a few dollars the trickster had bid in the uncollectible accounts of a big retail business; for a lone hundred he had bought the deed to an apartment house that was swamped under mortgages. Using the apartment house as a lure, he would trick the debtors into settling up. He had revamped his scheme when Pete appeared, and had used the uncollectible accounts to rob Pete of his inheritance. But the possibilities of his original scheme were still unexploited; he had had the surpassing gall to seek Pete out again, needing his coöperation in putting that scheme into effect.

"Dub," muttered Pete. "Fat-headed dub. But—"

But there was something more—a loss that was numbing. Pete was young, money would climb steadily in his scale of values as the years went by, but it would never, while his heart was warm within, find itself weighed against the thing of peerless and imperishable value that was now lost to him. Octavine — Octavine — what of Octavine? Her laughter had been gurgling, cascading, like a fountain from deep wells; at him she was laughing now. Her eyes—other fools would tremble as they gazed into those blue and mysterious depths.

Mr. Jonas Pye of the old and reliable law firm of McGinty & Pye was only mildly sympathetic.

"Again you come to me, Mr. Pemberwick," he said dryly, "and ask me to lock the door on an empty stable.

"Against the bank you have no case. As to the apartment house, you are the legal owner, subject to mortgages for more than the house is worth. You'll never finger a five-cent piece from it. The mortgages will be foreclosed and your ownership wiped out. Meanwhile, for some thirty days, you have the empty honor of owning a very handsome piece of Manhattan real estate."

"What can I do, Mr. Pye?"

"You can profit by your experience," said the elderly lawyer sententiously. "To stoop to trickery to accomplish whatsoever worthy end is repugnant to a man of honor, nor will such a man cooperate for any purpose with a blackleg. You have done these things, Mr. Pemberwick. And now what shall I do with this deed? It would cost you $5 to record it, and I advise you to save your money."

"Very well," said Pete, with a shrug that suggested indifference.

MR. PYE shook hands, and Pete departed. In the hall outside he heard an elevator door open janglingly and close with a clang; the car had emitted a girl. She looked about and came running. "Pete!" she cried.

"Vee!"

"Where have you been?" she stormed, catching his reaching hands. "I've been looking all over. Oh, Pete, I'm so sorry and ashamed."

"You didn't go with him," he said, holding her hands tightly. "Why didn't you?"

"Pete, because I—" Her eyes held his for a beautiful moment. She lowered them, saying naïvely, "Pete, you ought to say that—not I."

He drew a deep breath and said, "Your uncle left me the Thorncliffe. It's mine now, Vee."

"But then you're rich."

"Both of us. He certainly didn't intend to leave you penniless and give me such a magnificent property."

HE DREW her back into the office and into the presence of Mr. Pye.

"I've decided to record that deed after all," he announced. "And I want you to make out another deed giving a half interest in the house to Miss Octavine Milton. I'll be in tomorrow to sign it, Mr. Pye."

"But, Pete," she protested when they were again on their way to the street, "I can't take it. Why, it's ridiculous."

"With half my worldly goods I thee endow, Vee," he chuckled, pressing her arm. "I'll accept your passionate thanks after I've told you all about it. Let's go get lunch."

With his arms folded to conceal their clasped hands, he took her to the elevator, and so to crowded Madison Avenue. He had just lost a small fortune, and the financial sky held no bow of promise, and yet everything was perfectly all right. With that dear hand resting in his, he could not be cast down; nothing could matter. The world was still all before him, where to choose.

Next week: More about Pete, Vee and some others in "Peter Pemberwick, Realtor."

E. Phillips Oppenheim, master of mystery, will thrill you again with "The Siren of the Marsh"—a story of Sir Jasper Slane, gentleman detective, a gloriously beautiful woman, and a weird and difficult problem—

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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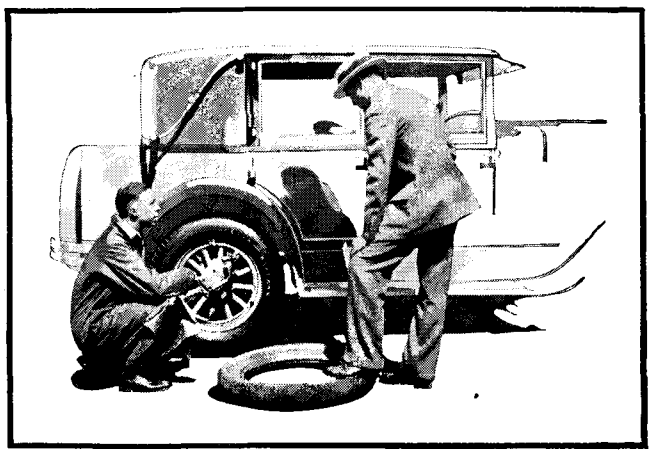

What goes on in your mind when you must buy a new tire?

SEE if this isn't what you want!

Tires can't last forever and sooner or later you have to lay out money for new ones.

Usually the need comes at a time when you have other uses for the money.

You feel that if you *must* buy a new tire you want one that puts forward a long time the day when it must be replaced. You are familiar with the names of five or six—all good, you suppose—but which one?

Which tire—they all look sturdy enough in the dealer's window. They all bounce bravely upon the cement floor—they all cost about the same.

You would go across the street or even around two blocks to buy the tire that you felt *sure* offered you a little more, a definite "plus value." Wouldn't you?

12

MAJOR TIRE TROUBLES

covered by the

Dunlop Bonded Guarantee

Accidents	Rim smashes
Collisions	Side-wall injuries
Blow-outs	Tube pinching
Misalignment	Valve tearing
Stone bruises	Faulty toe-in
Road cuts	Under-inflation

"Here is the 'plus value' Dunlop offers"

There are twelve common causes of tire mishap—all listed on this page. Dunlop can't positively prevent one or more happening to you. But Dunlop *can cover* you if any do happen and *does cover* you with a Surety Bond that makes good against defect or mishap for one full year from the date you buy.

Read what the Surety Bond offers. Let a Dunlop Dealer show you a copy or write us for a specimen.

And remember—when that mean day comes, and a tire or two must be bought—remember the Dunlop Surety Bond.

Buying new tires is a lot less of a nuisance when all doubt that you are buying wisely is removed from your mind.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

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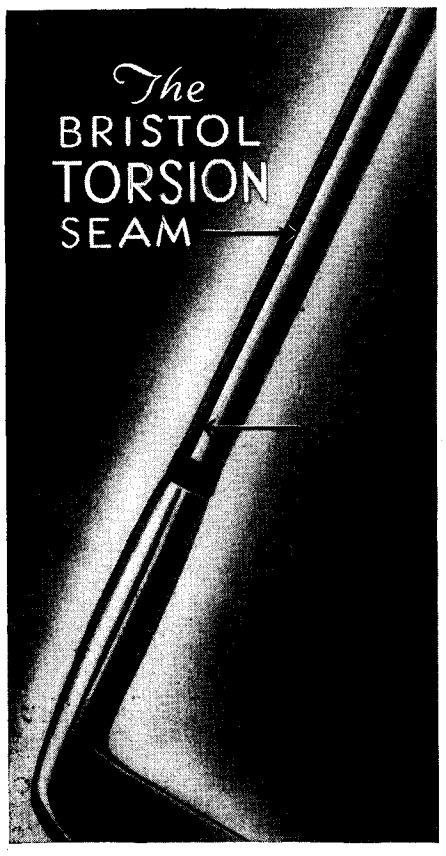
Now...

THE ONLY STEEL SHAFT WITH HICKORY'S TORSION!



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BRISTOL *Torsion* STEEL SHAFT

(ALLAN LARD PATENT PEND.)

Sheer Modernism

Continued from page 19

way of thinking, the most beautiful clothes. Those who, like Lanvin, introduce a touch of antiquity and æstheticism, are, in just so far as they do so, a trifle *démodé*.

Yet, though unrelated in any conscious way to art, the clothes of today are beautiful because they completely fulfill an inner necessity. They have the effortless beauty of suitability.

So far we have talked of *modern* dress—but is that, you may ask, the same as *modernist* dress?

Well, perhaps an *ism* should make a difference. To some designers it makes all the difference. They get the *ism* but leave the modern out. We all know that sort of dress—forked lightning streaking across a bodice and skirt—or massed phalanxes of triangles—or a perfect orgy of geometric appliqués. The designer of these atrocities is usually a bright young man who somewhere or other saw a gorgeous swatch of Rodier fabric, or a desk by Ruhlman, or a Lalique vase. And this fabric or this desk or this vase happened to be covered with triangles.

"Go to," said the designer, "this is Modernism. I shall go and do likewise." And without waiting to inquire *why* it was Modernism, or what Modernism was, he rushed back to the shop and made a dress with triangles all over it. He grasped a superficial detail, but completely missed the underlying spirit. And the result was an atrocity.

New Horizons for Old

For Modernism, whether in Art or in Fashion, isn't just an effort to be different. *That* is what the ignorant make of it. But those who are creating the Art that will endure and mark our age as one of the most distinguished and beautiful in history, are only endeavoring, as artists always have, to express their age as they see it. We look at different objects today from what we looked at a hundred years ago—and we look on them with different eyes.

An artist in the olden days sat gazing quietly on some pastoral scene—trees, a brook, sheep. He had limitless time to observe each leaf—even the insects crawling upon it. The artist of today looks upon the jagged lines of skyscrapers; on streets with strongly ruled shafts of light and shade falling between high buildings; on sun rays shooting rhythmically down through elevated railroads; on the gleam of light along subway rails; on the steel ribs of buildings under construction; on the skeleton outlines of bridges; on the stark lines of derricks, scoops, steam boilers, engines; on speeding motors, battleships, airplanes. An age of machinery in which the eye is filled with mechanical forms.

Naturally, therefore, the artist endeavors to translate what he sees into terms of art, and hence the geometric play of lines in modern art. This is the reason back of Rodier's use of triangles, and that is why his fabric was beautiful and significant, and why the dress of the designer who copied his fabric but could not copy his mind was silly and ugly. That is seizing the *ism* and overlooking the *modern*.

Applied to fashion, what does Modernism in its best sense mean? Probably no woman who has bought a dress, a hat, a purse, a pair of shoes, or a piece of jewelry during the past three or four years but has had a touch of Modernism in her costume.

The movement began, naturally, with Vionnet, she of the mathematical mind, the Euclid of Fashion; and it penetrated swiftly into every *grande maison* in Paris so that today there is no article of women's wearing apparel, however trifling, and no wardrobe, however distant from the rue de la Paix, that does not reflect this new feeling.

The most obvious Modernist effect, even in the good designs, is the use of geometric patterns; and because it is obvious, copyists instantly seized upon it and ran it into the ground. Two fabrics may be fitted together in a veritable picture puzzle of triangles, and contrasting colors may accentuate the design. Or printed fabrics may employ a geometrical pattern.

Then there are the *dégradé* or shaded effects—but not shaded in the old-fashioned sense. It wouldn't be Modernist, for example, if a piece of silk were dyed deep rose at the top and shaded gradually to pale rose. But if separate strips of material of the various shades of rose were sewed together, *that* would be Modernist. We see this effect in costumes where the top of the blouse is beige and the lower part is banded with deepening shades of brown.

In fact, Modernist dress, detail for detail, is worked out on the same principles as Modernist decoration. The flat surfaces in a Modernist room, for example, no surbases, no dadoes, no paneling, no moldings, no raised door and window frames, are reflected in the flat surfaces of Modernist dress—flat appliqués and stitching instead of the old frills and furbelows.

In color we have two Modernist schools—the vivid and the neutral. We have the brilliant colors because of our consciousness of high vibrations, because of our advertising instincts, and as a reaction from our stone-gray cities. We have the neutral colors as a relief from our too highly keyed lives and our need of quiet and rest.

In the design itself Modernism interests itself in mass rather than in detail. He who flies in an airplane, speeds by in a train or a motor, sees little detail. It is the mass effects that are impressed on his retina. And with the speed limit at 300 instead of 30 miles an hour, we naturally are interested in things that move rather than in things that stand still. We endeavor to translate into art our sense of speed. We wish to express lightning, electricity, radio, waves in ether, kinetic energy, and so we use jagged lines, waves, radiating lines, parabolas.

Geometry Glorified

When we behold on a dress silk a long sweeping curve-up—up, then down, —we may not *know* that that expressed the artist's idea of the flight of an airplane, but we feel its beauty, its speed, and its relationship to our own age. Whereas in the work of a man who merely copies this theme, we feel no significance and no beauty—only a sense of futility and perverseness.

And certainly the subject matter of Modernist designers is unconventional. They willfully select, the superficial beholder might say, eccentric and absurd objects as their models; but once we understand the artist's preoccupation with geometric forms we will no longer think how trivial is the object portrayed but only how interesting and beautiful is the interplay of line. For example, in a recent contest among American artists for designs for dress silks, the following objects were selected by the various artists as the subject of their designs; matches and lumps of sugar; cocktail glasses; the map of Paris; mothballs and pins; skyscrapers, etc.; and the results were notably lovely in color and line.

We see the geometric principle applied not only to the design of dress fabrics and the decoration of the dress, but even to the cut of the garment. Vionnet started that, too. One day she took seven enormous handkerchiefs—oh, a yard square—and tacked them together with the points hanging down, and somehow that was a dress, a very famous dress, for it started the vogue of the fluttering, trailing, uneven dress that still rules the evening mode.

Costume Jewelry Flashes Forth

Among the designers of accessories none has succeeded so well as the designers of jewelry—or rather, we should say, as well as the dressmakers who have designed jewelry. For finding that the legitimate jewelers couldn't keep up with them, since a $60,000 bracelet cannot be revamped overnight to match the latest evening gown, and since the jewelers could never hope to produce jewelry fast enough and cheaply enough to meet every whim of fashion, the French dressmakers decided to create their own jewelry.

The first thing the legitimate jewelers knew was that American women were buying some $15,000,000 worth of this imitation jewelry a year. Department stores, not jewelry shops, were where the fashionable woman went to see the new ideas in jewelry and to buy her ornaments of strange, unmentionable alloys imitating precious metals, and still stranger, more unmentionable gobs of glass and paste flashing spuriously as emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies.

At last the legitimate jewelers saw the light. The Modernist movement was no fly-by-night idea but a force to be reckoned with, one that had come to stay. So gradually some of these new effects began to appear in thousand-dollar-per-carat gems and today any up-to-date jeweler has his cases of Modernist jewelry.

So now the ladies who have gone Modernist can have their Modernist necklaces, their Modernist shoes, purses, hats, and lingerie to wear with their Modernist gowns. But unerring taste, a real understanding of what Modernism means and a sure instinct to distinguish the true from the false must guide them or, instead of being impeccably chic and of the moment, they will be as bizarre and laughable as a lady ghost raised from the worst period of mid-Victorian, upholstered vulgarity.

Black Gold

Here's a new manifestation of the Colliergraph urge. C. H. Barlow, of 241 Oak Street, Oberlin, Ohio, has broken simultaneously into figures and verse

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let's go!

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A Point of Honor

Continued from page 18

pulled himself together. He could, and did, stoop to many things; but he found himself recollecting now for the first time in many years that he was a graduate of an ancient university—the disciple of a hospital second to none. "I am afraid," he began slowly, "that I cannot accept instructions as to my professional duties—"

He broke off short. From a pocket inside his coat the young man had drawn a wad of Bank of England notes. One by one he was peeling them off and laying them on the corner of the desk—five-pound notes.

"Come along now, Doctor," he urged. "That's ten. Fifty pounds. Let us be reasonable. I am not asking you to commit yourself. All I want is a certificate to hand if necessary. Nothing to affect your professional honor in that?"

James Rock reflected. He would do a lot of things for fifty pounds—but just how far would he go? He had never had to consider that.

Dropping the buff book of death certificates into his bag, he thrust the notes into a drawer of the desk and locked it. After all, a death certificate was just a piece of paper until a qualified practitioner signed it. "Well, young man?"

His visitor nodded, and together they made their way through the garbage to the car. A chauffeur was driving and for some time the car swept along the deserted streets in silence, then turned off the main road to pull up before a shop in a side street. Rock knew the district well. He knew the shop—a pawnbroker's establishment.

"But this—" he began to expostulate, when he noticed something held carelessly in the other's hand.

"We don't want any fuss, or unpleasantness," the young man explained. He dug the muzzle of the automatic into the doctor's waistline. "Just a precaution, that's all."

THE side door of the shop was open. Rock entered and found himself mounting a narrow staircase in darkness. The effect of that automatic was peculiar: not for many years had his brain been so clear as it was now. As far as he could see he was helpless. Apart from the man close on his heels the house seemed empty—but in a room leading off the landing he found himself confronted with some half-dozen men. As the man with the gun shut the door behind him they eyed him expectantly. An elderly man in evening dress addressed him:

"Good evening, Doctor."

Rock inclined his head in silence.

"Sorry to have bothered you in this way," the man in the stiff shirt went on. "But this job is urgent. More urgent than you imagine." He jerked a hand in the direction of a figure lying on a sofa, covered with a blanket. "We have had an accident—and we are badly in need of your professional services."

Had he met this man in normal circumstances Rock would have set him down without second thought as a prosperous city man—stockbroker, perhaps. He ran an eye apprehensively over the rest of them. The young man who had fetched him from the surgery was evidently making a report. It brought an odd twist to his lips to realize that these crooks had deliberately sought him out as a good man for their job.

"You want me to attend to—to—" He indicated the figure on the couch.

The other nodded curtly. "Get busy."

Placing his bag by the couch the doctor drew back the blanket. After a moment he rose to his feet again. "This man has been dead some time. He has been stabbed through the heart with a stiletto—and the handle broken off."

The man in evening dress nodded. "It stops the bleeding. Surely you knew that!" A laugh greeted this sally.

James Rock fingered the button of his raincoat. "Then what do you want me to do?"

"Listen to me!" The man moved over to face him. "I wouldn't have had this accident happen for worlds. If that man is found with a knife in his heart it implicates the lot of us. Never mind who did it—or why. Take it from me, no one will ever find that out. But the—er—circumstances of this man's passing over the Great Divide are awkward. Call it bad staff work if you like. One thing is sure. Wertheim—I expect you've recognized the man who ran this shop?—well, Wertheim is not going to be found dead with a knife in him."

"You—you mean?"

"I MEAN you are going to write out a death certificate and sign it. You can leave us to see to his burial."

James Rock paused on that for a moment. Evidently the time had come for him to decide just how far he would go. Medicine had not done much for him, but in spite of himself—in spite of his long-standing and successful campaign against the birth rate, a shadow of pride in the greatest profession in the world remained. "There is a Trust beyond Trusts confided in the Healers of the Sick," he recalled. "Let not that Trust be betrayed." The recollection irritated him. Who was he to start remembering stuff like that now?—after twenty years of Shoreditch?—within touch of an automatic?

"You want me to write out and sign a certificate that Wertheim died a death from natural causes?"

"In a nutshell! It will be worth a hundred quid to you—over and above the fifty you've already pouched."

Rock nodded. He was thinking of the days when he was young, and a house surgeon. He was thinking of the days when wild nights, inspired by whisky, followed almost inevitably as a relaxation from the horrors of the operating theater and overwork in the service of others. He was thinking of many things which made him angry to remember.

"And what if I refuse?"

The other shrugged. "In that case we should have to call in another with more horse sense and fewer scruples—after we had disposed of you. . . ." Carelessly he spun an automatic on his trigger finger and tucked it back in his hip pocket.

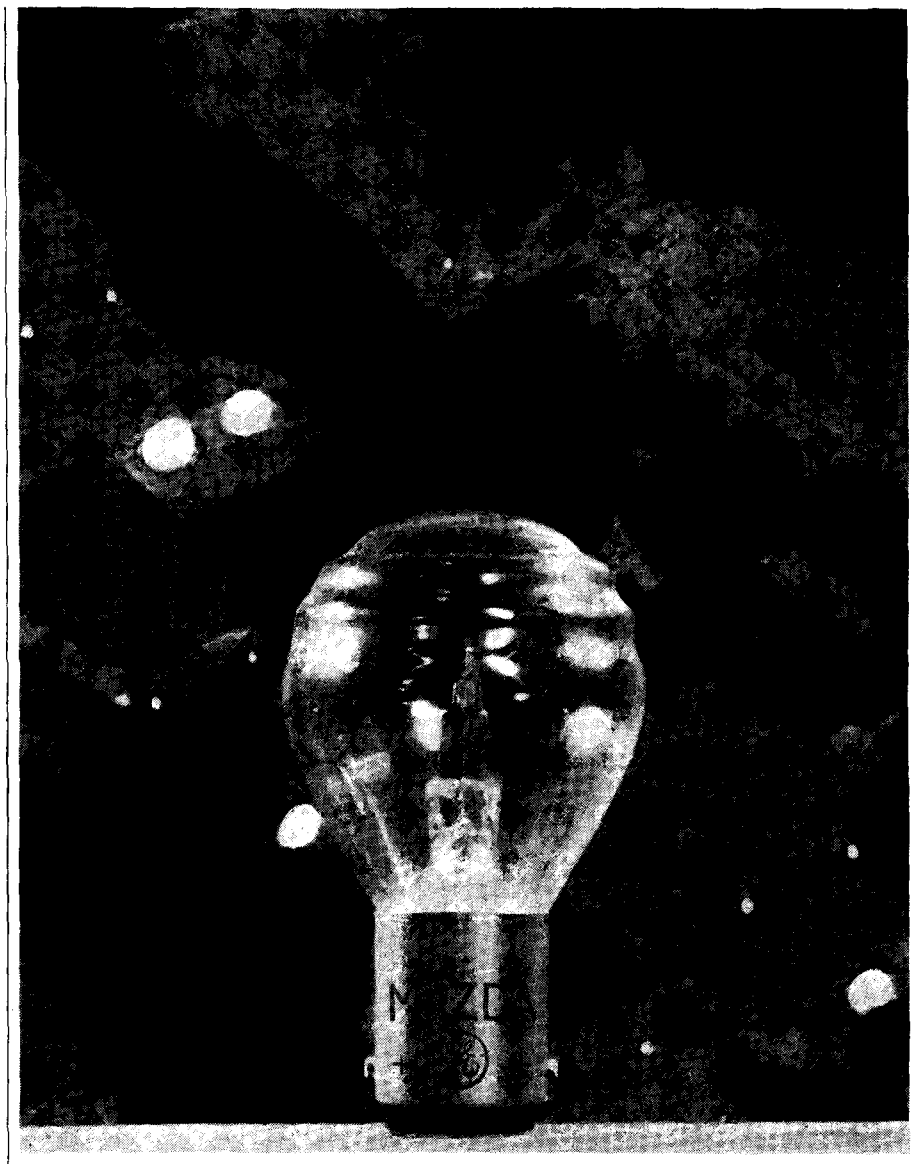
"And if I sign the certificate?" The question was unnecessary. Rock knew then that he was going to sign. Resentment at rough handling had soon passed, and with it that shadow of pride.

"You walk straight out of this house, and—I hope—back to bed. It is not likely that a man like you is going to turn round on his signature. . . ."

Rock found himself pondering over a smile in this man's eyes. Blue eyes with an easy, friendly way—the sort of eyes that one expected with a careless, racy type of man. And while he was wondering, suddenly he knew the instinctive origin of his hesitance. A cold, hard look lay beyond.

A peculiar thing happened in that instant in the sordid life of James Rock, F. R. C. S. There was no question

(*Continued on page 48*)



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(*Continued from page 47*)

about his being sober at this moment. His mind was crystal-clear. The effect of the last half hour had been to restore his faculties, sharpening his perceptions to a degree beyond the normal. With the contemplation of that smile realization had come, and he found himself facing it easily, almost casually.

These men, he told himself, would not risk the chance of his going back on his signature. They would make sure. Wertheim found murdered might implicate this gang. But the dead body of a practitioner found somewhere in the district . . . what of that? If he left this house alive, what was to prevent him going straight to the police? Nothing. . . . But it was not the reasoning which brought a grim smile to his lips. Clearness of vision had come to him after thirty years.

Out of his bag he drew the book of certificates and carried them over to a table on the other side of the room. "Somebody give me a pen," he growled. "And let me have this fellow's full name. . . ."

They gave him a pen, and, tearing a slip out of the book, he began to fill it in. As he wrote he was conscious of others watching over his shoulder. He smiled.

"And—the cause of death?" He glanced round at the man in evening dress. "Pneumonia? Will that do?"

"Make it probable. That's all I ask."

HE TURNED back to the form. Opposite Primary he wrote Carcinoma of Liver. "That," he explained, "is the primary cause. Arising out of . . ."

"Carcinoma? What's that?"

"Cancer. I am following it on the certificate with pneumonia. They call that the Old Man's Friend. It finishes them off—brings a merciful end in the majority of cases. You need a merciful end after carcinoma!" He laughed. Now that he had started, the affair was amusing him.

On the next line he wrote: Broncho-pneumonia, and paused. "The actual cause of death," he pointed out. The group at his back, he noticed, had moved away. Only the man in evening dress was at his shoulder. The sound of a click came to his ear. With a shake of the pen he added: Epizoötic Apthæ.

"Broncho-pneumonia—Epizoötic Apthæ?" the other questioned.

"The disease, and its Latin label. A necessary formality with the medical profession. . . ."

Out of the corner of his eye Rock noticed that the man at his shoulder was holding his right hand behind his back. It explained that click. The sort of sound the slide of an automatic makes when it is pulled back to make sure a round is in the breech. He drew a deep breath, and as he held it some of the yellow in his eye gave way to a gleam.

With a hand steady as a boy's he signed firmly across the bottom of the death certificate: James Corven Rock, D. M. (Oxon.), F. R. C. S. Then he set aside the pen.

Came a crashing sound through the quietness of the night. To anyone outside the house it might have seemed that a heavy door had slammed. . . . Dr. Rock was dead.

IN THE little room adjoining the court the police surgeon fidgeted with his papers. He was next for evidence in this sensational double-murder indictment which had brought seven men to the dock. An inspector approached him as he waited.

"What beats me, Doctor, in this case," he offered, "is how we got on to this affair in the first instance—"

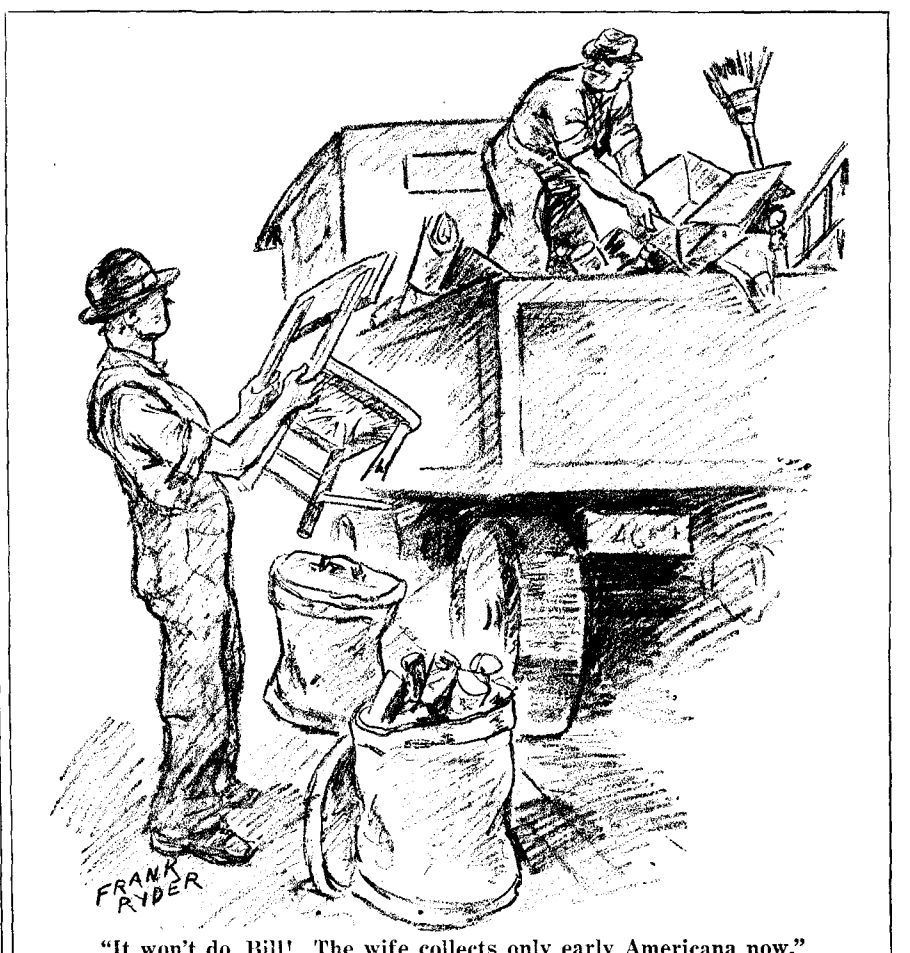
The police doctor nodded gravely. "You mean connecting up with the death certificate?"

"Yes. What made the coroner go behind that certificate?"

A grim smile twisted the surgeon's lips. "See this certificate?" He pointed a thick finger at the official form. "'Broncho-pneumonia—Epizoötic Apthæ.' Know what Epizoötic Apthæ is?"

The inspector shook his head. "Pneumonia?" he guessed.

"No. Foot-and-mouth disease. Within five minutes of reading that the coroner had Scotland Yard on the trail. How many of that bunch, Inspector, do you think will get it where the chicken got it?"



"It won't do, Bill! The wife collects only early Americana now."

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No More Widows!

Continued from page 7

can be had at a sukiaka dinner, in spite of the food and the fact that you never know what to do with your knees. You cannot stick your legs under the table, because the table is only seven inches high, and you become paralyzed in a few moments. George dragged me to five sukiaka dinners and I went along merely because I saw it was taking his mind off Julia. After the fifth dinner, I resigned.

"That will be enough," I stated, when he began arranging for another. "I know when I have had enough sukiaka dinners. I like the Japs. They are a wonderful people and make the best cigarette holders in the world, but I am finished with hanging dinners. From now on, I sit on a chair and eat food that I recognize."

We therefore gave up our life of midnight gayety amid the hanging gardens of Honolulu and returned to the rigors of our own modest hotel. George fell back into sentimental despair and began crooning over his ukulele. He took to sitting motionless by the window, staring out at Waikiki Beach and thinking sad thoughts about Julia. I always regarded her as a yellow-headed minx, with no heart at all, a mere ordinary flirt, who went about the world trying to destroy strong men like George. There were dozens of better-looking girls in sight, but old George could see nobody but the fair and fickle Julia. He came to me in a state of excitement.

"Henry," he said, "what do you think?"

"Go away," I said, "and let me shave in peace."

"The girl has just sent me a kahuna lei," he continued, his manner growing more excited.

"What girl?"

"The little Hawaiian girl. And here's where I win Julia away from the bicycle man. It might work, Henry."

"You are going to get yourself into trouble yet," I remarked, and George hurried away with a look of determination. That night there was a dance on the hotel veranda and when Julia appeared in a lovely evening gown, George walked boldly up to her, carrying in his hand a circlet of flowers, the trademark of Hawaii.

"Julia," he said, "I have brought you a lei. Will you wear it?"

She looked at him in some astonishment. In his sorrow, he had been avoiding her.

"Why, George, of course I shall be glad to wear your lei," she replied and he placed it about her neck. The dancing then proceeded, and Julia danced as usual with the gentleman from Cleveland. George loitered in the shadows like a lost soul, waiting for a change in his beloved, but as far as I could see, there was none.

I RETIRED at a comparatively early hour, leaving the dancers to their fun, and nothing happened until George burst into my room at midnight, or just as I was about to fall asleep in spite of the kahuna wind. His hair was disordered and he had a wild look.

"Henry," he said hoarsely, "it is all over."

"She took you back?" I asked, sitting up in bed.

"She did not. Just the opposite. I may even have to leave the hotel. The doctor is working on her now."

"Doctor?" I said. "Doctor?"

"Oh!" George exclaimed, "why did I ever do it?"

I naturally inquired and he plunged into a hysterical tale of what had happened, meanwhile pacing my bedroom floor and giving off weird moaning noises. Julia, the fickle one, had worn his kahuna lei throughout the early hours of the evening, and as it happened to be a warm night, she perspired slightly while dancing. The kahuna lei went to work.

It was apparently real kahuna. Whether it was the native curse placed upon it by the spirits or whether a sprig of poison ivy had been skillfully woven into the circlet, nobody could say, but the fact remained that Julia burst forth into a pink rash about ten minutes after ten, examined herself in a mirror with a startled eye, fell into hysterics, summoned the house physician and demanded that George be arrested for trying to bring about her murder. George said that the excitement was terrific, especially when Julia pointed out that he was a disappointed suitor and would stop at nothing.

THE news came to George while he was sitting by himself at an iron table, drinking okolehao and thinking doleful thoughts. The house detective questioned him closely, but nothing further was done at the time. First reports had it that Julia was dying, which was not remotely so, as nothing can kill a young widow with ashen hair.

"She says she hates me and will never speak to me again," he moaned.

"You could hardly expect her to," I said mildly. "If you poisoned me with flowers, I would also treat you coldly."

"I was trying to win her love, Henry. You know that. You don't suppose they put something on those flowers?"

"Only a dash of prussic acid," I replied. "And I am glad of it. I hope the lady can't leave her room for six days. That kahuna lei is all right with me."

George went away eventually, muttering to himself and spent the night prowling about Waikiki Beach, stumbling over young hand-holders who were unable to sleep. In the morning, he came again.

"Henry," he said, "life is a mistake."

"Yours is getting to be," I admitted.

"Julia has nothing but hatred for me now. Think of it! And the manager says she is going to marry that fellow from Cleveland."

"Good news," I said wearily. "You did what you could, George."

"I think," he said in a sad voice, strumming on his ukulele, "I think I shall go somewhere and commit suicide."

"I would do so. You are not much use to anybody, and if you can't tie the rope, I will help you."

Personally, I was happy, now that the love affair was ended, for George would eventually return to normal, and he is a splendid fellow when he is normal. Marrying Julia would have been his greatest mistake, for I contend that no young fellow can marry a yellow-haired widow without storing up a future of perpetual uneasiness. He felt so down about it that I consented to attend another sukiaka dinner.

"But this will be the last," I stated.

We decided to return to Chicago, which is where George works, if you care to call it working. His father owns a shoe factory and George rides in every so often and asks foremen how the shoes are getting on.

"We start Saturday," he said. "I have had enough of Honolulu. Certainly was an evil day when I came here."

There were three days left and he

(*Continued on page 50*)

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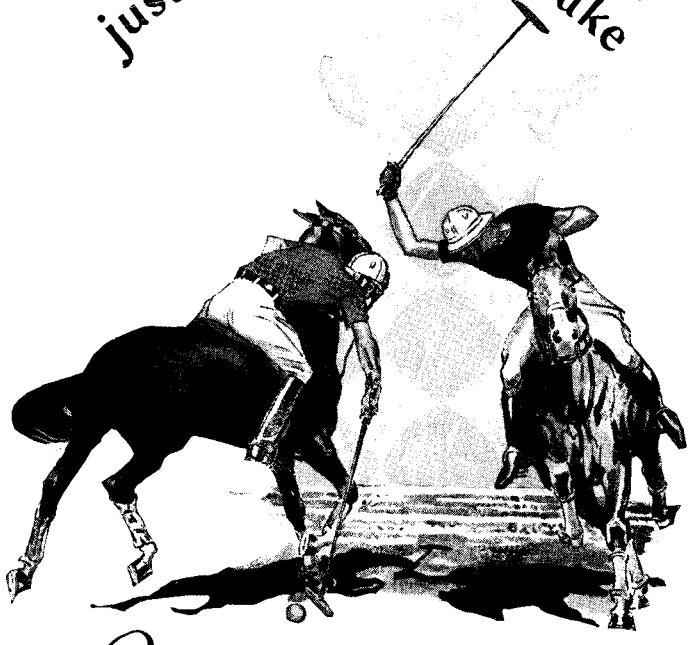

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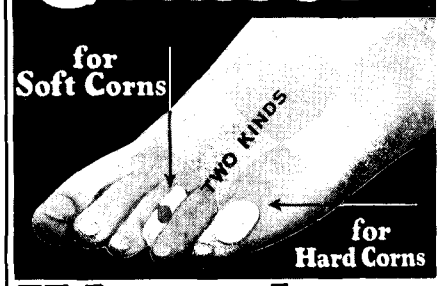

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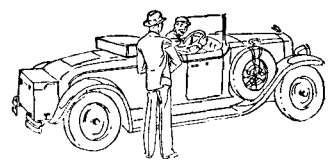

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(Continued from page 49)

spent the time prowling about in dismal reflection. Julia no longer even recognized him. Her rash disappeared slowly, but she still regarded George as an insidious murderer and the Cleveland gentleman glared at my friend incessantly.

On Friday we hurried into town to see about tickets on the steamer. There happened to be a liner coming in from Java and points in the Orient, a fine fat steamer full of jade and baled rubber, and this steamer paused in the port of Honolulu for twenty-four hours. As we appeared, to pay for our tickets home, the liner came around a corner and began warping in.

"THERE is the boat we take tomorrow," I said, hoping to cheer George up.

He grunted.

"Seems to be a very nice steamer."

He repeated the grunt. We strolled down the pier to watch the great ocean ship dock, because to me, nothing is as fascinating as watching a liner tie up to a dock. George leaned against a pile of barrels and stared about him.

"Henry," he cried suddenly, seizing me by the arm, "do you see the same thing I see?"

"What?" I asked.

He pointed a shaking finger. I looked aloft. He indicated the thin line of returning pilgrims, passengers leaning against the railing of the ship, many of them waving flags, handkerchiefs and hats.

"See the man in the red blazer?"

"Yes."

"See the woman in the white hat?"

"Yes."

"See the girl between them?"

I riveted my gaze.

"My word! Looks like Ada May—"

"It is Ada May."

"Surely looks like—"

"I tell you it is. That is Ada May!"

The perspiration came out upon George's brow and he sat down upon a case of cod-liver oil going out to the Filipinos. I concentrated upon the arriving passenger above.

"That," I said, "is no doubt Ada May. Now what do you suppose she is doing over here? I thought she was in Switzerland."

"So did I," returned George.

Of course, it was Ada May Harper of Cos Cob who completely ruined George's life just one year before to the exact minute. Everyone knows the pitiful story of George and Ada May Harper and how she went faithless in Switzerland and fell in love with the Alpine hotel-keeper, after promising to marry George. That was the time George tried to leap off an Alp, but was caught and fed brandy. Ada and George had been engaged for years, in fact since childhood, and everyone expected them to marry and live in Cos Cob. By mere chance, Ada went to Switzerland with her mother, George naturally tagging along, and there she toppled over into love with the hotel gentleman, who had curly hair and could yodel.

George fled the Alps. For a while people thought he would not live. He wasted away to a shadow and had to drink milk daily. And now here she was, on the deck of a liner, waving a pink flag just as though she had not blasted a human life. George expressed a desire to leave the pier and hide.

"No," I said sternly. "Why should we run away from a woman?"

We remained stoically where we were and when the passengers streamed down the plank, I sauntered forward and George came along. Ada May saw him and I thought at first she would faint. She leaned against her mother, who is a large, capable woman, fit to be leaned against.

"George!" the girl cried.

"Ada May," said George, his lower jaw sagging, and they stood perfectly still, staring at each other.

"Where—where is your husband?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"Husband!" she said. "Why, George, I have no husband!"

As she spoke, George's face cleared and the paleness fled. Rapidly Ada May explained. It seems that after George left Switzerland, Ada May perceived the fullness of the mistake she had made in tossing aside a good American citizen. She realized too late, alas, that it was George she loved and not the yodeler. She tried to telegraph, but George was in a suburb of Cairo drinking himself to death. These facts Ada May related, standing at the foot of the gangplank. The purser finally asked if they would kindly step to one side and let people leave the steamer.

GEORGE breathed hard, took Ada May in his arms, kissed her and almost kissed her mother, but nobody paid any attention, for people are always fussing over each other when a steamer arrives. No one in the vast throng realized that two blighted lives had suddenly become unblighted.

George turned to me subsequently.

"Henry," he said happily, "what if that kahuna lei had worked?"

"It did work."

"What if it had worked out the other way—uh—I mean what if—"

"You know a lot of words, don't you, George?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, don't say any of them," I counseled, looking hard at Ada May.

"What is a kahuna lei?" she asked.

"A kahuna lei," I said, stepping ahead of George, who was getting ready to pile up trouble for himself, "a kahuna lei is a horse with four white feet."

The next day we all sailed for America, Ada May and her mother and George and I. They are not married yet, but there is nothing to worry about. George's troubles are over forever, except for the few, trifling, unimportant vexations that go with married life.

Do buckeyes bring luck? "Catfish" Wiggins, golfer, had an idea they did—and Jerome Beatty tells how the gentleman tested his theory in "Catfish Wiggins Comes Through," guaranteed to banish any kind of grouch—

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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The New Bloom

Continued from page 12

to make up for my selfish neglect of you all these years. I'm going to fill your whole life."

"Nice of you to tell me all this, Nick," said Julian with an edged pleasantness. "I'd hate to think you'd hide anything of such importance from me—for life, that is."

Nick's head bowed. "I didn't tell you because—because it would have seemed to spoil us, Julian. Our idea of ourselves, I mean, our making something glamorous out of being bachelors."

"All right," said Julian after a pause. "Forget it. We have enough to contend with as it is, apparently."

"But you mustn't feel like that." Jennifer sat between them on the divan, still clutching Nick's hand. "We mustn't let your dear friend feel lonely or out of it, Father. I'll be only too happy to help him too. We'll just go along happily together and pretty soon, I'm sure, something will turn up for us to do—for humanity."

JULIAN jumped as though touched with an electric spark. "For what! Humanity be—I mean—I don't mean anything. Nick, can I paint her? She's glorious. Let her stay, Nick. I promise not to say so much as a damn."

Nick bent down and kissed her. "You were in a French convent, weren't you, Jennifer? Until you were sixteen? Then in London? Studying sociology? But why? Well, anyway, you're a darling. When I get used to the idea, I shall adore you. But this apartment, dear, is hardly the place for a sweet young girl. Although I myself lead an exemplary life, my dear friend Julian is known for his wild ways. As a father, even a belated one, I could hardly allow the association."

Jennifer shook her head. "Of course that makes it more necessary that I stay. We will work together for our dear friend Julian—"

"He doesn't need help, Jennifer," said Nick. "He's perfectly happy. As a matter of fact he's going to be married very shortly to a beautiful lady named Lucia Calhoun."

"Oh!" Jennifer sat up stiff and straight as a china doll in her excitement. "Is he ready? I mean, is his mind ready? We'll have to prepare him, spiritually. Won't we, Father?"

"I suggest," said Julian, "that we treat ourselves to Jennifer's good influence for a trial period of thirty days."

Later, when she had left them, Nick said: "What are we going to do about Jennifer?"

"What do fathers generally do, Nick? Marry her off."

"That's it. You've got it." Nick seized upon the suggestion. "Within the thirty days you allowed her I'll get her betrothed. Can you think of a victim? How about young Winston Howard? Let's see now. Thirty days? That gives us until December sixth. A lot can be done in a month."

Yes, a lot can be done in a month and there was no doubt in Quirk's mind at one o'clock the night of December sixth that a lot had been done. Neither was there any doubt who had done it. That sweet young thing had done it with her twin passions for change and for sacrifice, somebody else's sacrifice—for humanity.

The change showed itself in the apartment living-room. An incongruous baby grand piano stuffed up one corner. A nook for breakfasts and late suppers was arranged. There was a new portrait, Jennifer as Joan of Arc. Several sketches also stood about: Jennifer as Elaine, Jennifer as Héloïse, Jennifer as—Jennifer. A man couldn't escape her even when she was out.

Shaking his head sadly Quirk pulled a heavy, dull-looking volume on the history of prison reform from the table drawer. He had given up thrillers—for humanity. Miss Jennifer had come home early one evening and caught him just at the point where the brilliant young criminologist had explained to Scotland Yard how stupid it was. Although he had wondered about it ever since, Quirk never discovered why. Scotland Yard had been proceeding rather cleverly, in his opinion.

In ten minutes with Miss Jennifer, however, he'd seen the light, the blue light of her eyes, perhaps, but a light nevertheless. He saw how ignoble it was to revel in the crimes and punishments of his fellow men when he could be studying how to help them. "Because I'm sure, dear Quirk, you have a place in your heart for humanity. How would you feel if you were a poor criminal and had a criminologist after you?" The next day she'd presented him with the history of prison reform, one of the finest collections of inhumanities in existence.

So he was glad enough to dog-ear page four-sixty-eight and go to the door to admit Mr. Julian. "You're home early, sir. Oh, I forgot. You've given up the brandy, haven't you, sir?"

"Dull party and I had a slight headache," said Julian. Now that Quirk came to think of it, Mr. Julian had been coming home early with slight headaches rather frequently. He didn't look his best at all. "Did you happen to notice who called for Miss Jennifer this evening?"

"A young Mr. Howard again, sir. A very handsome young gentleman, if I may say so, sir."

"An unmitigated young prig," said Julian, scowling from the depths of his lounge chair, "—if you will permit me to differ, Quirk. I don't know what her father is thinking of."

IT WAS true that Julian did not know what Nick was thinking of these days and the fact worried him considerably. Jennifer had, in a measure, come between them. Nick had changed. He stayed out later at night than ever and offered no adequate explanations the next morning. He had simply presented a nice, grown, lovely daughter to his friends, accepted their excited congratulations as his just due, and left the chief burden of her amusement and parental guidance to "our dear friend Julian." It was enough to drive anybody into the arms of Lucia Calhoun.

"What in blazes is all this about dungeons, Quirk?"

"The dungeon, sir," began Quirk, his breath all drawn for a lengthy elucidation, "'as its horigin in the obscure mists of earliest recorded 'istory. The h'Egyptians—"

"I see," interrupted Julian quickly. "They hadn't much thought for humanity in those days, did they, Quirk? So you've given up thrillers—and I've given up bedtime brandy and Mr. Nicholas has given up five-penny bridge. By the way, Quirk, have you observed that Miss Jennifer hasn't given up anything herself yet?"

Somehow the thought must have struck Julian himself as treason to the sincerity of Jennifer's bright flame. He started guiltily when the doorbell rang and pretended to be absorbed with the prisons of Venice all the while Jennifer

(*Continued on page 52*)

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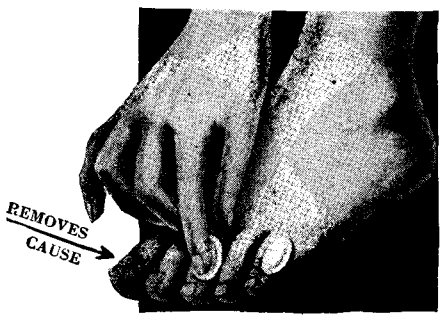

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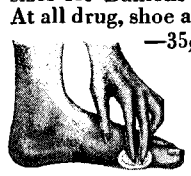

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(*Continued from page 51*)

and her young man held their parting colloquy at the door. It seemed to be an argument as to whether or not Mr. Winston Howard should come in.

Glancing over his shoulder after a moment, Julian saw her standing there alone, divested of her evening wrap and waiting to be noticed in a very sheer dance frock which Jean Patou had done in a mood of optimism. "Hello," he said. "You back so soon?"

Jennifer touched her brow vaguely and came to sit on the arm of his chair. "Yes, it wasn't a very nice party and I had a slight headache. But I don't want to go to bed. I wonder where my father is. Don't you?"

"No," said Julian. "I don't care a hang where he is. I don't approve of him either as a father or as a friend. He's driven me into—to great extremes. Great extremes for a bachelor, anyway."

"Oh, fine!" said Jennifer. "You can tell me all about them, while Quirk gets us some scrambled eggs and bacon. Or shall I tell you about what very nearly happened to me tonight?"

THEIR desires in the matter of bacon and eggs having been conveyed to Quirk, she led Julian to the breakfast corner and seated him comfortably with the end of a long cushion behind his head. Upon the other end of the cushion she placed her own head and held on by hooking her arm through his. "Now who shall tell what first, Julian dear?"

"You tell me first," growled Julian. "And if you've done anything without my consent, it doesn't count. Furthermore, I shall probably beat you."

Julian was wondering, now that the specified thirty days had passed without any definite accomplishment in the nature of a quick marriage, if some of his own and Nick's southward-bound friends might be induced to take her to Florida. "Well?" She brought him out of these private thoughts. "Don't you want to hear what happened? Winston Howard and I were practically married tonight."

"What! What do you mean?" Julian sat up and seized her by the shoulders, ready to shake her. "Haven't I told you I didn't approve of that young fellow? What do you mean by practically married?"

"You're hurting my shoulder, Julian! I mean we were on our way to Greenwich and we got as far as New Rochelle. If you get to Greenwich, you're married, aren't you?"

"Some are and some aren't," said Julian, sinking back against the cushion in some relief. "Now tell me all about this from the beginning."

The beginning, it seemed, had been in that rather special tea dancing room at the Ambassador. Jennifer set the stage with elaborate detail, the flowers on their table, the selection played by the orchestra, her own frock. She and Winston Howard were discussing the matter of giving up his polo ponies, and the general obligations of wealth to humanity. "And then," she explained, "quite unexpectedly Winston bent down and—here, give me your head, Julian, I'll show you. There—just like that."

Quirk, appearing at that inopportune moment, almost dropped their bacon and eggs on their heads. He put the plates under covers on a side table and withdrew with almost feverish haste.

"What do you mean by kissing me in front of Quirk?" Julian rearranged his hair angrily. "What do you mean by kissing me at all?"

"I didn't," declared Jennifer. "I was only trying to show you how unexpectedly in the Ambassador tea-room Winston Howard—"

"All right—all right," interrupted Julian. "Winston Howard kissed you in the tea-room and then you rushed out, jumped into his car, and started for Greenwich. Right?"

"No. Wrong. You're too fast, Julian dear. All he said in the tea-room was how much he adored me and how exquisitely beautiful I was and how wrong it was for me to live in the same apartment with you. He said he didn't know what my father was thinking of."

"The devil he did. And did you tell him that I'm more of a father to you than your father is?"

"No, I only told him that you wouldn't dream of making love to anybody but Lucia Calhoun."

"And then you started for Greenwich?"

"We did not," said Jennifer. "He only thought of Greenwich when he saw me in this dress tonight at the Colony Ball. He said if he didn't marry me in this dress, he would die a bachelor. He asked me if I wanted him to grow into a crusty bachelor like you. He said that otherwise I would come to Greenwich with him and be married. So we ran away from the Colony Ball and started for Greenwich."

"BUT you only got to New Rochelle?"

"Yes, Julian dear. By the time we got to New Rochelle, I'd thought it all over and decided that Winston Howard ought to give me up. All the way he'd been telling me about his family, his family's place at East Hampton, his father's yacht, his father's shooting in Scotland, his horses. I decided if he had all that, he didn't need me and that I'd better save myself up for someone who had nothing, nothing but an apartment perhaps."

"You're a dear little thing, Jennifer," Julian softened a bit. "You just pick out any other man you want and I'll see that you get him."

"Promise?"

"Absolutely promise."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have him already picked out."

"Is he rich or poor?"

"Not very rich."

"Is he young or old?"

"He is not so old as he thinks he is,

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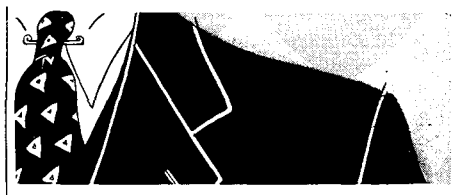

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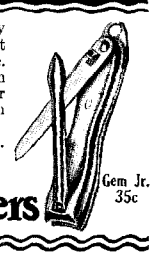

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nor half so wicked as he makes out to be, nor nearly so happy as he ought to be. He is very sweet and vaguely unhappy because he thinks he ought to marry a very charming lady who thinks she ought to marry him."

"Do I know this fellow?"

"I wonder," she said, smiling.

For the first time Julian felt a tremor in the hand which rested upon his sleeve. "Jennifer! What's the matter with you? Who is it?"

Quirk remembered that little tragedy. Coming in to take their untouched supper, he was witness to a poignant moment of it, enough to know. He saw Julian holding her tenderly, talking to her in a low voice, close to her ear, chiding, explaining, smoothing her hair while, with her face buried against his shoulder, she could answer only with a reiterated, muffled sob: "Yes. Yes, I know, Julian."

"SO YOU see, Jennifer darling, that we just couldn't. You are the new bloom, Jennifer, and I am only an old reed stalk by the roadside hardened in the gasoline fumes of war—a post war. Lucia has gone through it too, you see, and for several years she has gone through it with me. We are known together; our names are spoken together. Whatever Lucia Calhoun wants of me must be hers."

"Yes, of course," whispered Jennifer. "Father has told me about her too, how brave she is and how beautiful. I thought you didn't want her, Julian, that's all. I only thought you ought to have what you wanted."

"Two nights ago, Jennifer," he said, "Lucia and I decided to be married."

Her father, his face almost as white and drawn as hers, found her still crumpled in the cushions of the breakfast nook. He sat down beside her and took her limp fingers. "What's the trouble, Jennifer? What's happened?"

She sat up and rubbed the tear smudges out of her eyes. "What do you do, Father dear, when a person loves you and doesn't know it?"

He waited to reply. "I'm afraid I don't know, Jennifer darling. I've been trying to figure that out for three years."

IT WAS Quirk's apartment now. At least it had been his for the three weeks since they had all departed. Quirk lived in solitary splendor on top of the world with just the proper amount of brandy, the ability to go to bed precisely when he felt like it, and a pile of thrillers on his reading table.

As yet the thrillers remained unopened. Quirk had found another book in the library, a ponderous tome called "The Criminal Mind and Correction," which interested him more.

Sometimes Quirk didn't read anything at all, but just sat and worried. As a gentleman's man with a conscience, he made a reasonable effort to deliver all messages and it worried him to have three of them all at once lying undelivered in the table drawer. Mr. Nicholas had been very specific that day. He had said: "I suppose Mr. Julian will return here from the club this evening. I want you to give him this note but—listen, Quirk!—I don't want you to give it to him until he leaves for his studio tomorrow morning."

But Mr. Julian hadn't left for his studio the next morning. He had left for Europe on the Homeric the previous midnight. He had sent a boy from the club for his bags and with a note of his own, a note to be delivered to Mr. Nicholas as soon as he came in. And Mr. Nicholas had not come in.

The third note, marked "for Julian," had been given to Quirk by Miss Jennifer just as the last of her bags was being carried out to the service lift. "Which boat will I like, Quirk?" she had asked. "The Ile de France or the Homeric? I can get aboard either and they both sail at midnight tonight."

"I should say, for you, Miss Jennifer, the Homeric," pronounced Quirk.

Something told Quirk that after all this time a really gifted gentleman's man would open and read these undelivered messages and, if important, make some effort to straighten things out.

He went to the table, took them out (as he had done often enough before), seized a paper knife firmly, and cut. Then he spread the three notes side by side on the table.

Dear Nick:

I'm running away for a few weeks. To Europe. I must think. Afraid you talked Lucia and me into this situation. Made us feel we ought to marry. I thought I could do it as long as I didn't want anybody else. I didn't know what it meant to want anybody. Now I know. I can't go through with it. I've got to run. I have too much fondness for Lucia and too much love, unprepared for her spiritually as I am, for Jennifer. Tell Lucia I'll write. Tell Jennifer the worst of me and make her marry that asinine boy. Stand by, Nick, as of old. JULIAN

Dear Julian:

I wonder if you'll ever forgive what I am about to do. I never thought you loved Lucia enough, old man, and, although I stood aside, I knew that I loved her more. What I never dreamed was that she loved me more. It is too much for me, Julian. But don't let my happiness cost me you. Lucia and I were married this afternoon and we leave for California tonight. Take care of Jennifer. She's unhappy about that Howard boy. Do what you can.
NICK

Dear Julian:

I am sailing tonight for London. I've decided that I probably ought to give you up anyway and devote my life to humanity. I wish you and even her much happiness. This is good-by because I never expect to see you or hear from you again. My address in London is 21 St. James Place. With love,
JENNIFER

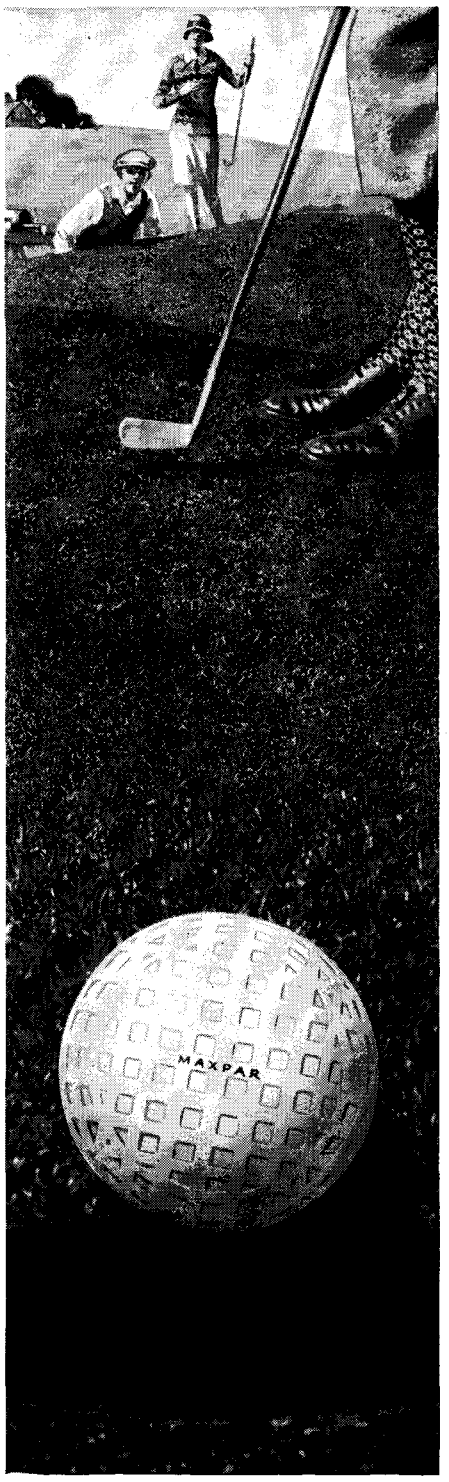
Quirk was spared the agony of a decision about all this when the doorbell rang sharply. When he drew back the door he stood face to face with a sweet young girl, a positively demure young girl with large blue eyes, a short little nose and a tight jaunty hat which bagged all but a little of her bright hair. "Miss Jennifer! I thought you sailed for Europe on the Homeric."

"I did," said the sweet young girl. "That is, we both did. We sailed over and back on the Homeric. A lovely trip. Imagine Mr. Julian's surprise, dear Quirk, at finding the very person he was wishing for asleep in her deck chair."

QUIRK saw that Miss Jennifer still had her self-confidence behind her. The only other thing behind her this time was Mr. Julian, a sort of pompous, strutting Mr. Julian. "Do what you can to make Mrs. Gordon and myself comfortable tonight, Quirk," he said. "Tomorrow we can arrange the apartment more appropriately."

"Do you know, Julian dear," said Jennifer perhaps three quarters of an hour later as they sat unnecessarily close together in the breakfast nook and consumed an impromptu supper, "do you know, I sometimes think we ought to give up our midnight scrambled eggs and bacon. For humanity, I mean. Why should we eat four times a day when there are so many who can't do it more than twice?"

"Humanity can have anything I've got," said Julian, "—except you, Jennifer."



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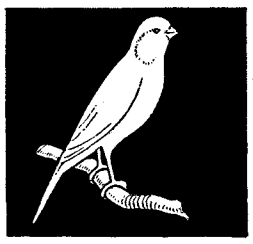

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April Escapade

Continued from page 17

was coming fast, but she would not cry again; now and then she stopped, and covered her shamed face with her hands.

She had imagined that Christopher might make love to her tonight, fool that she was! She had imagined herself dignified, reserved, keeping him at bay. But she had never imagined the humiliation of his casual laughter, his desire to let his friend in on the joke, his easy trust that money would make everything right.

She would tear up his check, before his eyes. But no—she couldn't do that. That would rob the affair of its last shred of dignity. If it was not for the money, what earthly reason had she for being here at all? She had never seen Christopher Steynes, until the day when he had made his preposterous proposition.

An older woman would have seen the whole plan in its arrogance and insult. And an older woman would have quietly declined to have anything to do with it, or him. An older woman—Mother.

THE thought of her mother overwhelmed her, and she felt a desperate homesickness for the shabby house in O'Farrell Street, the kitchen, the familiar voices, the purity and safety and simplicity of home.

She got out of bed, and knelt down in the dark, and prayed, her hands over her face.

"Please get me out of this. Have me safely back at home, and none of them knowing—none of them angry at me. I didn't mean to do this! I thought—I only thought—"

What she had thought was already vague and far-away. She could not recall it. Her mind drifted idly, while she remained on her knees, went to and fro in a wearisome weaving without beginning or coherence or end.

The ivory dress—the spring-flushed countryside from the train—a parrot on a perch—home again, and silence, and normality once more—the bridge game, and herself so fatuously self-satisfied with her make-believe position and her jewels—!

She was still kneeling when a faint sound stopped the blood in her heart. Her fingers—her spine, grew cold; her very brain seemed frozen.

This for an endless second. Then her heart began pumping so violently she thought it would suffocate her. She remained absolutely motionless, not making a sound, not moving, by the faintest hundredth part, a fiber of her being.

Somebody was fumbling cautiously with her window shutter. Like a blinding flash of light she considered it. Just a latched shutter, with a bolt; a string cleverly inserted might lift that bolt, and if it were lifted, it would make just that faint scratching sound—that shadow of a sound—

Mary Kate's staring eyes were turned toward it, in the dark. Her finger tips were pressed against her cheeks, her mouth open. Outside, the black garden, and the country night. Behind her, as she knelt here on the floor beside the bed, the mysterious unfamiliar passage of the dark house. Where was Chris? Had he come back? Where were the servants?

She could not move. She dared not make a rush for that locked door behind her, and stumble blindly through the dark house, screaming for help, with perhaps this murderous house-breaker's hands throttling her even while she screamed—

"I'm imagining it," her sick spirit tried to say, deep within her. "Oh, my God, save me! Oh, God, help me! Oh, get me out—"

The shutter clicked audibly; this was not imagination. Swallowing with a dry throat, only determined not to faint, Mary Kate rose to her feet, stumbled backward toward the door without daring to turn her back to the shutter.

This without a sound. She could hear her own heart pounding, nothing more.

And as she stood there, half turned toward the room, panting, she saw the shutter swing slowly out. The figure of a man was silhouetted against the night.

There was no moon; a heavy fog had crept in with the turn of the night, and had shut out the stars. But there was a faint glow from some distant roadside lamp, in the side garden, and it penetrated through the trees and shrubs enough to show her the moving figure—a figure that was busy now with the shutters, opening them back noiselessly, securing them against the wall, where they would make no sound.

She turned the key in the latch, the door was open. In a nightmare of panic she reached the lower hall, and was groping with shaking hands for the passage that led toward the sitting-room—toward the stairs.

To escape from the house was unthinkable, she must rouse someone, she must get to Chris.

Barefooted, clad only in her nightdress that she had washed and ironed herself for the great adventure, she went swiftly, hardly breathing, along the passage. To call, prematurely, to risk even a second of light, might be to bring upon her her own destruction. The fingers of the murderer seemed clawing at her hair as she went.

The stairway! It was a narrow, iron-balustraded stairway that climbed against one of the plain white-plastered walls; its balustrade was only a heavy tasseled red rope, supported by filigree posts.

What was above, Mary Kate had no idea, but Christopher must be up there—he must be up there, or she would go shrieking mad with terror!

AT THE top of the twisted flight was a narrow hall, in which a low red light was burning. Mary Kate tried a door—piles and piles of linen. Another door, giving up a dark empty room full of books—somebody's study. The third door was Christopher's bedroom and at her first whispered "Chris!" he was awakened, had turned over in bed.

She was beside him, sitting on the bed, holding his hands with her own frozen, trembling fingers. The blessedness of finding him, of finding someone living, warm, familiar, protecting, almost robbed her of speech.

"No—don't light the light—"

"Mary, for God's sake what is it?"

"Don't light the light!"

"But what is it?"

"It's—" she bowed over him, fighting for breath, cawing in her dry throat. "It's a man!"

His hands were gripping her arms tightly, reassuringly; he was still lying on his pillow.

"You're dreaming!"

"No, no, no, I'm not dreaming! It's a man—"

"Nonsense!" Chris persisted, but in a whisper.

"Down in my room—it must be the pearls—" she breathed.

"You saw him?"

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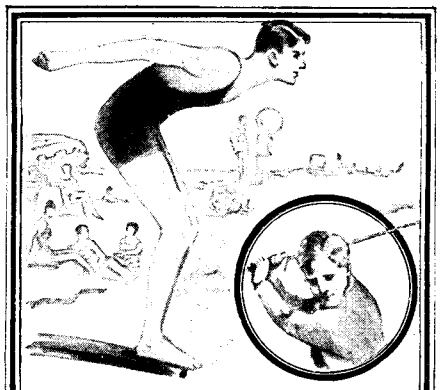

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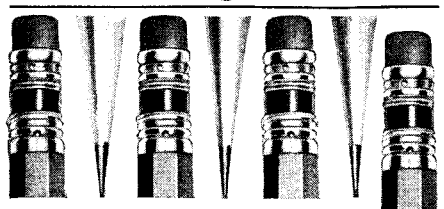

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"Oh, clearly. I had—I had bolted the shutters—because of the porch windows. But the window—where the shutters are—wasn't locked—"

"Don't tremble so! It's all right. I'll call—I'll get the police. He won't come upstairs—"

By the dim light in the room she could see him reaching for the telephone that rested on a little rack beside his bed.

"Oh, don't! Wait! He may go away. Don't risk his—he might have a gun—"

"He may be only a drunk."

MARY KATE had moved enough to give him room to sit up, and put his feet to the floor; now he reached for a dressing gown and in the shadows she could see him sticking his long arms into the sleeves. Barefoot, without making a sound, he crossed to a desk, and quietly drew out an upper drawer. She saw the glint of a weapon in the gloom.

Chris came back to the bed, and breathed into her ear.

"I think you were dreaming," he said. "But just the same I'm going to look around. It mightn't do any harm to take that little telephone, and tell Peters I want him and Tony and anyone else right away—tell 'em to get in the back door—Mrs. Peters has the keys—ring that bell twice, with your finger—it won't make any sound—"

There was a second's silence. Then, from downstairs, came a muffled sound: the sound of a chair falling.

"Hello!" Chris said, gripping her wrist. "You're right! He's in. He's in the dining-room, probably. Get Peters if you can—"

The little flat, double-disked receiver quivering in her hand, the girl placed it at mouth and ear.

"Did you ring twice?"

"Yes."

"Make it snappy," said the whisper at her ear. "Unless he starts up the stairs he can't hear you."

"You talk!" Mary Kate quavered, in the very shadow of a voice. She surrendered the instrument, and Chris leaned heavily on her shoulder as he talked, in a sharp, rasping breath:

"Peters? Man in the house, Peters. Rouse Tony, and get over here as fast as you can— No, I'll call the police, you get over here—"

And instantly he was speaking through the other telephone, hardly above a whisper, she could hear the click of some alarmed reply.

"Hello, Operator, look alive, will you? I'm reporting a burglary—the man is in my house—yep, now. Yep. Will you? This is the Bersinger house—up beyond the club—tell 'em to move fast, will you? Steynes. Steynes. In the Bersinger house."

He hung up, without a sound. He gripped Mary Kate's arm, and she moved beside him toward the door, in the darkness.

"S-sh! Go easy. I'm going to have a look into the hall."

"Oh, please—please, Chris!"

"It'll only be a moment before Peters gets here. We've got him now, unless he makes a run for it. And I'd like to be near enough to pop him, if he does!"

THERE was another angled dim light and shadow in the room, from the garden, to show the upper hall, when the door was open. Chris's lips were close to Mary Kate's ear:

"Did you put out this light?"

A sickness of absolute horror shook her.

"No—no, I'm sure I didn't! It was—it was lighted when I came up."

"It can be put out from below," he breathed.

"Why—why would he come up!" In her thin nightwear, barefooted, she shuddered like a person in a chill, as she leaned against him.

"If he gets his head above the stair level—" Chris whispered.

"Oh, Chris, why should he come up!"

"Why, if he saw those pearls—which he probably did, if he was hanging 'round, he'd think you were upstairs—"

They were clinging together, half

(*Continued on page 56*)

"Would you send a piano mover, please? The house seems to be on fire."

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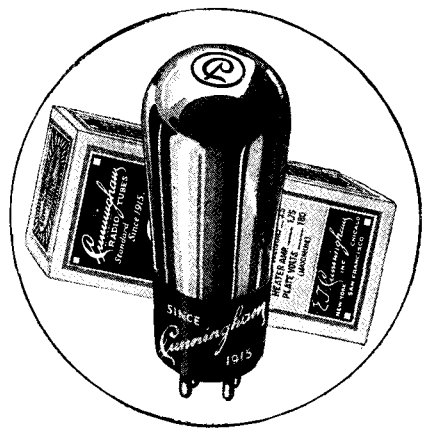

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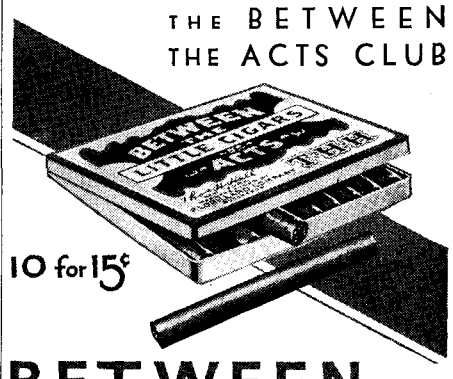

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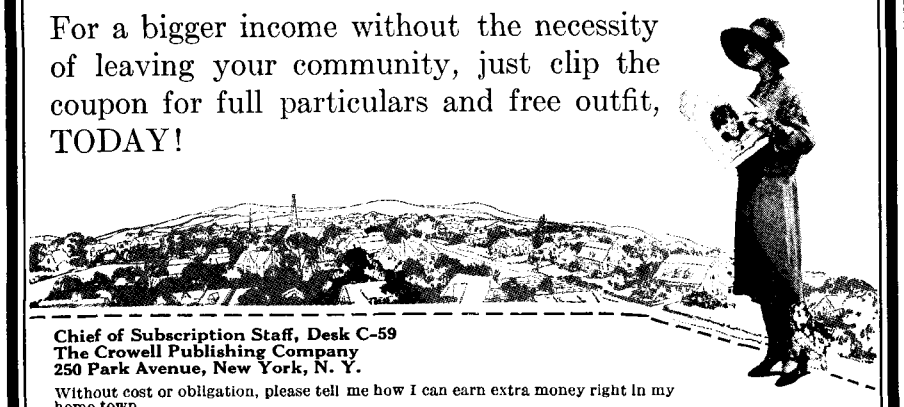

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(*Continued from page 55*)

crouching, half kneeling, in the doorway. Chris had his arm tightly about her, the pistol glinted in his free hand. All about them the shadowy house was very still.

"There may be more than one of them, Chris!"

"Maybe."

"Have you got another pistol?"

"No. Can you fire one?"

"I could!" she answered, with chattering teeth.

"Here—take this—" He was writhing out of the dressing gown. "You'll be ill. Take it! Go on. Slip it on."

She gratefully got into the thick, warm flannel garment and resumed her former position.

AN INTERVAL of watching, of complete silence intervened.

"Could he have got away?"

"I thought of that."

"In that case, what would they do?"

"Chase him, probably."

More silence, infinitely reassuring.

"We didn't count on this, did we?"

"I'll say we didn't!"

"I'm only sorry you got the scare."

"You really think he's gone?"

"It sounds like it, doesn't it?"

"But he hadn't had time to get anything? Silver, or anything."

"Where'd you leave the pearls?"

"I put them back in the case, and into the bureau."

"What the deuce is he doing? I wish to goodness—"

Silence.

"Has he gone?"

"I'll be damned if I know!"

Christopher straightened up, and she stood up beside him clinging to his free arm. They moved across the upper hall, Mary Kate feeling invisible fingers clutch at hair and ankles as she went.

"I think he's beaten it!" the man whispered.

Then suddenly bedlam broke loose. Mary Kate heard Christopher shout, "Hah—look out there!" and felt him jerk his arm away from her fingers. He ran a few steps forward, she could not see just where, in what was all darkness and strangeness to her, and called downward, as if he were leaning over the stairway head, "Turn 'round there!"

Below, meanwhile, there was the horrible sound of pounding feet, silence no longer necessary, and a sudden angle of hideous light, on the stairway wall, and a babble of voices.

Then the revolver cracked, and something fell—slithered on the stairs—groaned. Peters' voice came above the confusion:

"You got him, sir! It's all right—you've got him. The police are here, sir—we've got him!"

Then the babble again. A woman's voice, in a long pitying "Ah-h-h!"

"Ah-h-h! That's the time we got him. Stand aside. What is it? Hold his head up. He got him all right, Officer, look here at my hand, sir. He's bleeding, under the arm, there, sir. He's badly hit, all right! He's the man we've been after for some time. Stand back, will you!"

Christopher ran down the stairs. Mary Kate crouched against the wall, in the upper hallway, her hand over her eyes. She felt the cool plaster against her temple. Her senses swooned, revived, swooned again.

It was a relief when she heard the crisp clear voice of Christopher saying, "Hold his head up there, Officer. He's coming 'round."

"He's off again. He's gone, poor feller," the richly sympathetic, slow Norse tones of Mrs. Peters interposed.

"How'd he get in, sir?"

"Through the spare-room window there."

"There was half a dozen of them on this job."

"It looks like an inside job."

"No, it's not an inside job!" This was Christopher, laughing. Laughing reluctantly and mirthlessly, it was true. But he would laugh at anything.

"You've got the revolver, sir?"

"I left it in my room."

"He's done for, all right."

"Did anyone telephone for an ambulance?"

"Yes, sir. Coming right away, sir."

Voices. Voices. Voices. Then suddenly a head and shoulders appeared in the stairway opening, and a fresh-faced young policeman was here in the upper hall, looking at her. She was on her knees, crouching. Mary Kate took her hands down from her face, and looked at him a long time.

"I beg your pardon, madame."

She tried to speak. Her throat and mouth were dry. No sound came forth.

"Do you know which door is the door of Mr. Steynes' apartment?"

A gesture of her head toward the door.

He still hesitated. Then he asked respectfully:

"Were you here at the time of the shooting, madame?"

A desperate deep quiver of mirth shook her. Where else, indeed? But she could not speak. Her sunken, haggard eyes did not move from the fresh, young, concerned face. She nodded, swallowing.

The officer was plainly puzzled. He looked toward Chris' bedroom door, looked at Mary Kate, and finally turning back toward the stairway, blew a brief, light note on his whistle.

Instantly an older officer appeared as he had done, in the stairway vault.

"This lady was here, sir."

"You're Mrs. Steynes, madame?" the constable asked.

"No, sir."

"A relative of Mr. Steynes?"

"No."

A pause.

"If you'll give me your name, madame? There need be no publicity about it," the older man said, as she remained silent, staring blankly at them, her blue eyes glinting in an ashen face.

CHRISTOPHER was suddenly beside her. He raised her to her feet, and straightened the heavy dressing gown in which she was half wrapped.

"Here!" he said, flattening the collar. He smiled easily at the officer. "My name is Christopher Steynes, address Players' Club, or Steynes and Schumacher Bank, New York City," he said. The officer wrote it down. "Tell them your name; it's a mere formality!" he said, to Mary Kate.

"O'Hara," she said slowly, the deep color suddenly flooding her white face. "Mary Catherine O'Hara."

"And your address, madame?"

"They won't use it," Chris assured her. "They're doing the same with Peters and Tony."

She gave the O'Farrell Street number.

"You were in that bedroom downstairs, Miss O'Hara?"

"Tell me your own name," Christopher said. "I hate to call anyone 'you.'"

"Constable Browning, sir."

"Well, now, look here, Mr. Browning, the less—"

"But just one moment, sir. This is a mere matter of form. The young lady was in the downstairs bedroom?"

"She was."

"She was in the room the thief entered, sir?"

"She was."

"You had latched that window, Miss O'Hara. You had locked it?"

"No. Well, yes, in a way I had. But the glass part was open."

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The constable looked at the notes in his book, and appeared to consider.

"We have been looking for this gang for some time, Mr. Steynes," he said then, with apparent irrelevance.

"Well?" Christopher asked, almost with a sneer.

"It is all as a matter of protection to your property, sir," the other answered sharply. "We can't have this sort of thing going on—this is the seventh this year. We know they have plants—"

"I DON'T know what you're talking about!" Christopher said, in a pause.

"We don't *know* there's a woman in the gang," the officer went on. "We don't know there isn't. I want to ask the young lady a few questions. I want to know if she ever—" He referred to his book. "If she ever heard the name of Tony Moody?" he asked.

"Who's he?" Christopher demanded. Constable Browning jerked his head toward the hall, and the group downstairs.

"The fellow I got, huh?"

"That's the one, sir. Did the young lady ever hear that name before?"

"Look here, Mr. Browning, Miss O'Hara has been Mr. Gordon Rountree's secretary for several years—"

"That wasn't what I asked, Mr. Steynes."

"Did you ever hear that name before, Mary?"

Her wearied, despairing eyes moved slowly to his.

"What name?"

"Tony—what was it? Tony Moody?"

"Why, no!" Mary Kate said, wetting her lips, swallowing.

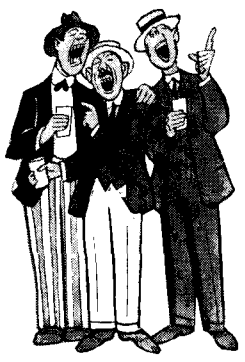
"That's all," said the constable. "We'll want you in the morning, both of you. If he dies, there'll have to be a coroner's investigation."

"We'll be here in the morning, of course," Christopher said curtly after a moment's hesitation.

"O. K., then," said the officer of the law. "Good night, Miss."

He ran downstairs. Mary Kate said no answering good night.

(To be continued next week)



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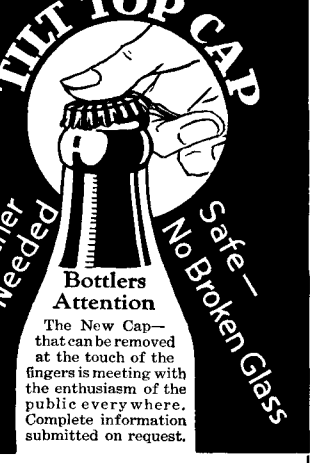
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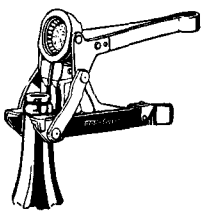

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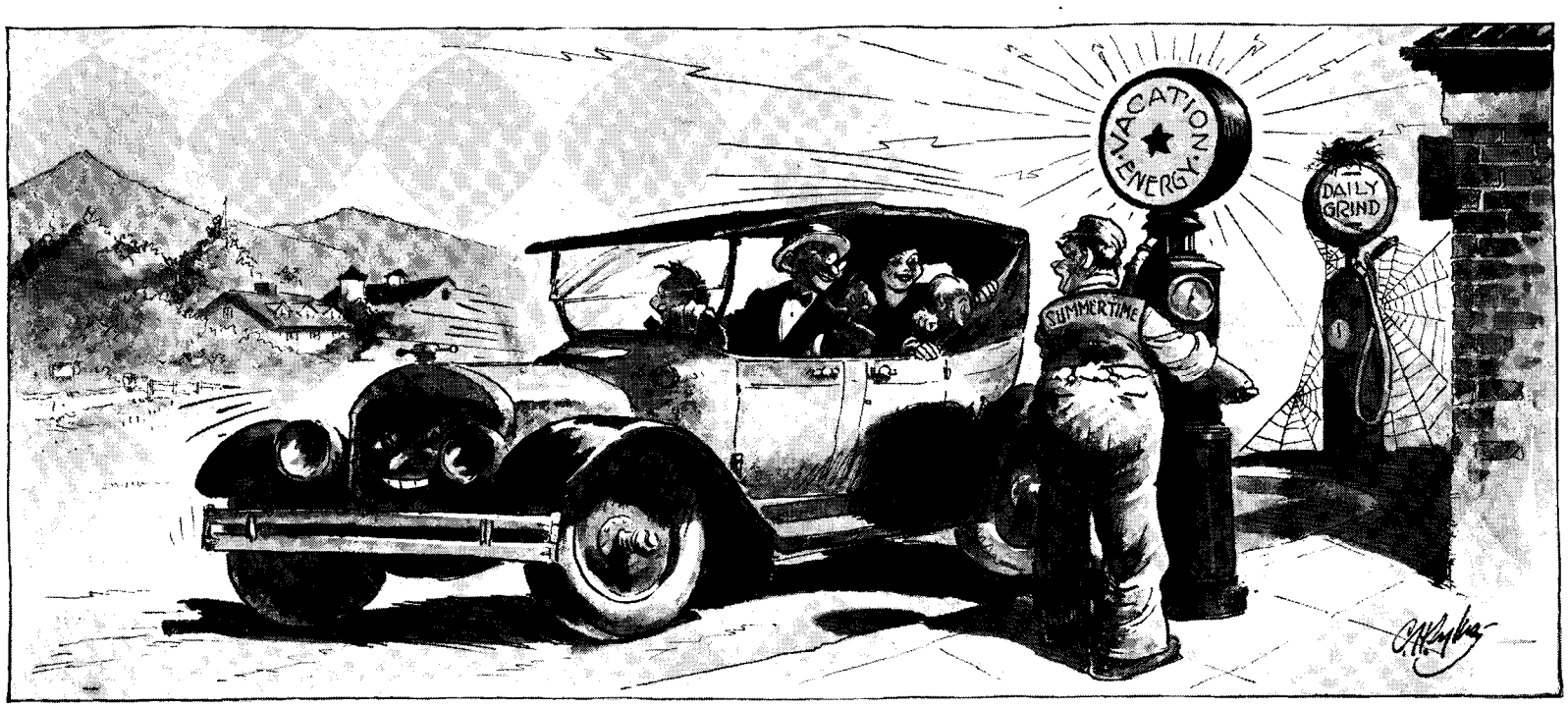

Pack up your Troubles

DON'T let this summer slip away without giving yourself a vacation.

You can make no better investment of your time or your money. Rest and play will give you a fresh hold upon life.

More and more we are learning the value of vacations. Corporations increasingly provide free time for employees because it is good business to do so.

Men and women are not the kind of engines which work best on non-stop runs. Our human machine has infinite capacities, but the monotony of uninterrupted work frustrates our best efforts.

For most of us a vacation is a necessity and not a luxury. Change, new habits, a fresh point of view, are vital if we are to live well and usefully.

Only during the last few years have we rediscovered the power of play. It used to be thought that games were only for children. The Continental Congress passed a resolution censuring General Washington for an amateur theatrical performance given by his officers to relieve the hard monotony of that winter at Valley Forge. What a stupid blunder that was! Play is as desirable at sixty as at six. Most of us are useful only so long as we retain the capacity to play. The man who can't play is old at twenty-five. His grandfather with a more elastic mind may be young at seventy.

What you do during your vacation depends upon your opportunities. You don't have to travel far, although travel in itself is stimulating to all who have eyes to see and minds to comprehend.

It is better to seek new places and a change of atmosphere and of people, but it is not essential. It is vital to interrupt your familiar routine and to try a new set of habits.

If it is your custom to rise early, try sleeping late during your vacation. Unless your work calls for heavy exercise regularly, take up some game which enlists your interest. Walk, ride, swim, paddle a canoe, carry a pack, play golf or tennis if these diversions amuse you, but use your muscles in some way. You will be surprised at the pleasure you will find.

John D. Rockefeller was nearly sixty and broken in health when he attempted to learn golf. At ninety he still plays a respectable game.

Henry Ford in the middle sixties is fond of dancing and skating and hiking. Herbert Hoover keeps himself fit for the work of the Presidency in a torrid Washington summer by a weekly retreat to the Virginia mountains.

Whatever your age or your way of life you will probably find that your body is stronger than you suspected. Except where disease is present, it will improve with exercise and particularly with games.

The mental and spiritual benefits of play are quite as remarkable as the physical. Competition with friends, or even with strangers, takes us out of ourselves. New interests arise. Our thoughts and feelings are diverted to other channels. We are better off when we return.

Because the managers of business understand these things millions now enjoy the privilege of a vacation with pay. Yet vacations are just as necessary for those whose work is in the home.

Family life will be vastly improved when the custom of vacations for wives and mothers becomes general. Every woman, particularly those with small children who think they can't leave home, is improved in body and in spirit by a temporary abandonment of her regular routine. She is better able to care for her children after a vacation. She will look at her husband with new eyes.

But the real reason for taking leave of your job, whatever it may be, is not that the change will restore your working capacity and freshen your point of view. The important thing is what it will do for you.

The pursuit of happiness may not be the object of life, but you are certainly more of a person if you can keep alive your sense of play and of fun. The man or the woman who cannot rest and play is hardly better than a mouse in a treadmill.

So, whatever the practical difficulties, make an effort to surmount them and see and do something new while summer lasts. It is not necessary to be extravagant or frantic in the search for excitement. Just be governed by your tastes and your purse and find the place and the thing which offer you most.

If you can get some energetic play into your holiday you will return happier in your own mind and vastly improved for whatever you do the remainder of the year.

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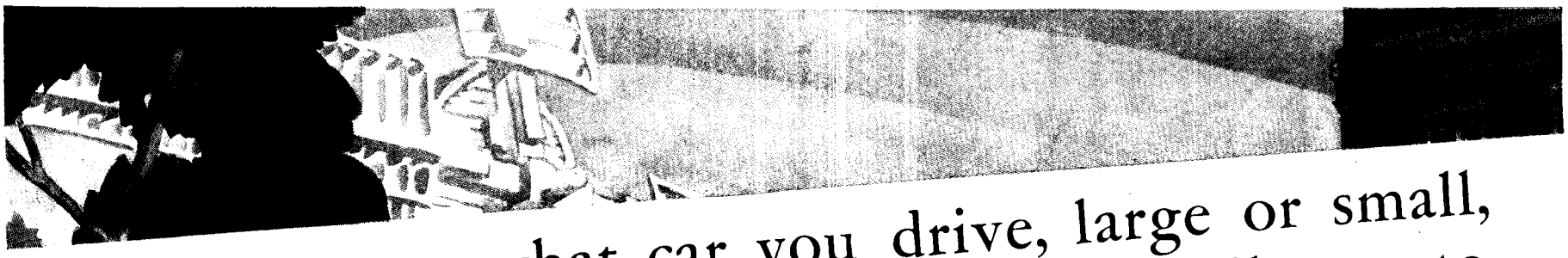

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